

# The Bear Quartet, Carsick

in the front seat on a dead street  
where lonely people go to meet  
and when I'm done and I come home  
are you still waiting by the phone?

I know you don't know  
but for how long can this go on?  
got no one left to talk to  
it all slips through  
I win and I got sick too soon

what day hides and stresses by  
bubbles up at night time  
get off the phone let yourself go  
don't waste no time on me

if I can use my feet again  
I swear I'll go away  
got no one left to talk to  
it all slips through  
I win and I got sick too soon

in the front seat on a slow street  
in the back row of a late show

concentrated darkness  
dissolves the only part I did enjoy  
I open up my mouth  
I spit it out!