

Laura Cantrell

"Bees"

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See the sign of the old hotel
We used to stay there
Empty and threadbare
Water running cold

Searched the streets for old friends
Met only strangers
None who remember
None who would take me home

I miss the bees, I miss the honey
I miss them humming by the flowered vine
My time is short now
I feel it coming
I'll see you darling
In the morning light

Spend an hour in the waiting room
Of our old headquarters
None brought my order
I road on alone
With my portrait missing
From their hall of honour
No frame to claim me
In silver, black and gold

Lost in the afternoon
Missing an hour or two
Tuned the crystal set
It's never failed me yet
No voice to say goodbye
Tears on my face have dried
I'll be coming through
On that wavelenght the heart can tune

I miss the bees, I miss the honey
I miss them humming by the flowered vine
My time is short now
I feel it coming
I'll see you darling
In the morning light

No voice to say goodbye
Tears on my face have dried
I'll be coming through
On that wavelenght the heart can tune

I miss the bees, I miss the honey
I miss them humming by the flowered vine
My time is short now
I see it coming
I'll meet you darling
On the other side

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