

Bees

Laura Cantrell

See the sign of the old hotel
We used to stay there
Empty and threadbare
Water running cold Searched the streets for old friends
Met only strangers
None who remember
None who would take me home I 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 light Spent an hour
In the waiting room
Of our old headquarters
None brought my orders I rode on alone with my portrait
Missing from their hall of honor
No frame to claim me
In silver black and gold Lost in the afternoon
Missing an hour or two
Turn the crystal set
Never failed me yet No voice to say goodbye
Tears on my face have dried
I'll be coming through
On that wavelength a heart can tune I 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 light No voice to say goodbye
Tears on my face have dried
I'll be coming through
On that wavelength a heart can tune I 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

Songwriters

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