

Keith Caputo, Honeycomb

We love each other
I'm sick in the head
We hate each other
I'm out of my head
I'm out of my head again
I'm out of my head again

Honeycombs and cinnamon untied again
It's the greatest greatest honeycomb a child should hold

What are your secrets?
You make it something it's not
Cast away whatever
Wrapped up and tied in a knot
I'm out of my head again
I'm out of my head again

Honeycombs and cinnamon untied again
It's the greatest greatest honeycomb a child should hold