

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