

# Wilco, Muzzle Of Bees

There's a random painted highway  
And a muzzle of bees  
My sleeves have come unstitched  
From climbing your tree

And dogs laugh, some say they're barking  
I don't think they're mean  
Some people get so frightened  
Of the fences in between

And the sun gets passed from tree to tree  
Silently, and back to me  
With the breeze blown through  
Pushed up against the sea  
Finally back to me

I'm assuming you got my message  
On your machine  
I'm assuming you love me  
And you know what that means

Sun gets passed, sea to sea  
Silently, and back to me  
With the breeze blown through  
Pushed up above the leaves

With the breeze blown through  
My head upon your knee  
Half of it's you, half is me  
Half of it's you, half is me