

Down In The Winding Corn Maze

The Handsome Family

I came to a field of green where the corn stalks grew so tall
The sunlight could not pierce to the winding path below
Round and round I went under those waving stems
I followed the shadowed path marked so faintly with her step
Down in the winding corn maze where green stalks shiver in the
wind

There in a swarm of bees I knelt down at her feet
Such spirals spread for miles through the bending leaves
And she took me to her arms in that cloud of honey bees
Whirring in their whirling as they rose on golden wings
Down in the winding corn maze where green stalks shiver in the
wind