

Honeymoon Croon

Bauhaus

Honeymoon croon tonight
Sew my socks tonight
Say whose on the tiles tonight
Lurking lipstick tickle fickle

Marylin's on
Send her by air mail, paravion
Certificate of X-tacy in my head
Hire out Sybil Vase for my bed

Croon croon tonight
Honeymoon tonight
Sew my socks tonight, tonight

The stranger arrives, the gun still warm
20 years to old used to form
Turns out to be an old trick
From her senior service, senior service

She insists on tying down
After the soldier sailor curfew
All alone in the cathedral bar
She preys in dockland

He asked to see her hidden side
She, the color of his money, color of his money
Honeymoon croon tonight, sew my sock tonight
I say, "Whose on the tiles tonight?"
I say, "Honeymoon"

Marylin's fading fast better get straight
The catch from the sidewalk is in a state
The sound of footsteps, mummy's here
I'll be her good boy, I'll never fear

Better fix her drink tonight
Bed time comes
Must blot out this use my gun
Honeymoon tonight, croon croon tonight

Honeymoon croon tonight
Sew my sock tonight
I say, "Whose on the tiles tonight?"
I say, "Honeymoon"