

Banjo Sullivan, Honeymoon Song

We were shoveling sunshine
The hard times were the good times
In the back of a good times van
Wedding ring was fresh on your hand
I guess you were a little shy
When you gave me some nipple pie
Reached over and you grabbed my wood
Don't you know, that it felt so good?
And with you is where I belong
That's why I sing this honeymoon song
Well, I spilled my red wine
Right below your pantyline
I finally got your bra undone
My Johnson was on the run
Your head was a keepin' time
You were blowin' more than my mind
I was slapping' on your behind
Parked in the bush doing sixty nine
Honey, with you I can do no wrong
That's why I sing this honeymoon song
Your nails were digging in
Your teeth were biting skin
Then you pulled out a big black whip
Took me on some love slave trip
I was screaming for my life
Whatever happened to my wife?
Said to call you Madam X
That ain't no country boy sex
You beat me black and blue for so long
I guess it's my fate, this honeymoon song
You locked the doors on the Chevy van
Slapped the cuffs on my hands
I couldn't even try to shout
You strapped a red ball in my mouth
I was thinking about the wedding vows
How that's a bad idea now
I was thinking about death do us part
Buddy that's a bad place to start
And oh, where has my sunshine gone?
It's too late, it's my honeymoon song
Oh, my God, it's my honeymoon song