

From Nowhere

The Bear Quartet

Adam and Eve were the first
Unemployed in love and evicted
And their sons were bums
But that's not why I have come

When the police brought you home
Your father buried himself
In his recipes
You hid in your room
Old enough to move away soon

And then you came over to me
And we went to she
And then we were three

And it rolled on and away from here into the atmosphere
It rolled on and away from here
Into what's referred as nowhere