

# The Bells

Venus Hum

I wait to hear the bells  
The bells, the bells, the bells  
Cup my hand around my ear to listen for them  
The bells

I ache to hear the bells  
The bells, the bells, the bells  
Hold my breath, hold my chest-wait for them  
The bells

I start to hum a tune, oh so softly hum a tune  
One foot from the other, and the first it follows suit  
Oh, so slowly follows suit

I am taken by the sun, the golden glorious sun  
Arms spread wide and my face toward the sky  
I am singing at the top of my lungs  
I am taken by the sun

Near silent behind the trees I hear them now  
The bells

They are ringing, I am singing with the bells  
There is joy I cannot spell with dry words or letters  
I can sing it very well and it comes out much better  
I am singing very well of the joy I cannot say  
Without the music of the bells

I am taken by the sun, the golden glorious sun  
Arms spread wide and my face toward the sky  
I am singing at the top of my lungs  
I am taken by the sun