

## Sting In This Ole Bee

Hank Thompson

I might wear horn-rimmed glasses  
And my hair has a tinge of gray  
But don't judge a book by its cover  
I've heard some folks say  
I may be in retirement  
On Social Security  
But if there's honey in that hive  
There's a sting in this ole bee

I may not buzz as often  
Or as loud as I used to do  
But I'd love a taste of that nectar  
From a pretty little flower like you  
So remember girl, when you're flirtin' around  
If you shine those eyes on me  
If there's honey in that hive  
There's a sting in this ole bee

I can still do things like I used to do

Back when I was young  
I can still jump just as high  
Just can't stay up as long  
So why don't you make a beeline  
To enjoy my company?  
If there's honey in that hive  
There's a sting in this ole bee

Now, I may not buzz as often  
Or as loud as I used to do  
But I'd love a taste of that nectar  
From a pretty little flower like you  
So remember girl, when you're flirtin' around  
If you shine those eyes on me  
If there's honey in that hive  
There's a sting in this ole bee  
Now, if there's honey in that hive  
There's a sting in this ole bee