

## **Bear Quartet**

### **"Rehearsing To Cut The Last String"**

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I surrender to the heat  
by falling into its dry slow beat  
I could lose myself forever  
aching for some peace of mind  
aching for a little justice  
whatever that is

rehearsing to cut the last string  
from here on it's all racing downhill  
in loss and anger  
on an ancient bicycle

it's never worth the trouble  
walking on helpless spiders  
it seldom leads to a change of weather  
back to rain and all those cold days  
my crass heart never dared to ask  
for love to start and finally end  
to ruin my pace of everyday  
it only takes the thought of you

rehearsing to cut the last string  
from here on it's all downhill  
to the pleasures of the harbour  
to pleasures of kind waters

rehearsing to cut the last string  
from here on it's all racing downhill  
for every sorry ass  
lying wasted in the grass

rehearsing to cut the last string  
from here on it's all downhill  
like a burned out  
little saintbug

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