Honey Child What Can I Do?

Isobel Campbell

Wishing, hoping, for that old familiar feeling
That takes you miles above, yeah it's called love
Would you do it for me?
'Cause I'm feeling lonely

Praying, hoping, and I leave the door wide open
I see you and you catch your spill
But come and sit by me
'Cause I'm feeling lonely

Maybe I'm a stupid fool Chasing butterflies like you On these days they seem so cruel But honey child, what can I do?

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Honey child, what can I do

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