

Knees of My Bees

[Alanis Morissette](#)

We share a culture, same vernacular
Love of physical humor and time spent alone
You with your penchant for spontaneous advents
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
Tremble and buckle
You make the knees of my bees weak

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