

Honey In The Jar

Hunters & Collectors

Now that you're barefoot baby
Now that you're housebound no longer
Now that you're kicking off your boots and pushing the
darkness down

With the creamy naked feet
And the dust between your toes
And you're cooking up the tar to see how far it goes

Now that you're barefoot baby
Now that you're housebound no longer

Buckle up
Around the red leather belt
Around the thin white thighs
Buckle up
Around the red leather belt
Around the thin white thighs

Get it all fired up
To stumble into town
All loose and bootless
And pushing the darkness down

Nothing but flesh is upon your feet
And you're cooking up the tar in the dusty street
And all the males are waiting in the penetrating sun
With the cool heat of the rain
That was never meant to come
To wash across the earth
To run across to the ground
To wash up what you've lost and washed away

Buckle up
Around the red leather belt
Around the thin white thighs
Buckle up
Around the red leather belt
Around the thin white thighs

Take it away!

Getting all fired up
To stumble into town
All loose and bootless
And pushing the darkness down
Nothing but flesh is upon your feet
And you're cooking up the tar in the dusty street

And all the guys are waiting in the penetrating sun
With the cool heat of the rain
That was never meant to come
To wash across the earth
To run across to the ground
To wash up what you've lost and washed away

Wash it all all away

Yeh, wash away
Wash it all away

Buckle up
Around the red leather belt
Around the thin white thighs
Buckle up
Around the red leather belt
Around the thin white thighs

Buckle up
Around the big leather belt
Around the thin white thighs
Buckle up
Around the red leather belt
Around the thin white thighs