

# The Bear Quartet, Load It

I hear you  
run down the stairs  
who will you be today?

a little dance  
not too advanced  
you try to embarrass me

every day is an empty click  
in case my friend  
you forget to load it

I make things up  
I make them mine  
the saint-bugs are back in town

spring is here  
accelerates  
logic does not apply

the warehouse no  
don't stop let's go  
it's locked we'll come back tonight

every day is an empty click  
in case my friend  
you forget to load it

there go our sisters  
so young and cool  
out with their friends  
and there own set of rules

when you smile  
you sometimes look  
endangered almost extinct

it helps to feel  
alive and well  
there's breath on the mirror still

every day is an empty click  
in case my friend  
you forget to load it

you could ask the kids  
fresh out of the swings  
but the knowledge is silent  
as it's always been

the writing stays up on the wall  
although it has been said before

nothing lasts but look I was here  
the name and the date  
a short message the year