

# 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  
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 for a little bit?  
Some people wait just for a little bit  
Some people wait just for a little bit

Some people wait just for a little bit  
Why can't I wait for a little bit?

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