

## Wendell Gee

R.E.M.

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  
And listen as the wind blows through the leaves

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

There wasn't even time to say  
Goodbye to Wendell Gee  
So whistle as the wind blows  
And listen as the wind blows through the leaves  
If the wind were colors  
And if the air could speak  
Then whistle as the wind blows  
And whistle as the wind blows through the leaves