

Alanis Morissette

"Knees Of My Bees"

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We share a culture, same vernacular
Love of physical humor and time spent alone
You with your penchant for spontaneous adventures
For sticky unrests be unearthed and then gone

You are a gift renaissance with a wink
With tendencies for conversations that raise bars
You are a sage who is fueled by compassion comes to
Nooks and crannies as balm for all scars

You make the knees of my bees weak
Tremble and buckle
You make the knees of my bees weak

You are a spirit that knows of no limit
Who knows of no ceiling, who balks at dead ends
You are a wordsmith who cares for his brothers
Not seduced by illusion or fair weather friends

You make the knees of my bees weak
Tremble and buckle
You make the knees of my bees weak

You are a vision who lives by the signals
Of stomach and intuition as your guide
You are sliver of God on a platter
Who walks what he talks and who cops when he's lied

You make the knees of my bees weak
Tremble and buckle
You make the knees of my bees weak

You make the knees of my bees weak
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You make the knees of my bees weak

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