The Bear Quartet, Hawser

wish that I could have my dreams back
to distort the routines of growing disgust
and getting nowhere
but it's impossible I know
every resurrection takes me further
down this road

and the dust won't settle
no the dust won't settle
blows around with the ashes
of every stubborn quest
for someone to trust
whatever's burning tender

along this calm and shifting view
every little moth who's had enough
reminds me of you
how you used to whisper in my hair
beware of who you trust
the way you disappear
down this road

and the dust won't settle
no the dust won't settle
blows around with the ashes
of every stubborn quest
for someone to trust
whatever's burning tender

and the dust won't settle
no the dust won't settle
blows around with the ashes
of every stubborn quest
for someone to trust
whatever's burning tender
and the dust won't settle
no the dust won't settle
blows around with the ashes
of every stubborn quest
for someone to trust
whatever's burning tender
whatever's burning tender
whatever's burning tender
blows around with the ashes
of every stubborn quest
for someone to trust