

Honeydogs, Your Blue Door

Your blue door, that I walked through before
First Sunday kiss - I could not resist
Well have you come to tell the truth
Are you tired of roaming too
Would you go around with me
Would you take me out at two or three
Would you lie to me with the cheapest form of flattery
Surprise me and read between my lines

Three shades of red when I heard what you said
White knuckle road I'm going down
Would you go around with me
Would you take me out at two or three
Would you lie to me with the cheapest form of flattery
Surprise me and read between my lines

Your blue door it won't let them in anymore
And wind blowing through your screen
The candle's burning clean
I'm not green
Would you go around with me
Would you take me out at two or three
Would you lie to me with the cheapest form of flattery
Surprise me and read between my lines

Your blue door that I walk through once more
Your red ripe fruit - all hell breaks loose
Would you go around with me
Would you take me out at two or three
Would you lie to me with the cheapest form of flattery
Surprise me and read between my lines