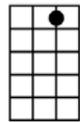
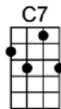
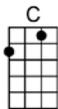


SING C

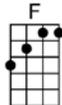


HONEYCOMB_(BAR)

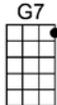
4/4 1...2...123



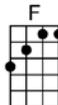
Well, it's a darn good life, and it's kinda funny



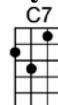
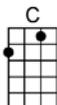
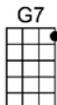
How the Lord made the bee and the bee made the honey



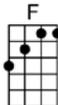
And the honeybee, lookin' for a home, and they called it a honeycomb



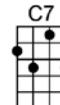
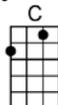
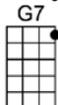
And they roamed the world, and they gathered all of the honeycomb into one sweet ball



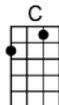
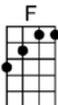
And the honeycomb from a million trips, made my baby's lips



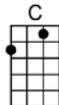
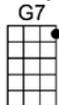
Oh, Honeycomb, won't you be my baby, well, Honeycomb, be my own



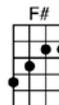
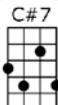
Got a hank o' hair and a piece o' bone, and made a walkin', talkin' Honey-comb



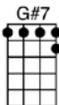
Well, Honeycomb, won't you be my baby, well, Honeycomb, be my own



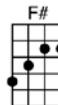
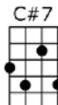
What a darn good life when you got a wife like Honeycomb.....HONEYCOMB



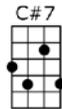
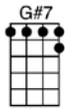
And the Lord said, now that I made a bee, I'm gonna look all around for a green, green tree



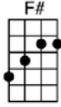
And he made a little tree, and I guess you heard, ah, then, well he made a little bird



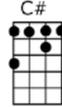
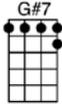
And they waited all around till the end of Spring, gettin' every note that the birdie'd sing



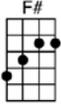
And they put 'em all into one sweet tone, for my Honey-comb



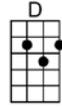
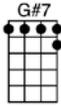
Oh, Honeycomb, won't you be my baby, well, Honeycomb, be my own



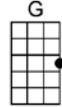
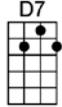
Got a hank o' hair and a piece o' bone, and made a walkin', talkin' Honey-comb



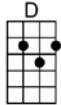
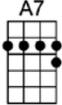
Well, Honeycomb, won't you be my baby, well, Honeycomb, be my own



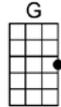
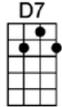
What a darn good life when you got a wife like Honeycomb.....HONEYCOMB



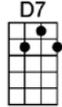
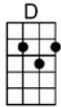
And the Lord says now that I made a bird, I'm gonna look all 'round for a little ol' word



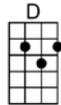
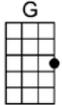
That sounds about sweet, like "turtledove" and I guess I'm gonna call it "love"



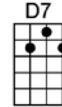
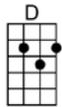
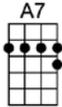
And he roamed the world, lookin' everywhere, gettin' love from here, love from there



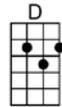
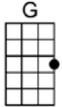
And he put it all in a little ol' part of my baby's heart



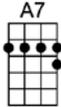
Oh, Honeycomb, won't you be my baby, well, Honeycomb, be my own



Got a hank o' hair and a piece o' bone, and made a walkin', talkin' Honey-comb



Well, Honeycomb, won't you be my baby, well, Honeycomb, be my own



What a darn good life when you got a wife like HONEYCOMB!