

Honeycomb

Frank Black

The old churchyard is where I faded
She watched me while I fell unaided
And in my time when god's army came and got me I could not find my honeycomb
I could not find my honeycomb
I could not find my honeycomb Cherry brown lips of maple
Olive creams her eyes and face were
And in that town as I walk as a deserter I could not find my honeycomb
I could not find my honeycomb
I could not find my honeycomb Dance for God, dance for mating
The ritual of her figure eighting
And in my mind as I fly above the churchyard I could not find my honeycomb
I could not find my honeycomb
I could not find my honeycomb I could not find my honeycomb
I could not find my honeycomb
I could not find my honeycomb

Songwriters

THOMPSON, CHARLES Published by

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