

The Bear Quartet, Flux Detail

spring again and anything's for sale
as usual I am no one
where every word and moment
is treated as something crucial and sucks

in the evening dew
with a can or two
I hang around and wait for you
fencecleaning and dreaming
of something new
making no waves

beyond the tracks of an overgrown beach
where insects hum round the flames from an oildrum
we're drifting into oblivion
and out of reach crashing the waves

ba ba ba ba da
in the evening dew
with a bruise or two
fencecleaning and dreaming
of a good day and evening
they're known to happen
even here

in the evening dew
with a can or two
I hang around and wait for you
fencecleaning and dreaming
of something new
making no waves