

Permanence

Bears In Trees

We sing our love songs in the dark
So no one has to hear the sparks
We hold our seances by streetlamp light
In Queen's Park, when the moon's just right
Tom says he can hear the colours
When he holds his eyes together real tight

I want permanence in the little things
While I leak rust from my broken jeans
I want to feel chaotic
But calm enough to hold you in the morning

We look for patterns in the static
Play hide and seek in your deathtrap of an attic
There's a door that leads to nothing
Well, I'm sure that stands for something
But I hold my breath
And pray when the summer ends
You still haven't found me

I want permanence in the little things
While I leak rust from my broken jeans
I want to feel chaotic (chaotic)
But calm enough to hold you in the morning

I want it all and I want nothing
I wish this came with instructions
I'd press up up down down, left right left
Watch my beat-up vans become a private jet

And we could fly out to Alaska
I'll ride my bike till I reach the highlands
Bathe everything in kerosene
And sing "bye bye Miss American Pie"
Pushed your Toyota to the motor
But the tank ran dry

I want permanence in the little things
While I leak rust from my broken jeans
I want to feel chaotic (chaotic)
But calm enough to hold you in the morning
I want permanence in the little things (I want permanence)
While I leak rust from my broken jeans
I want to feel chaotic (chaotic)
But calm enough to hold you in the morning
In the morning