

Wendell Gee

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That's when Wendell Gee
Takes a tug upon the string
That held the line of trees
Behind the house he lived in
He was reared to give respect
But somewhere down the line he chose
To whistle as the wind blows
And listen as the wind blows through the leaves

He had a dream one night
That the tree had lost its middle
So he built a trunk of chicken wire
To try and hold it up
But the wire, the wire turned to lizard skin
And when he climbed it sagged
There wasn't even time to say
Goodbye to Wendell Gee
So whistle as the wind blows
And listen as the wind blows through the leaves

There wasn't even time to say
Goodbye to Wendell Gee
So whistle as the wind blows
And listen as the wind blows through the leaves
If the wind were colors
And if the air could speak
Then whistle as the wind blows
And whistle as the wind blows through the leaves