

The birds and the bees are like love of the growing of the trees,
Time takes time and costs are small, the honey is money for tall and small;
God is good and god is great, most things in life to him do relate,
It's the simple things in life that are often the best, the birds and bees never debate.

The in the spring time the sweet love affair all renewed and free for all,
Life comes around again all fresh and new, like the green old wondering dew;
Kids and fawns, lambs and calves all come in spring when the young are born,
Life is free, like the birds who make nests, working to keep their chicks warm.

The bees all working together the pollen collecting it from flowers all around,
To take it back to the queen in the hive, where have these domes been giving;
In hexagonal squares on the bees sweet nest to keep the queen happy with rest,
And the bees are really the hardest workers whose food is really supplied as best.

The birds sing sweet melodies, chipping away at their songs in the trees,
The bees work hard to gather and collect but in the end their still bees;
The human beings is like the birds and the bees to who goes out to find,
A partner like birds searching for a pair and the bees whose honey is nice and warm.

And life has a way of live like that with freedom like the birds and bees,
Where life goes on and on like the sound of the wind through trees;
For all the breeze blows wherever it cares reproduction is timeless and fair,
As those who find a mate and intervene in love, do it so as all is free.

Now there is a happy ending to this poem about the birds and the bees,
Did it's the truth of how we all got here and why there is you and me;
For mum and dad were loving parents of old who let their young discover the world,
And the earth is big for all to see, but for me it's small like the birds and the bees.

Signed,

A Sweet Love Affair