

Don't Call Me Honey

Black

I like what I like on the outside
Putting on pulling off in a big field
I like what I like when they're begging me to stop
'cause where you won't go
Ain't worth the knowing
Some days there's nothing in my mind
Don't call me honey

I like what I like in a car park
In a sheet in a bag in the pitch dark
On your hands and knees in the long grass
I don't have a wife , don't have much money
Some days there's nothing there but time
What makes it funny?

I like what I like when I'm on top
On a roof, the bonnet of a car in a long drop
I like what I like in paper
On a chair , in a tap , in a sandwich
I feel when the tone is shifting
I don't understand what makes it funny

Don't call me honey