

# Honeymoon Croon

Bauhaus

Honeymoon croon tonight  
Sew my socks tonight  
Say whose on the tiles tonight  
Lurking lipstick tickle fickle

Marylin's on  
Send her by air mail, paravion  
Certificate of X-tacy in my head  
Hire out Sybil Vase for my bed

Croon croon tonight  
Honeymoon tonight  
Sew my socks tonight, tonight

The stranger arrives, the gun still warm  
20 years to old used to form  
Turns out to be an old trick  
From her senior service, senior service

She insists on tying down  
After the soldier sailor curfew  
All alone in the cathedral bar  
She preys in dockland

He asked to see her hidden side  
She, the color of his money, color of his money  
Honeymoon croon tonight, sew my sock tonight  
I say, "Whose on the tiles tonight?"  
I say, "Honeymoon"

Marylin's fading fast better get straight  
The catch from the sidewalk is in a state  
The sound of footsteps, mummy's here  
I'll be her good boy, I'll never fear

Better fix her drink tonight  
Bed time comes  
Must blot out this use my gun  
Honeymoon tonight, croon croon tonight

Honeymoon croon tonight  
Sew my sock tonight  
I say, "Whose on the tiles tonight?"  
I say, "Honeymoon"