

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 fresh on your hand
I guess you were a little shy, when you gave me some nipple pie
You reached over and grabbed my wood, don't you know that it felt so good.
With you is where I belong, that's why I sing this honeymoon song

Well I spilled my red wine, just below your borderline
Finally got your bra undone. My Johnson was on the run
Your head was a keeping time; you were blowing 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 a love slave trip

I screaming' for my life
Whatever happened to my wife? Said to call you Madam X
Well this ain't no country boy sex!
You beat me black n' blue for so long
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' bout the wedding vows
How that's a bad idea now
I was thinking till death do us part
Buddy that's a bad place to start
Oh where has my sunshine gone?
It's too late, it's my honeymoon song