

# Honeysuckle

Greyson Chance

Honeysuckle, high in the tree  
You let the world live under you  
Like you're some good royalty  
No one can touch you, when you're  
Reckless in the summer, that heat  
You let him wonder, but you never let him sink in his teeth  
No one can touch you when you move

Move your body round in nothing but white cotton shirts  
Come on, come on, come on but it leaves so soon  
When you hang it up for something heavy now so insecure  
(What's the melody?)  
Come on, come on, come on, come on sing

Honeysuckle, fell from the tree  
Now let the world walk over you  
Like a junkie on the street  
You push them further, when you're  
Wasted in December indoors  
You wish he'd wonder, but he never comes around anymore  
You push them further

Go high  
Honeysuckle, that's you  
No one can touch you when you move

Move your body towards the sun and think white cotton shirts  
Come on, come on, come on it'll be here so soon  
You can let it go as the colors change, and you feel that turn  
Come on, come on, come on, come on sing

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