

# Eva Cassidy, Honeysuckle Rose

Every honeybee fills with jealousy  
When they see you out with me.  
I don't blame 'em, goodness knows,  
My honeysuckle rose.

Flowers droop and sigh when you're passin' by,  
and I know the reason why--  
You're much sweeter, goodness knows  
You're my honeysuckle rose.

I don't buy sugar--  
You just have to touch my cup.  
You're my sugar--  
It's so sweet when you stir it up.

On the avenue, people look at you,  
and I know just why they do,  
You're much sweeter, goodness knows,  
You're my honeysuckle rose.

instrumental

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