

Beard of Bees

[Clem Snide](#)

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

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