# Bear

## Centaspike

There's a bear inside your stomach
The cub's been kicking from within
He's loud, though without vocal chords
We'll put an end to him
We'll make all the right appointments
No one ever has to know
And then tomorrow I'll turn 21
We'll script another show
We'll play charades up in the Chelsea
Drink champagne although you shouldn't be
We'll be blind and dumb until we fall asleep
None of our friends will come
They dodge our calls
And they have for quite a while now
It's not a shock
You don't seem to mind and I just can't see how

We're too old
We're not old, old at all
Just too old
We're not old, old at all

There's a bear inside your stomach
The cub's been kicking you for weeks
And if this isn't all a dream
Well then we'll cut him from beneath
Well we're not scared of making caves
Or finding food for him to eat
We're terrified of one another
And terrified of what that means
But we'll make only quick decisions
And you'll just keep my in the waiting room
And all the while I'll know we're fucked
And not getting unfucked soon
When we get home we're bigger strangers than we've ever been before
You sit in front of snowy television, suitcase on the floor

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