

Rick Nelson, Honeycomb

Well it's darn good life and it's kinda funny
How the bee was made and the bee made the honey
And the honeybee looking for home they called honeycomb
And they combed the world and they gathered all
Of the honeycomb into one sweet ball
And a honeycomb from a million trips made my baby's lips
Oh honeycomb won't you be my baby well honeycomb be my own
Just a hanka hair and a piece of bone and made a walking talking honeycomb
Well honeycomb won't you be my baby honeycomb be my own
What a darn good life when you got a wife like a honeycomb

Now have you heard tell how he made a bee
Then he tried a hand at a green green tree
So the green was made I guess you heard up in well he made a little bird
Then they waited all around till the end of spring
Gettin' every note that the birdie sing
And he wrote it up in one sweet tone for my honeycomb
Oh honeycomb won't you be my baby...

In a little while when he made that girl they looked around for a little word
Sounds as sweet as turtle dove so they called it love
And when he went around looking everywhere
Gettin' love from here love from there
And he started up in a little ole part for my honey's heart
Oh honeycomb won't you be my baby...