

## Webb Pierce

### "Wild Honey"

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I beep my horn  
She comes runnin'  
She likes the flash  
Of my cash money  
Lord I'd trade it all  
For a good night taste  
Of that wild honey

Ah hah hah hah  
She gets me tickled  
She likes to drive my motorcycle  
The birds and the bee's  
Have knocked me to my knees  
Over wild honey

She's my sweet sweet love  
Now she don't try to bottle it up  
It flows so free  
I got to gather me  
Some wild honey

My momma said  
She'll cause you friction  
Sales man says  
Boy there's diction in prediction  
Penthouse talk  
Won't put me off of my  
Wild honey

She's got a sweet sweet love  
Now she don't try to bottle it up  
It flows so free  
I got to gather me  
Some wild honey

She's got a sweet sweet love  
Now she don't try to bottle it up  
It flows so free  
I got to gather me  
Some wild honey

I buzz like a bee  
Just like a bee  
For wild honey  
I buzz like a bee  
Just like a bee  
For wild honey

I buzz like a bee  
Just like a bee  
For wild honey yeah  
I buzz like a bee  
Just like a bee  
For wild honey... talk about talk about

I buzz like a bee  
Oh just like a bee  
For wild honey

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