

Roads Home

The Bear Quartet

All my friends
All those rapid losing ends
Can't show me
How I should be wearing
My coat against the cold
Where good intentions croak
I walk a road and it's called home

And the part of me
That's about to die
Would never tell you a cruel lie

Hoarse ghosts
Now live where all our hopes froze
And indifference
Is the prime distance
That's how the story goes

Through what's best left untold
The old neighbourhoods
All the sad houses stare
Could you find warmth around here cutting through the woods
I walk a road and it's called home

And the part of me
That's about to cry
Won't leave me dry
Is all I can satisfy

Hoarse ghosts
Now live where all our guts froze
And indifference
Is the prime distance
That's how the story goes