

# Honeydogs, Sweet Pea

There she goes  
She walks like she'd rather not be in clothes  
A seashell tear flows  
photographs and a waxed rose  
A good soul everybody knows  
Green her garden grows  
She sits on a fence - Sweet Pea  
I'll follow  
Sweet Pea

Oil cans for a giant heart  
The children laughed trying on her shoes  
Boys and girls watch her move  
She sits on a fence - Sweet Pea  
I'll follow Sweet Pea  
I'll follow Sweet Pea