

Honeymooners

City Boy

Honeymooners, she was a dying breed

Honeymooners, I married a female lead.

Palm court crooners Here more to her taste,

But I was a three time loser with an ordinary face.Honeymooners, should have heard my mother's tales

When over dinner she insisted I eat snails

Honeymooners, when I caught the waiter's eye

Was then I noticed he was smiling at my wife. CHORUS

But oh my how we could love, I was hand

And she was glove

The marriage was born in heaven

And we were in bed by seven

But oh my how we could love,

I was hand and she was glove

The marriage went into recession,

All through my pained expression

Honeymooners, she was after making fours

And the ski-instructor was caught between floors

I saw him thank her as she offered him a hand I

So how was he to know that she was into nylon pants.

CHORUS

But oh my how we could love,

I was hand and she was glove

The marriage was born in heaven

And we were in bed by seven.

But oh my how we could love,

I was hand and she was glove.

The marriage went into recession,

All through my pained expression.

Honeymooners I guess it's time to pack my bags,

Goodbye Hawaii, au revoir to all that,

Hello mother, please forgive what I did

But I'm off to find another wife who's into playing bridge.

CHORUS

But oh my how we could love,

I was hand and she was glove,

She wanted a honeymooner,

But I was a "come to sooner".

But

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>