

Bear Quartet

"Heard Iron Bug, "They're Coming To Town.""

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Convince yourself there's no place to hide in this room
And you've centered it off
And with the hands of a surgeon keep this record from
taking aim
And if that big sky should open up and swallow my life
On while it's just a field full of horses and lies that are
taking place
If you don't care
Last days of the dinosaurs were so easy
Dancehalls to grocery stores the one your writing for
who'll take their pants off slowly
Take your notes you're sitting on your hands
You're in the graveyard hour
You kid don't stand a fucking chance
You're in the graveyard hour
You worry yourself sick in a town that doesn't give a
shit
Take it to your grave
Boys and girls misbehaving in faith
Sink your teeth in on the deep end of faith

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