

The Antlers "Bear"

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There's a bear inside your stomach, a cub's been
kicking from within.
He's loud, though with vocal cords, we'll put an end to
him.
We'll make all the right appointments no one ever has
to know,
And then tomorrow I'll turn twenty-one, we'll script
another show.
We'll play charades up in the Chelsea, drink
champagne, although you shouldn't be.
We'll be blind and dumb until we fall asleep.
None of our friends will come, they dodge our calls
and they have for quite awhile now.
It's not a shock, you don't seem to mind, and I just can't
see how.

We're too old.
We're not old at all.
Just too old
We're not old at all.

There's a bear inside your stomach, a cub's been
kicking you for weeks
And if this isn't all a dream, well than we'll cut him from
beneath.
Well we're not scared of making caves, or finding food
for him to eat.
We're terrified of one another, terrified of what that
means.
But we'll make only quick decisions, and you'll just
keep in the waiting room,
And all the while I'll know were fucked, and not getting
un-fucked soon.
When we get home we're bigger strangers than we've
ever been before.
You sit in front of snowy television, suitcase on the
floor.

We're too old.
We're not old at all.
Just too old
We're not old at all.

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