

Fatima Mansions

"Hive"

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Do you think they could see us in this base
circumstance
You with blood on your knees and me with my hand
down your pants?
If a lad wears a dress then will George want his sex?
As his explorers buy butt sex operation, decision time's
come
At the end of our useful lives
We're out of the hive / We must be groovin'
We're out of the hive / in the land of the black and white
minstrels
What do you call him, boyfriend or flat bone?
He's a sensitive artist / Come on, let's leave him alone
You've got to watch the blind / I said you've got to
watch the blind
On the day of the morning festival / The bleakest
afternoon of the season
All drones everywhere arise from mildewed states of
unconsciousness
and go to celebrate their condition in the abandoned
village greens
where the fairground is down
with its revolving towers of burning colored lights
and its roaring tin can music, its people and fumes

Drunks stagger everywhere
and paw each other in the half-light at the edge of the
confusion
Out of the hive
We must be groovin'
We're out of the hive
We're out of the hive
We're out of the hive now
We might as well come and die
We're out of the hive
in the land of the black and white minstrels
Hallelujah!
Do you think they can see us? Oh, I do hope they can
They can do me a favor and bury you where you stand!

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