

City Boy "Honeymooners"

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Honeymooners, she was a dying breed
Honeymooners, I married a female lead.
Palm court crooners Here more to her taste,
But I was a three time loser with an ordinary face.

Honeymooners, should have heard my mother's tales
When over dinner she insisted I eat snails
Honeymooners, when I caught the waiter's eye
Was then I noticed he was smiling at my wife.

CHORUS

But oh my how we could love, I was hand
And she was glove
The marriage was born in heaven
And we were in bed by seven
But oh my how we could love,
I was hand and she was glove
The marriage went into recession,
All through my pained expression
Honeymooners, she was after making fours
And the ski-instructor was caught between floors

I saw him thank her as she offered him a hand I
So how was he to know that she was into nylon pants.

CHORUS

But oh my how we could love,
I was hand and she was glove
The marriage was born in heaven
And we were in bed by seven.
But oh my how we could love,
I was hand and she was glove.
The marriage went into recession,
All through my pained expression.
Honeymooners I guess it's time to pack my bags,
Goodbye Hawaii, au revoir to all that,
Hello mother, please forgive what I did
But I'm off to find another wife who's into playing
bridge.

CHORUS

But oh my how we could love,
I was hand and she was glove,

She wanted a honeymooner,
But I was a "come to sooner".
But

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