

Bear

John Mayall

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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