



## Honeymoon

Temper-Mental MissElayneous/Elayne Harrington, July 2014.

### Verse 1

Pores flare for a hot second,  
Pheromone doused intricacies to inspect.  
Conned out of your clothes. Cut to reality - check your fantasy versus her beauty  
Compared to that of a rose. Cliché in the throes.  
How it used to be.  
Now. Vows. Swap. Head bowed. Stop.  
Clock her moves like sound waves.  
Give me a little finger to wrap myself around. - Just a phase. Puppy-crushing  
Droppin' hints like polite bombs, rushing to 'not yet' - driving his head to the right  
palms...  
I'm caught.  
All bets off - I've got nothing left.  
Pencils to court the cerebral throne.  
Sensible thoughts - the sequel cannot be manifested alone.  
When it hurts to dream; that was then and this is now.  
Serrated-edged blades getting snagged on blondey down.  
And now yours stand erect to salute and guard.  
Taste your fingertips teasing willing mandibles ajar.  
Knees to knock to keep panties from dropping,  
Rear kissing passenger to steer your ambition in motion or persevere.  
Kiss and tell men never left me like Bambi. In the now.  
I'm here - unlocking.  
In your river black water, you make my frets disappear.  
Swim in your abyss - christen my wrists with your tears.  
Deeply rooted in rhythm, enamoured and armed with healthy fear.

### Chorus

Honeymoon in the mood  
Sipping on July, pining on June, and crying all May  
Those April Blues  
In a honeymoon groove



## Verse 2

Perfect fit. Were you designed for me? I recognise your gaze.  
Move in every way I long to see - afraid, yet very brave.  
Love lent him eloquence; a tongue not unlike my own.  
His rank of intelligence - nooks and cusps, flesh and bone.  
Tired of the right arm of the law.  
I'll spot ya friendly errands if you stop me searching for the door.  
Perspiration teaming on your brow.  
If you're frigid I can remind you movement can flow and show you how.  
Third time lucky: soapy hands for her pleasure.  
Trust on top. Chest full of unfathomable treasure.  
Millimetres worth their length in miles. Delirium tremens.  
Familiarity the ether. Shared smiles cool my temper.  
(They never cool my temper)  
Stop reading my mind it's rude, don't give me solutions:  
I'm independently inclined... 'it's the mood that I'm in'.  
Brim full but still summing up room for sin.  
1001 nights - give me two more naughts and ones  
And it might come close to second to none.  
Too thick to be dumb, too slow to run.  
Get your hands off me; I'm sprung - no such thing as one...  
Will my mind succumb?

## Chorus

Honeymoon in the mood  
Sipping on July, pining on June, and crying all May  
Those April Blues  
In a honeymoon groove