

Verse 1

I came to jam this evening, had my sax in my hand
Yeah I came to jam this evening, had my sax in my hand
But somebody brought some apple pie...
Now the band can barely stand

Verse 2

I said “just one slice thank you,” try to keep my playing tight
Yeah I said “just one slice thank you,” try to keep my playing
tight
But that cinnamon and sugar smell
Made me lose the fight

Verse 3

Now the bass player’s groovin’
Drummer’s tappin’ on the snare
Yeah the bass player’s groovin’
Drummer’s tappin’ on the snare
But the sax man missed his solo
He was gettin’ pie somewhere



Pi Day Verse 3.14 in the kitchen

π all over the place
Yeah 3.14 in the kitchen
 π all over the place
If the circle never ends
Why’s there whipped cream on my face