Busy Bees

Fake Problems

I heart metal
I heart wine
More so when they?re combined
The wood that scares me
Saved my life
Lesson learned after twice
The trees are blinking bright
I shake in the rhythmic light
Never felt anything like
The cold of these empty spaces
Fog from bottles
End of light
Don?t start making gears grind
The back road findings
Could change my mind
Busy bees don?t really fly
If I could just slow down
And scribble on missing pages
Who would I write it for
And who would write it for me

For me
For me now
Some people wait just for a little bit
Why can?t I wait just for a little bit?
The trees are blinking bright
I shake in the rhythmic light
Never felt anything like
The cold of these empty spaces
If I could just slow down
And scribble on missing pages
Who would I write it for
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