

# Bear

## The Antlers

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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