

# Hopewell, Sugar In The Honey

She puts the sugar  
In the honey  
And the milk in my tea  
Ooo she'd spend  
All my money  
Ooo if I had any

When you're raised on  
Detergent  
Well it's hard  
It's hard to stay clean  
When you're reared on  
Detergent  
And magazines

I got the sun in me  
I know, I think you got it too

She puts the world  
In between my teeth  
And the ground  
At my feet  
We don't need  
Your money  
Ooo 'cause it's all free

Lazarus  
And Magdalene  
Came waltzin' in  
On the day  
You and I  
Were sanctified

You got the sun in you  
I know, I think I got it too

(You are so beautiful  
In front of me)  
I wish that you could see