

# Honeydogs, Glee

Got some wine, I got a dozen roses  
Gotta get there before the Rock closes  
Before the shit (dumped out) in the street  
I watch you work that's always a treat  
Serving up she's got her eye on me  
She's never happy but they call her Glee  
What you want say it always clear  
She'll fill your cup while she (wipe) tear

They want to take an apple from your tree but you won't let them  
All the darlins' of the underground  
They come to see you come to stare you down  
There's no glory washing ash trays  
When all your friends have gone to bed  
One more chins up to hard luck stories Glee----

Don't want to hear about your old flames  
I hope they go to an early grave  
I'm jealous now can't you tell  
Am I the only one ringin' your bell

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The drunken ass at the bar hollars  
The world's small and it's geting smaller  
Get yourself out of whack  
When your friend talk behind your back

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One more chins up to hard luck stories Glee----  
Come on Glee  
Come on Glee  
Yeah, come on Glee---