

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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