

## Bear in Heaven

### "Carsick"

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In the front seat on a dead street  
Where lonely people go to meet  
And when I'm done and I come home  
Are you still waiting by the phone?

I know you don't know  
But for how long can this go on?  
Got no one left to talk to  
It all slips through  
I win and I got sick too soon

What day hides and stresses by  
Bubbles up at night time  
Get off the phone let yourself go  
Don't waste no time on me

If I can use my feet again  
I swear I'll go away  
Got no one left to talk to  
It all slips through  
I win and I got sick too soon

In the front seat on a slow street  
In the back row of a late show

Concentrated darkness  
Dissolves the only part I did enjoy  
I open up my mouth  
I spit it out!

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