

Wilco, Muzzle Of Bees

There's a random painted highway
And a muzzle of bees
My sleeves have come unstitched
From climbing your tree

And dogs laugh, some say they're barking
I don't think they're mean
Some people get so frightened
Of the fences in between

And the sun gets passed from tree to tree
Silently, and back to me
With the breeze blown through
Pushed up against the sea
Finally back to me

I'm assuming you got my message
On your machine
I'm assuming you love me
And you know what that means

Sun gets passed, sea to sea
Silently, and back to me
With the breeze blown through
Pushed up above the leaves

With the breeze blown through
My head upon your knee
Half of it's you, half is me
Half of it's you, half is me