The Bee. The Pollen. The Flower. The Food.

The Bee the pollen the flower the food

The bee the busy little bee

He buzzes around the town yeah he buzzes in the flowers and the trees

For the pollen. He’s looking for the pollen.

The pollen is his calling and he sees it in the flowers and the trees

And he never stops always working

And he never drops what he’s carrying

And he always hops flower to another

Picking pollen for the hive alongside his brothers

And the bee does dance he dances for the others

And he uses dance to help the bees discover

Where the pollen is at. He maps out the flowers

So they’ll keep on pollinating hour after hour

The pollen the flower the flower and the pollen

Until the petals falling down the flower makes the pollen

For the bees. The pollen is a treat.

It knows the bees will eat and when they do they help the flower spread it’s seeds

And the bees will go flower to flower

And the flowers know when the bees devour

All the pollen made some will be leftover

And the extra pollen stuck on the bees will be delivered

And the flowers grow only because

The extra pollen is flown on the back, legs, wings, and

The bee’s small nose. He doesn’t even know it

That he is the reason that the flowers keep a-growing

The food. The food. Oh how I love the food.

The bees help make the food for themselves, for me, and you

And the honey. Oh how I love the honey

I love honey more than money and I’d eat it every minute if I could

And the vegetables and fruits that we eat

Many come from plants bees pollinate

When you’re eating next look down at your plate

And don’t be a hater towards the greatest pollinators

Because the earth and everyone that lives in it is

Healthier when the bees are buzzing and it’s their

Hard work to thank for this ecosystem

Maybe we could all just put our hands together thankful for

The bee. The pollen. The flower. The food.