Knees of My Bees

Alanis Morissette

We share a culture same vernacular
Love of physical humor and time spent alone
You with your penchant for spontaneous advents
For sticky and raspy, unearthed and then gone

You are a gift renaissance with a wink
With tendencies for conversations that raise bars
You are a sage who is fueled by compassion
Comes to nooks and crannies as balm for all scars

You make the knees of my bees weak, tremble and buckle
You make the knees of my bees weak

You are a spirit that knows of no limit
That knows of no ceiling who baulks at dead-ends
You are a wordsmith who cares for his brothers
Not seduced by illusion or fair-weather friends

You make the knees of my bees weak, tremble and buckle
You make the knees of my bees weak

You are a vision who lives by the signals of
Stomach and intuition as your guide
You are a sliver of god on a platter
Who walks what he talks and who cops when he's lied

You make the knees of my bees weak, tremble and buckle
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