

# Keeping Bees

Air Traffic Controller

I can, I can, I can feel them crawling on my skin  
This could mean a war is building  
And you have to cheat to win  
I can, I can, I can see your will is caving in  
This could mean a mercy killing  
But I'm bound to feel the sting

The truth about keeping bees, oh  
The flower is bound to find you  
The power flows back and forth through  
The unintentional crimes  
The truth about keeping bees, oh  
You're gonna get stung sometimes  
Honey, try not to get hung up on  
The unintentional crimes

You say, you say, you say you can smell the coming days of spring  
When the apple turns to vermillion  
You know it's nothing but a fling  
But it tasted, tasted, tasted sweeter than it's ever been  
This could be the one in a million  
With the tiniest of wings

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Gonna get stung sometimes  
Unintentional, unintentional crimes

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The unintentional crimes  
The truth about keeping bees, oh  
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Honey, try not to get hung up on  
The unintentional crimes

Gonna get stung, gonna get stung sometimes  
Unintentional, unintentional, unintentional, unintentional crimes  
Unintentional, unintentional crimes