

Eisley, I Wasn't Prepared

Oh, when the day is blue
I'll sit here wondering about you
And how the pollen fell
All around your face in strange yellow patterns

But, i wasn't prepared for this
Oh, i wasn't prepared for this

When the morning came
The bees flew down and
Wrapped themselves around me
And that's when i spoke the word
To have them trace your face for me in pollen

But, i wasn't prepared for this
Oh, i wasn't prepared for this

Come, come back to me, my, my darling
Come, come back to me, my, my darling

I wasn't prepared for this
Oh, i wasn't prepared for this

When the day is blue
I'll sit here wondering about you