

## **Polar Bear Club**

### **"Olde Fisher Burial Ground"**

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There's always music playing near the fountains  
And I don't think I've ever seen the band  
The people, they walk briskly through the courtyard  
With their kids and plastic bags in either hand

All this waiting and no one is calling out  
The sound of footsteps makes room tones fade and  
drown

There are speakers on a pole in every corner  
The wires go unchecked for days and days  
Dry leaves gather at bases of buildings  
What will become of here when wires fray, when wires  
fray

All this waiting and no one is calling out  
The sound of footsteps makes room tones fade and  
drown  
Like reveille at dawn to me, the floor is shaking  
All this waiting and no one is calling out

Seven stones they stand on city limits with their backs  
to the town  
No one knows the story, it's how they'd want it.  
It's how they wanted to be found

No escape, No relationship  
No escape and only one to miss  
There's the Fisher plot off highway twenty two  
It overlooks the road from raised ground

Seven stones they stand on city limits with their backs  
to the town  
No one knows the story, it's how they'd want it.  
It's how they wanted to be found

No escape, no relationship

I know I'm small-time, I know this city's mind, I've seen  
some places  
So what I take and what I leave are one the same (one

and the same)  
They're nothing

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