

## Viva Valdy "Killer Bees"

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\* Stuck here in the north land, in the Ice and snow,  
Dreaming 'bout a southern home,

Wishing i could go. you Know i love san antone, i'd  
Crawl there on my knees,

(24) but i Can't go back to (44) Texas, on account of  
the killer Bees.

\* they Came across the border, in the Spring of '92, a  
Billion little stingers with a

Bad attitude. a Serious genetic mix-up, that Nature will  
not fix, and they

(24) Drove me out of (44) San antone in the fall of  
ninety-Six.

\* i Moved up north to waco, didn't Want to move that  
far, but in Two years the bees arrived

and Left me with these scars. I know they remember,  
they've got a Mind like a hive, and

(24) If they ever (44) Catch me out they won't leave me  
aLive.

\* now i'm Living in places, where I would never go, i've  
Learned to run from the sun,

i've Learned to love the snow. i Follow global warming,  
like Migrants follow crops, and the

Bees keep a'coming and i Don't know if they'll stop, no i  
don't know if they'll Stop.

\* by the Turn of the century, they Had me on the move,  
the Bees took oklahoma,

Then they took saint lou. by the Time they got to  
thunder bay, i had Left that southern land,

(24) Looking for a (44) Glacier, for a place to make a  
Stand.

\* now the Ice cap is melting, as i'm Nearing the pole,  
i've Come in to the region of the

Ozone hole. them Ultra violet rays will turn my Skin into  
swiss cheese,

so I (24) Carry an um-(44)-Brella, while i'm running  
from the Bees.

\* Maybe when the bees get to the Ozone hole they'll  
die. They haven't got umbrellas,

they'll just Shivel up and fry. Maybe they'll mutate into  
a Kinder, gentler bee.

i (24) Hope

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