

Bear Quartet

"Northern"

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I was back home
When your mother asked my mother to ask me to drive
I didn't go inside
To hear her try explain
Why your friends couldn't come
Why your sisters and brothers couldn't come

Love is hard work look around
There's a comforting smile so weak it could be mine
I am at ease
Between branches of trees
Lights of little cities,
Little neighbourhoods and starlit little streets
We're all strangers to begin
She remembers when I used to let them in

Love is hard
work on your fears
Have I made myself clear

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