

# My Lips Your Kiss

## Blackjack Billy

Honey you and me, We honey and a bee  
Like peaches and cream  
Two of a kind, Roses and wine  
Like a soul-did rhyme  
Tire on a swing, finger on a string  
A ball game in the spring  
The right kinda mix, on a night light this  
Girl you know it just fits Talking 'bout my lips, your kiss  
Talking 'bout my hands, your hips  
Kinda like twilight, fireflies  
Your pretty wild eyes lost in mine  
My truck, it ain't much  
When you ride shotgun, jacked up  
Little like midnight June in the Georgia moon  
If its, my lips, your kiss  
Holy what a rush, baby your touch  
When I think about us  
Its Lady and the Tramp, Jack and Diane  
Your hand in my hand  
Somethin' like Clyde, Bonnie in the ride  
Ridin' side by side  
Arms round you, we're tied all night  
And don't it feel just right Talking 'bout my lips, your kiss  
Talking 'bout my hands, your hips  
Kinda like twilight, fireflies  
Your pretty wild eyes lost in mine  
My truck, it ain't much  
When you ride shotgun, jacked up  
Little like midnight June in the Georgia moon  
If its, my lips, your kiss  
Like candy on a cane  
Or slow dancin' in the rain  
Girl we got a thang  
Like a diamond on a ringgg Talking 'bout my lips, your kiss  
Talking 'bout my hands, your hips  
Kinda like twilight, fireflies  
Your pretty wild eyes lost in mine  
My truck, it ain't much  
When you ride shotgun, jacked up

Little like midnight June in the Georgia moon  
If its, my lips, your kiss  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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