

A Band Of Bees, Sweet Like A Champion

Sweet like a champion
You're little you're spinning around
Modern and lovely
Go beyond go quick
Hanging hanging moving over
Over to write
Late day shadow
Six silver stars
Drifting from the pier
The double force of fear and unseen
Storm warnings coming our way
Sweet like a champion
Hidden back playing your part
Takes so many ages to get to these stages
Together care deeply and rule yourself in
Ten thousand strong