

Honeybee

Fences

Without breath without breathing
Now she's left, now she's leaving
Oh well, I'm not well
I know that you can be sometimes hard
So can I at the bar

Oh well, I'm not well
But I know that I can be, honey bee
I could try to love, from way up above
The flower that hummed from gods crooked tongue
I could try to love, from way up above
The flower that hummed from gods crooked tongue

Without death without grieving
Nothings left, nothings feeling
Oh well, I'm not well
Sometimes you can sit in your car
I can sit in the yard

Oh well, not well
But I know that I can be, honey bee
I could try to love, from way up above
the flower that hung from gods crooked thumb
I could try to love, from way up above
The flower that hummed from gods crooked tongue
Honeybee