

## **Bear Quartet**

### **"The Lost Kid Office"**

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There's no straight story  
No comfort, no mean spirit  
Here it's all cut and glue  
Out of habit  
We degraded ourselves  
Old habit, oh habit go away

Let's go out, let's walk somewhere  
Where nothing is or feels stale  
It doesn't run as much as it grows  
In our family, in our sad line

Waiting for you  
Our demise will spread  
More warmth than our entire lives  
Goodbye woods,  
Streets and friends,  
Neighborhoods,  
Everything that made us ill  
We're OK

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