

There's a bear inside your stomach, a cub's been kicking from within.

He's loud, though with vocal cords, 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 twenty-

one, 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 awhile 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 at all.

Just too old

We're not old at all.

There's a bear inside your stomach, a 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, terrified of what that means.

But we'll make only quick decisions, and you'll just keep 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.

We're too old.

We're not old at all.

Just too old

We're not old at all.