Beard Of Bees

Clem Snide

Prisoners of ourselves
Desperate little elves
We hide inside a tree
And wear a beard of bees[Chorus]
But do you know that when
You're here with me
That's the only time that I feel freeSo wrap me in your skin
A holiday of sin
We'll take it when we can
There is no master plan[Chorus]And everything is true
If we think it through
Or maybe it's a lie
We'll find out when we die[Chorus]

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