

## Busy Bees

Silversun Pickups

I heart metal  
I heart wine  
More so when they're combined  
The wood that scares me  
Saved my life  
Lesson learned after twice

The trees are blinking bright  
I shake in the rhythmic light  
I never felt anything like  
The cold of these empty spaces

Fog from bottles  
End of light  
Don't start making gears grind  
The back road findings  
Could change my mind  
Busy bees don't really fly

If I could just slow down  
And scribble on missing pages  
Who would I write it for  
And who would write it for me  
For me, for me now

Some people wait just for a little bit  
Why can't I wait just for a little bit

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