

Carsick

The Bear Quartet

In the front seat on a dead street
Where lonely people go to meet
And when I'm done and I come home
Are you still waiting by the phone?

I know you don't know
But for how long can this go on?
Got no one left to talk to
It all slips through
I win and I got sick too soon

What day hides and stresses by
Bubbles up at night time
Get off the phone let yourself go
Don't waste no time on me

If I can use my feet again
I swear I'll go away
Got no one left to talk to
It all slips through
I win and I got sick too soon

In the front seat on a slow street
In the back row of a late show

Concentrated darkness
Dissolves the only part I did enjoy
I open up my mouth
I spit it out!