

Honeytime

The Pursuit Of Happiness

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