Oh Honey

By John T. Wurzer

Oh honey; where has this been

The fallen leaves of autumn

Whispering what might have been

Oh honey; how does this end

Do the wheels come off the freight train?

Do I go off the rails again?

Or do I end up shoveling shit in a one horse town

Not that much to do all day until that horse comes back around

And when she does, does she ask me why I still won’t ride her away?

And after she’s asked me that a thousand times, will I run out of things to say?

Oh honey; where has this been

The fallen leaves of autumn

Whispering what might have been

Instrumental

Oh honey; if I ask you to decide

Will you ask me for a reason?

Or will you take me for a ride?

Oh honey; I will love you until I die

Yes, I will love you without question

Just don’t ever ask me why

Instrumental

Oh honey; where has this been

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I can’t remember when