

Earthly Pastime

The Bear Quartet

On the outskirts of a town
That's lost all meaning
Comes an old familiar feeling
For what it's worth
It knows my name stalls all shame

Passed on
From day to day
But harmless
For now anyway

Earthly, earthly, pastime
Heavenly truce
Don't care what the leaders say about the state of the nation
Or who they accuse
They can't break into this frame

A sore fact but none the less
All of us must choose the right moment
For the backstabs and revelations
We wanna introduce
But nothing adds more than it takes away

Today's still harmless
Like a piece of paper
But appearing mightier
With your address on it

Heavenly, heavenly, truce
Earthly pastime
Don't care what they say about the origin of low sin
You did me wrong
I intend to put it right