

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!