

Bees

Laura Cantrell

See the sign of the old hotel, we used to stay there
Empty and threadbare, water running cold
Searched the streets for old friends, met only strangers
None who remember, none who would take me home

I miss the bees, I miss the honey
I miss them humming by the flowered vine
My time is short now, I feel it coming
I'll see you darling in the morning light

Spent an hour in the waiting room of our old headquarters
None brought my orders I rode on alone
With my portrait missing from their hall of honor
No frame to claim me in silver black and gold

Lost in the afternoon missing an hour or two
Turn the crystal set never failed me yet
No voice to say goodbye, tears on my face have dried
I'll be coming through on that wavelength a heart can tune

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I miss the bees I miss the honey
I miss them humming by the flowered vine
My time is short now, I feel it coming
I'll see you darling on the other side