Honeysuckle Rose

Al Hibbler

Honey, honey,
Oh, honey, listen to my plea:

Every honeybee
Fills with jealousy,
When they see you out with me!
I don't blame them, goodness knows,
Oh, honey! suckle rose!

When you're passin' by,
Flowers droop and sigh
And I know the reason why,
You're my sweety, goodness knows,
Oh, honey! suckle rose!

I don't buy sugar,
You just have to touch my cup;
I don't need sugar,
It's sweet enough when you stir it up!
When I'm taking sips
From your dainty lips,
Seems the honey fairly drips,
You're confection, goodness knows,
Oh, honey! suckle rose.

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Fills with jealousy,
When they see you out with me!
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