

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