

Uncle Ho, Honeycomb

She offers me the honeycomb, its sweetness in the air.
A young and beautiful girl with pearls in her hair.
She showers me with shiny things, the pleasure that she brings. A young and beautiful girl, she aims to hit me with her sting.

She offers me the honeycomb in hands that are reversed,
With the left hand on her right arm, and her hair is full of pearls.
I feel the dew rolling off my skin, I can see mirrored in her eyes
My pink and shiny, shiny skin. She measures me in sweetness and light.

I REALLY DON'T CARE NOW FOR ANYTHING YOU DO.

In the light of day the world takes shape, as solid as you and me.
In the light of day there is nothing left of the things that cannot be.
Hey, look at this, this is me. This is my half-lived life.
This is me, I'm drawn into a pattern of my design.

I REALLY DON'T CARE NOW FOR ANYTHING YOU DO.

...and if you don't care now, then we are free to go.
And if you don't care now, then we are free to go.