

The Bear Quartet, Dead Speedy

the sun hits the blinds
cuts a stairway to my eyes
she used to hang me out
she used to wear me out
it's as obvious snow
the feeling won't let go
we got in the car
now you pick the drug

day comes who rides it
we need to find out

she put her days in me
if she could see what I see
she sparks I peer
fire walks me
there's too many flies in here
I'm alive but she's not aware
we got in the car
now you pick the drug

day comes who rides it
we need to find out