

My Lips Your Kiss

Blackjack Billy

Honey you and me, we honey and a bee
Like peaches and cream
Two of a kind, roses and wine
Like a soul-did rhyme
Tire on a swing, finger on a string
A ball game in the spring
The right kinda mix on a night like this
Girl you know it just fits

Talking 'bout my lips, your kiss
Talking 'bout my hands, your hips
Kinda like twilight, fireflies
Your pretty wild eyes lost in mine
My truck, it ain't much
When you ride shotgun, jacked up
Little like midnight June in the Georgia moon
It fits, my lips, your kiss

No Hollywood rush, baby your touch
When I think about us
It's "Lady and the Tramp", "Jack and Diane"
Your hand in my hand
Somethin' like Clyde, Bonnie in the ride
Ridin' side by side
Arms round you, we're tied all night
And don't it feel just right

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Like candy on a cane
Or slow dancin' in the rain
Girl we got a thing
Like a diamond on a ring

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