Telling the Bees

Big Big Train

My mother said 'Listen, son...
Your father's gone
Now the time has come
You must tell the bees he gave his life
Drape black cloth over the hives.'

Now I am the keeper
And the years passed by
Until the day that Jenny caught my eye
I walked over and I asked her for a kiss
Sweet taste of honey on her lips

Telling the bees, telling the bees

As old as these hills and old as the stones
I feel it down to my soul

And the bees were told
On the day we wed
Wild flower garlands
Draped our marriage bed
Now two years on, we have our son
The bees were told and we carry on

Telling the bees, telling the bees

As old as these hills and old as the stones
I feel it down to my soul

The joy is in the telling
The sorrow in the soul
Tears of happiness and sadness

Let them flow...

Telling the bees, telling the bees

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