

Lyrics ©Naomi Rivkis; TUTO: “A Talk with the Middle-Sized Bear” by Steve Savitzky

You've had a rough journey; your flight was delayed  
 There's a cramp in your legs and an ache in your head  
 And you long to be back in your own cozy bed.  
 But he's got his guitar and he wants you to play.  
 Your point that it's midnight will fall on deaf ears—  
 He's puppy-dog eager and devil-may-care.  
 He hasn't slept much in the last several years;  
 So stay up with the Middle-Aged Bear.

For the Middle-Aged Bear is a creature most rare  
 He's losing his memory and some of his hair  
 But there's half of Bob Dylan he'll play if you dare  
 Hang around with the Middle-Aged Bear.

He's clumsy, forgetful, ill-tempered, and shy;  
 His beard it has grown till it brushes his shoes  
 I'd warn you he grows, but I don't think that's news  
 But he'll shift into whimsy in the blink of an eye.  
 He says he's not clever, and sometimes he's right.  
 Sometimes he drifts off and forgets that you're there,  
 But his puns will get worse when it's later at night  
 So watch out for the Middle-Aged Bear.

For the Middle-Aged Bear is a creature most rare  
 If you think he's half crazy, you're one of a pair.  
 He'll blithely admit it and doesn't much care,  
 So you're stuck with the Middle-Aged bear.

There's a rant in his journal on subjects arcane  
 Though the people who know say he's probably wrong;  
 But on good days he still writes a hell of a song,  
 And what he can't play he can probably feign.  
 He'll send you a letter; he can't stand the phone  
 He's convinced it'll jump him from out of thin air  
 He's fond of your company but easier alone  
 It makes sense to the Middle-Aged Bear.

For the Middle-Aged Bear is a creature most rare  
 His spectacles accent his nearsighted stare.  
 Though he thinks we don't love him, we're glad that he's there—  
 Raise a glass to our Middle-Aged Bear.