

BEEHIVE GRAVE

Words by Sue Monk from the book 'The Secret Life of Bees'

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Place a beehive on my grave
And let the honey soak through
When I'm dead and gone – That's
all I want from you

The streets of heaven are gold and sunny
But I'll stick with my plot and a pot of
Hon-on-on-oney

**Place a beehive on my grave
(And let the honey soak through) x 3**

Place a beehive on my grave
And let the honey soak me
When I'm dead and gone – in
My eternal sleep

The streets of heaven are slow – no running
But I'll stick with my plot and a pot of
Hon-on-on-oney

**Place a beehive on my grave
(And let the honey soak through) x 3**

*When's the next train outta here
When is the next train outta here?*

**Place a beehive on my grave
And let the honey soak through**