

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 And she was something else
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 I didn't know at the time
I didn't know at the time She was something
She was something else
She was something
She was something else Blinds drawn at twelve noon
With daylight pouring through
Projecting lines on her body Blinds drawn at twelve noon
With daylight pouring through
Projecting lines on her body
Blinds drawn at twelve noon
With daylight pouring through She was something
She was something else
She was something
She was something else Move on, move on, move on
Smoke your smoke and move on
Move on, move on, move on
Smoke your smoke and move on She was something
She was something else
She was something
She was something else She was something else
She was something else
She was something else
She was something else I should go back to
See if she's still there
Standing like a statue I should go back to
See if she's still there
Standing like a statue I should go back to
See if she's still there
Standing like a statue I should go back to
See if she's still there
Standing like a statue I should go back to
See if she's still there

Standing like a statue
I should go back to

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