# Bees

## Laura Cantrell

See the sign of the old hotel
We used to stay there
Empty and threadbare
Water running coldSearched the streets for old friends
Met only strangers
None who remember
None who would take me homeI miss the bees, I miss the honey
I miss them humming by the flowered vine
My time is short now, I feel it coming
I'll see you darling in the morning lightSpent an hour
In the waiting room
Of our old headquarters
None brought my ordersI rode on alone with my portrait
Missing from their hall of honor
No frame to claim me
In silver black and goldLost in the afternoon
Missing an hour or two
Turn the crystal set
Never failed me yetNo voice to say goodbye
Tears on my face have dried
I'll be coming through
On that wavelength a heart can tuneI miss the bees, I miss the honey
I miss them humming by the flowered vine
My time is short now, I feel it coming
I'll see you darling in the morning lightNo voice to say goodbye
Tears on my face have dried
I'll be coming through
On that wavelength a heart can tuneI miss the bees I miss the honey
I miss them humming by the flowered vine
My time is short now, I feel it coming
I'll see you darling on the other side

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