

# The Bear Quartet, Tenderversion

you look like hell stuck in that chair  
feeling hollow again did you ever care  
it's a pile of air, life rearrange  
it's a tender version whenever you change

you can never fill me up

you stand in the rain with a pair of scissors in your brain  
try not to think of all the people you had to drain  
nobody likes what you've done to your hair  
but I hate you too much to pretend that I care

you can never fill me up

I keep Mary's number under my forehead  
In dreams I walk with you through a spectre of filth