

Honeycomb

Frank Black

The old churchyard is where I faded
She watched me while, I fell unaided
And in my time when god's army came and got me
I could not find my honeycomb
I could not find my honeycomb
I could not find my honeycomb
Cherry brown, lips of maple
Olive creams, her eyes and face were
And in that town as I walk as a deserter
I could not find my honeycomb
I could not find my honeycomb
I could not find my honeycomb
Dance for God, dance for mating
The ritual of her figure eighting
And in my mind as I fly above the churchyard
I could not find my honeycomb
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