

# A Band Of Bees, No Trophy

Ask the riverman  
Where the river flows  
Ask the postman  
Who he knows  
There's the memory of mistrust  
Pushing at the glass makes it stop  
Laid down dry head to head  
This is what we want  
Sold out  
The figures that are left are lonely  
You won but don't get no trophy  
If you've got none to give then i won't take a thing  
Who will defend your bed tonight