

## Roads Home

The Bear Quartet

All my friends  
All those rapid losing ends  
Can't show me  
How I should be wearing  
My coat against the cold  
Where good intentions croak  
I walk a road and it's called home

And the part of me  
That's about to die  
Would never tell you a cruel lie

Hoarse ghosts  
Now live where all our hopes froze  
And indifference  
Is the prime distance  
That's how the story goes

Through what's best left untold  
The old neighbourhoods  
All the sad houses stare  
Could you find warmth around here cutting through the woods  
I walk a road and it's called home

And the part of me  
That's about to cry  
Won't leave me dry  
Is all I can satisfy

Hoarse ghosts  
Now live where all our guts froze  
And indifference  
Is the prime distance  
That's how the story goes