

# The Bumblebee Song

by Barry Louis Polisar

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Have you ever thought to consider  
What it might be like to be  
A black and yellow fuzzy buzzing  
Bumblebee like me.  
I get migraines, I get headaches,  
I get this buzzing in my ear.  
Watch out you don't sit on me  
And I'll watch out for your rear.

A four-winged hairy insect  
Is what I'm meant to be.  
People always run away  
As soon as they see me.  
Once I stung a little boy  
(Afterall I am a bee).  
The next day I broke out in hives;  
I had an allergy.

Life's not all milk and honey  
If you're a bee these days;  
You get stepped on, you get swatted,  
And shot at with poison sprays.  
Splattered on a windshield,  
Survivors are so few,  
Runover by a lawnmower,  
Or crushed beneath a shoe.