

Busy Bees

Silversun Pickups

I heart metal
I heart wine
More so when they're combined
The wood that scares me
Saved my life
Lesson learned after twice

The trees are blinking bright
I shake in the rhythmic light
I never felt anything like
The cold of these empty spaces

Fog from bottles
End of light
Don't start making gears grind
The back road findings
Could change my mind
Busy bees don't really fly

If I could just slow down
And scribble on missing pages
Who would I write it for
And who would write it for me
For me, for me now

Some people wait just for a little bit
Why can't I wait just for a little bit

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