

Ryan Malcolm

"Honeymoon Eyes"

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Tell me your number.
Tell me your name.
Tell me your shoe size, little darling,
You can tell me anything,
Just don't tell me, tell me, tell me
Youve got better things to do.
Im talking bout long walks in the sunshine,
Im talking bout loving you.
Tell me that Im
Out of my mind for trying.
Tell me to save my two cents
For another dollar-girl to be denying.
Just don't tell me, tell me, tell me
Youve got better things to do.
Im talking bout nothing short of spectacular, honey,
Im talking bout loving you.
From the very first moment
That I laid my eyes upon you, now,
The sunshine of life came rolling,
Rolling into view.
Bet another dollar I can make my two cents sound
more crazy
But I do believe Im falling in love
With every inch and every mannerism of you.
Little flip of your hair.
And the shape of your feet.
And the way you're looking at me sideways
As were walking down the street.
I think I like to love to hate to leave you
Need you, want to squeeze you all the time.
Paint me pink with polka-dots, honey,
And take a look at my heart-shaped honeymoon eyes.
Tell me your number.
Tell me your name.
Tell me your favorite color, little darling,
You can tell me anything.
Just don't tell me, tell me, tell me,
Youve got better things to do.
Im talking bout long walks in the sunshine,
Long walks in the moonshine
Take another step and you're all mine,

Im talking bout loving you.
Loving you.
Loving you.

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