

# Alanis Morissette, Knees Of My Bees

We share a culture same vernacular  
Love of physical humor and time spent alone  
You with your penchant for spontaneous advents  
For sticky and raspy, unearthed and then gone

You are a gift renaissance with a wink  
With tendencies for conversations that raise bars  
You are a sage who is fueled by compassion  
Comes to nooks and crannies as balm for all scars

You make the knees of my bees weak, tremble and buckle  
You make the knees of my bees weak

You are a spirit that knows of no limit  
That knows of no ceiling who baulks at dead-ends  
You are a wordsmith who cares for his brothers  
Not seduced by illusion or fair-weather friends

You make the knees of my bees weak, tremble and buckle  
You make the knees of my bees weak

You are a vision who lives by the signals of  
Stomach and intuition as your guide  
You are a sliver of god on a platter  
Who walks what he talks and who cops when he's lied

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