

The Bells

Venus Hum

I wait to hear the bells
The bells, the bells, the bells
Cup my hand around my ear to listen for them
The bells

I ache to hear the bells
The bells, the bells, the bells
Hold my breath, hold my chest-wait for them
The bells

I start to hum a tune, oh so softly hum a tune
One foot from the other, and the first it follows suit
Oh, so slowly follows suit

I am taken by the sun, the golden glorious sun
Arms spread wide and my face toward the sky
I am singing at the top of my lungs
I am taken by the sun

Near silent behind the trees I hear them now
The bells

They are ringing, I am singing with the bells
There is joy I cannot spell with dry words or letters
I can sing it very well and it comes out much better
I am singing very well of the joy I cannot say
Without the music of the bells

I am taken by the sun, the golden glorious sun
Arms spread wide and my face toward the sky
I am singing at the top of my lungs
I am taken by the sun