

Kirsty McGee, Golden Honeysuckle Rose

i love the smell of coffee in the afternoon
a bitter taste that lingers on the tongue
i love to see the sunlight in my lover's hair
to hear the free sound of his laughter when he's drunk

golden honeysuckle
honeysuckle rose
i love you best when you're a rolling stone
yellow roses for my honeysuckle rose
i love you best of all

i love the honeysuckle blossom on the bough
yellow roses lose their petals in the rain
i love to see the swallows when they fly south
i know come springtime they'll come home again

when he cries those tears lie on his lashes
gold and silver butterflies
when he talks i whisper only wishes
i may never make him cry

you know i love to see my darling when he's drunk
then he can't lay his hands on me cos he's too sunk
some days he gets so wasted i've got to carry him home
then i love him best of all...