

# Rheostatics, Bees

Dave Bidini

There are bees, there are bees everywhere.  
Amorphous yellow light.  
Bellbottomed trousers striped.  
Afraid to touch, too cool to beg,  
We are the workers of the world.

We are bees, we are bees everywhere.  
The buzzing of our wings.  
Melancholy of our kings.  
Araid to touch, too cool to beg.  
We are the workers of the world.

And truth is all I have for you to stay.  
The pollen that we love, she sniffed away.

We are bees, we are bees everywhere.