

Bear Quartet

"Rehearsing To Cut The String"

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I surrender to the heat
By falling into it's 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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