

# Little Bear

## Guillemots

Little bear, little bear  
You're getting out of hand  
Getting out of hand  
I think I'm gonna lose you now Little bear, little bear  
You know me too well anyway  
Too well every day  
I'm going home I'm going beneath the stars  
I'm going under the soil again  
And I won't be back in a long time  
So get out, get out of this old house  
Before I burn it down I wouldn't wanna cause you anything  
That might break your lovely face off  
In a thousand shattered china pieces  
In this bracken world of broken pieces

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