

Your body is my playground  
Your legs are like monkey-bars  
The minute it takes to go up and down them  
Might take me hours  
If I could make it any better  
You know that I would  
I'd like to take you to heaven  
If only I could  
Honeytime, Honeytime  
I'm like Pooh Bear, I always have my hand in the jar  
Your aroused body has a peculiar smell  
My fingers find an oasis  
Slip them inside and it swells  
But one of my synapses ain't firing  
Am I sick, am I lame  
I cannot stand and deliver  
I leave the playground in shame  
Honeytime, Honeytime  
I'm like Pooh Bear, I always have my hand in the jar  
Honeytime, Honeytime  
Won't you take me there  
Won't you take me there  
Honeytime, Honeytime  
I'm like Pooh Bear, I always have my hand in the jar  
Honeytime, Honeytime  
Guess I bit off a little more than I could chew this time  
Honeytime, Honeytime  
I'm like Pooh Bear, I always have my hand in the jar  
Honeytime, Honeytime  
Won't you take me there  
Won't you take me there