

Honey Wagon Mose

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He comes every day
To haul the stuff away
When we say stuff we don't mean hay
When he passes hold your nose
It's Honey Wagon Mose

after he has went
This peculiar gent
Fills the breeze with mournful scent
How he stands it goodness knows
That Honey Wagon Mose

I like violets
Their scent is so sweet and fresh
This aint violets
It smells like a royal flush

And I can't deny
Though it smarte my eyes
If he can stand it, why can't I?
Still I'd rather smell a rose
Than Honey Wagon Mose

