

Honeydogs, Sans Sucre

Not far from the cradle close to the grave
You'd get out of bed but you're not that brave
You can scream but nobody's listening
Weren't you already kissing me

In your orchard you said you were tortured
You can take your case to the Geneva Convention
But they won't mention it
You're the big noise and I'm nothing
With a pillow my cries are muffled
When you're playing with the big boys
Know they got each other covered
Weak and broken the fat lady's choking
I don't need clothes where I'm going to

Got my eyes on you
<> With or without you
You can just lie there and I'll stay
Everyone's been someone's worst lay
Don't forget me when I'm gone
You'll thank me later on

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