

# Honeysuckle Rose

Louis Armstrong, Billy Holiday

Every honey bee fills with jealousy  
When they see you out with me  
I dont blame them, goodness knows  
My honeysuckle roseFlowers droop and sigh when you're passing by  
And I know the reason why  
Youre much sweeter, goodness knows  
Youre my honeysuckle roseI dont buy sugar  
You just have to touch my cup  
Youre my sugar  
Its so sweet when you stir it upOn the avenue, people look at you  
And I know just why they do  
Youre much sweeter, goodness knows  
Youre my honeysuckle roseEvery honey bee fills with jealousy  
When they see you out with me  
Youre much sweeter, goodness knows  
Youre my honeysuckle roseOh, flowers droop and sigh when you're passing by  
And I know the reason why  
Youre much sweeter, goodness knows  
Youre my honeysuckle roseAnd I dont buy sugar  
You just have to touch my cup  
Youre my sugar  
Its so sweet when you stir it upOn the avenue, people look at you  
And I know just why they do  
Youre much sweeter, goodness knows  
Youre my honeysuckle rose  
Youre much sweeter, goodness knows  
My honeysuckle rose

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