

# 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

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things don't turn out quite the way  
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