Honeysuckle Rose

Medium with a lift

Every honey bee fills with jealousy when they see you out with me, I don't blame the

goodness knows, Honey Suckle Rose. When you're passin' by

flowers droop and sigh, and I know the reason why, You're much sweeter, goodness knows,

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You just have to touch my cup.
You're my sugar,

It's sweet when you stir it up.
When I'm takin' sips from your tasty lips,

Seems the honey fairly drips,
You're confection, goodness knows,

Honey Suckle Rose

Don't buy sugar.