

## An Epidemic Touch

The Bear Quartet

An epidemic touch did you feel that  
A walk without a crutch, can I have it back  
The ghost came out of the closet  
Compared it's ectoplasm with daily life

And it smelled of cynicism  
Reckoned it was still alive

Now every night I must try to match it's stride  
Walk on by with blood red eyes  
Where we stood in line  
Where we stood in line  
Where we stood in line  
Where we stood in line  
Where we stood in line

Not captured just surrounded  
By the laser-guided  
Getting their money's worth  
Regressing to their time of birth

Takes up lying again  
Makes a ghost of bottled spirits

Now every night I must resist  
Drinking and what goes with it  
Walk on by with blood red eyes  
Where we stood in line  
Where we stood in line  
Where we stood in line  
Where we stood in line  
Where we stood in line