

**Knees of my bees**  
**Alanis Morissette**

D

We share a culture, same vernacular

D **Bm** **A**

Love of physical humor and time spent alone

D

You with your penchant for spontaneous advents

D **Bm** **A**

for sticky unrests be unearthed and then gone

D

You are a gift renaissance with a wink

D **Bm** **A**

with tendencies for conversations that raise bars

D

You are a sage who is fueled by compassion

D **Bm** **A**

comes to nooks and crannies as balm for all scars

D

You make the knees of my bees weak

D

Tremble and buckle

D

You make the knees of my bees weak

D

you are a spirit that knows of no limit

D **Bm** **A**

who knows of no ceiling, who balks at dead ends

D

you are a wordsmith who cares for his brothers

D **Bm** **A**

not seduced by illusion or fair weather friends

D

You make the knees of my bees weak

D

Tremble and buckle

D

You make the knees of my bees weak

D

you are a vision who lives by the signals

D **Bm** **A**

of stomach and intuition as your guide

D

you are sliver of god on a platter who

D **Bm** **A**

walks what he talks and who cops when he s lied

D

You make the knees of my bees weak

D

Tremble and buckle

**D**

You make the knees of my bees weak