

## Private Sue

## The Bear Quartet

Thinking and talking crayon  
Crushed in a mortar  
Tinder eyes  
When will we move on  
When will we move on  
Watching the dishes grow  
If this is all I get  
Then nothing is what I owe

Tinsel eyes  
Tender flies  
Who will lead you through  
The autumn years  
Who will lead you through  
The wall of tears  
Tinsel eyes  
Tender flies  
Who will lead you through  
The autumn years  
Who will lead you through  
The wall of tears

This one hurts  
Look in the mirror  
If this is all I've got  
Then nothing is what I own

Everyday cooking and cleaning  
For people with no gratitude what'soever  
Kinda gets to you in the long run