

The Bear Quartet, Spoon

she's haunting me a fishthing calling my name
on and on and on things will never be the same
turned my stomach inside out turned blacks to blues
in a different time it could have been you

in the vegetation of the sea
things don't turn out quite the way
I want them to be

now I remember things I never said
it came to me while someone shaved my head
beyond ill houses and the weaker green
above the cloud blouses and the ocean's dream

in the vegetation of the sea
things don't turn out quite the way
I want them to be

in the vegetation of the sea
things don't turn out quite the way
I want them to be

in the vegetation of the sea
things don't turn out quite the way
I want them to be