

Let's Play Guitar in a Five Guitar Band

Minus the Bear

That was the last time I ever saw her-
Through a shop window, sleeves to her elbows.
I walked past and kept on walking
And lit a smoke with my hands shaking. She was something else A few summers ago
We spent weeks in her room
Just having sex and listening to jazz
And that was the life. But I didn't know at the time Blinds drawn at twelve noon
With daylight pouring through
Projecting lines on her body Move on, move on, move on
Smoke your smoke and move on I should go back
See if she's still there
Standing like a statue

Songwriters

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by

WORLD PARTY 2000 MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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