

Wendell Gee (Remastered)

R.E.M.

That's when Wendell Gee takes a tug
Upon the string that held the line of trees
Behind the house he lived in
He was reared to give respectSomewhere down the line he chose
To whistle as the wind blows
Whistle as the wind blows with meHe had a dream one night
That the tree had lost its middle
So he built a trunk of chicken wireTo try to hold it up
But the wire, the wire turned to lizard skin
And when he climbed insideThere wasn't even time to say
Goodbye to Wendell Gee
So whistle as the wind blows
Whistle as the wind blows with meThere wasn't even time to say
Goodbye to Wendell Gee
So whistle as the wind blows
Whistle as the wind blows with meIf the wind were colors
And if the air could speak
Then whistle as the wind blows
Whistle as the wind blows

Songwriters

MILLS, MICHAEL E./BERRY, WILLIAM/BUCK, PETER LAWRENCE/STIPE, MICHAEL J.Published by
Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>