

# R.E.M., Wendell Gee

That's when Wendell Gee takes a tug  
Upon the string that held the line of trees  
Behind the house he lived in  
He was reared to give respect  
But somewhere down the line he chose  
To whistle as the wind blows  
Whistle as the wind blows, with me

He had a dream one night  
That the tree had lost its middle  
So he built a trunk of chicken wire  
To try to hold it up  
But the wire, the wire turned to lizard skin  
And when he climbed inside  
There wasn't even time to say  
Goodbye to Wendell Gee  
So whistle as the wind blows  
Whistle as the wind blows, with me

If the wind were colors  
And if the air could speak  
Then whistle as the wind blows  
Whistle as the wind blows