Honeysuckle Rose

Coleman Hawkins

Every honey bee fills with jealousy,
When they see you out with me.

Goodness knows
You're my honeysuckle rose

When you're passin' by flowers droop and sigh,
And I know the reason why.

Goodness knows
You're my honeysuckle rose

Don't buy sugar,
You just have to touch my cup.
You're my sugar.
It's sweeter when you stir it up.

When I'm taking sips from your tasty lips
Seems the honey fairly drips.

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