

# Abba, Bumblebee

He likes the lilacs in my garden  
I love to watch him fly  
He's just a tiny, fuzzy ball  
And I wonder how he can fly at all

A world without him  
I dread to think what that would be  
And I imagine my distress  
It would be a new kind of loneliness

But for now, I'm in my garden  
Watching clouds sail with the breeze  
Feeling carefree as I listen  
To the hum of bumblebees

It's quite absurd this summer morning  
To think we could be trapped  
Inside a world where all is changing  
Too fast for bumblebees to adapt

From thyme to bluebell  
From hyacinth to lily rose  
Oh, how I do adore the sight  
Of his rather clumsy, erratic flight

And for now, I'm in my garden  
Watching clouds sail with the breeze  
Feeling carefree as I listen  
To the hum of bumblebees

Yes, for now, I'm in my garden  
Watching clouds sail with the breeze  
Feeling sad for those who'd never  
Hear the hum of bumblebees

Oh, yes, for now, I'm in my garden  
Watching clouds sail with the breeze  
Feeling sad for those who'd never  
Hear the hum of bumblebees