

The Bear Quartet, Private Sue

thinking and talking crayon
crushed in a mortar
tinder eyes
when will we move on
when will we move on
watching the dishes grow
if this is all I get
then nothing is what I owe

tinsel eyes
tender flies
who will lead you through
the autumn years
who will lead you through
the wall of tears
tinsel eyes
tender flies
who will lead you through
the autumn years
who will lead you through
the wall of tears

this one hurts
look in the mirror
if this is all I've got
then nothing is what I own

everyday cooking and cleaning
for people with no gratitude whatsoever
kinda gets to you in the long run