

Layer

The Bear Quartet

Between the telephone
And the remote control
There's a void that suits you,
Suits you fine
You go to sleep 'cause there's no place else to go
But you're wrong

No touch that light
It's all over
I'm out

Silver led waters
Moonlit backyards and fences
Softer scents?
Ten times sharper senses
Poles and powerlines warning signs
Everything as quiet
As you want it to be

The sound of a train passing by it
Moves me, I used to wonder why
It moves me, I used to wonder why

I miss the magic sunday rides
To the places we would hide
Cotton, sunshine