

The Start

The Bees

Was it you in the shadows
I've got to get this right
Walking away with your arms folded tight

How can I promise
I'll never let you down
Put one worf on me
I'm not the new man in town

Oh, that's so not the way
You should look at it
The effort in art
Comes from the heart
A place that's blood red
And hits from the start

Mister mister draw me your picture
Put on your suit and tie
Pour yourself a glass of wine

You're in a buyers hands
You can't really lose
Just the dough that went
On all the paint you use