

Beehive

Mark Lanegan

Scenes of dying light
Everywhere through a firecracker's summer
Suddenly alone in a beehive
With a spot of chrome along my spine

Blue water, down from the mountains
Wash across the killing floor
Blood rushing up from a fountain
Can't endure a thing no more

I drag my chair to the window
Listen to the swarm
Beehive, beehive
Honey just gets me stoned when I'm living

Bell rung and stung
Honey just gets me stoned
Just gets me stoned

Scenes of dying love
In my head buzzes a bee's nest
Hanging down from above
Everywhere I look, it's a bummer

Gasoline and cool, cool water
Lying on a cooling board
Lightning coming out of the speakers
I want to hear that sound some more

Press my body against the window
In an electric storm
Beehive, beehive
Honey just gets me stoned when I'm living

Bell rung and stung
Honey just gets me stoned
Just gets me stoned

Beehive, beehive
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