

**Busy Bees**  
**Fake Problems**

easy shit.

Busy Bee

**C** **G**  
From the first breath of sunlight,

**F**  
I could hear songs from the trees.  
All around the wilderness, melodies directed towards me.  
But when I sang along, they all changed their harmonies

**F**  
with hymns of persuasion, I was blown away with the leaves,

**G F Asus**  
and forced to a conclusion about the path ahead.

**G F F Asus**  
I analyzed the consequences of the future of my direction.

**F G C**  
And I ll go until these bones don t go.

If the sun is kind enough, I ll find a nice place to rest.  
Light will pour and rain on down as a song tied to her breath.  
And in her words I could see a thoughtful line,

**F**  
if these bones don t go on, arrest me for a crime

**G F Asus**  
that I ve perpetrated, and I m who it s against.

**C G**  
Living life in constant motion

**F Am**  
is the only way I ll be content.

**F G C**  
And I ll go until this body doesnâ€™t go.