

Why does everyone think that I'm leaving when I'm standing right here?

Why are the days so short?

Why are the nights so long?

What are the odds?

That you and I would end up at the same place at the same time

You are like spiderwebs and I had this dream

I was stuck with you

You were stuck with me

You're my honey bee

You're my honey bee

Yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah

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