

# The Bears, Sooner or Later

sooner or later gravity always wins  
and the clock on the wall runs down  
the plates you've been spinning break on the floor  
and the people edge toward the door  
you got me going  
you got me going around  
you got me going around in circles  
chasing my tail - spitting into the wind  
you got me going around  
sooner or later  
indian summer is gone  
and everything green turns brown  
the wind gnaws the tree down to skeleton bones  
and the sun's just a shiny cold stone  
sooner or later  
we'll be together again  
and there's no telling where or when