

# Alanis Morissette - Knees of my bees

Tom: D

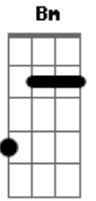
We share a culture, same vernacular  
 Love of physical humor and time spent alone  
 You with your penchant for spontaneous advents  
 for sticky unrests be unearthed and then gone  
 You are a gift renaissance with a wink  
 with tendencies for conversations that raise bars  
 You are a sage who is fueled by compassion  
 comes to nooks and crannies as balm for all scars  
 You make the knees of my bees weak  
 Tremble and buckle  
 You make the knees of my bees weak  
 you are a spirit that knows of no limit

who knows of no ceiling, who balks at dead ends  
 you are a wordsmith who cares for his brothers  
 not seduced by illusion or fair weather friends  
 You make the knees of my bees weak  
 Tremble and buckle  
 You make the knees of my bees weak  
 you are a vision who lives by the signals  
 of stomach and intuition as your guide  
 you are sliver of god on a platter who  
 walks what he talks and who cops when he's lied  
 You make the knees of my bees weak  
 Tremble and buckle  
 You make the knees of my bees weak

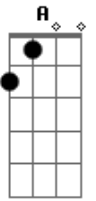
## Acordes



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