

## 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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