

## Flux Detail

### The Bear Quartet

Spring again and anything's for sale  
As usual I am no one  
Where every word and moment  
Is treated as something crucial and sucks

In the evening dew  
With a can or two  
I hang around and wait for you  
Fenceleaning and dreaming  
Of something new  
Making no waves

Beyond the tracks of an overgrown beach  
Where insects hum round the flames from an oil drum  
We're drifting into oblivion  
And out of reach crashing the waves

Ba ba ba ba da  
In the evening dew  
With a bruise or two  
Fenceleaning and dreaming  
Of a good day and evening  
They're known to happen  
Even here

In the evening dew  
With a can or two  
I hang around and wait for you  
Fenceleaning and dreaming  
Of something new  
Making no waves