

Belly, The Bees

My blessed son, you
You've got a lot to learn
So I'm your best friend
You love me and
Well, I'll tell you something
We're on the road to messy
Now the bees behind my eyes sing, beware
But my bee stung tongue wants in there
Beware, beware, beware of me
If your heart is not on my side
If your heart is not on my side
If your heart is not on my side
You're not on my side anymore
Ooh
I steal a piece of your diary
I don't think that looks like me
Am I so cold? Now that I'm older
I tell you stories
That doesn't mean you know me
Now the bees behind my eyes sing, beware
But my bee stung tongue wants in there
So come at me with mouth open wide
And I, like a jerk, I crawl inside
Beware, beware, beware of me
If your heart is not on my side
If your heart is not on my side
If your heart is not on my side
You're not on my side anymore