

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

Around and around I went
Under those waving stems
I followed the shadowed path
Marked so faintly with her steps

Down in the winding corn maze
Where the green stalks shiver in the wind

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

Down in the winding corn maze
Where the green stalks shiver in the wind