

# 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