

The Bees

Belly

My blessed son, you...
You've got a lot to learn.
So I'm your best friend,
You love me, and
Well I'll tell you something:
"We're on the road to messy."
Now the bees behind my eyes sing "beware,"
But my bee-stung tongue wants in there.
Beware, beware, beware of me.
If your heart is not on my side,
if your heart is not on my side,
if your heart is not on my side,
You're not on my side anymore.
I steal a piece of your diary.
I don't think that looks like me.
Am I so cold, now that I'm older?
I tell you stories,
That doesn't mean you know me.
Now the bees behind my eyes sing, "beware,"
But my bee-stung tongue wants in there.
So come at me with mouth open wide,
And I, like a jerk, I crawl inside.
Beware, beware, beware of me.
If your heart is not on my side,
If your heart is not on my side,
If your heart is not on my side, you're not on my side anymore.