

## Down In The Winding Corn Maze

The Handsome Family

I came to a field of green where the corn stalks grew so tall  
The sunlight could not pierce to the winding path below  
Round and round I went under those waving stems  
I followed the shadowed path marked so faintly with her step  
Down in the winding corn maze where green stalks shiver in the  
wind

There in a swarm of bees I knelt down at her feet  
Such spirals spread for miles through the bending leaves  
And she took me to her arms in that cloud of honey bees  
Whirring in their whirling as they rose on golden wings  
Down in the winding corn maze where green stalks shiver in the  
wind