

Assembly of Dust "Honey Creeper"

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I hope I find a noble death and avoid an angry trigger
I guess I'll find my ripe old self or at least that's what I
figure
The sour breath of a disappointed girl daring the man
who could keep her
She was born by the name of Lynn but she went by
Honey Creeper.

The bones of an old life call
They tear at the threads of my innards
Somewhere something went wrong
Now I'm living with ghosts and with sinners

It must have been 1929 when I took my turn to hold her
I felt a longing that I couldn't quit express and by fault I
never told her
I'm an old man that's what I am like and old stump in
the ground
You can't find a man who doesn't want to be found
I'm an old man that's what I am that's what I've come to
know
I became a shadow when I let that woman go.

When I raise my weary old eyes and prepare to meet
my maker.
I'll find that love of mine, Mrs. Honey Creeper and I'll do
my best to take her
The lord knows I will do my best to take her

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