

# Bears

## Zebra

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

In the middle of winter  
The trees are bare and the bears are hibernating  
The only sound in the forest  
Is the sound of snow heard crashing to the ground  
And in the middle of loving  
I hope you'll find a place in your heart for them  
They really can't do us any harm  
It is only us who can do harm to them But there's an animal that winter won't affect at all  
He sits by fireplaces waiting for the winter's fall  
He owns guns and oh you know he's got that gun in his hand  
He's a man and oh he's got that precious thing in his hand So in the middle of loving  
I hope you'll find a place in your heart for them  
When it's cold and the grass is gold  
All the animals take shelter as they hide  
And when an animal can't find shelter  
Some time winter takes over and he dies But there's an animal that winter won't affect at all  
He sits by fireplaces waiting for the winter's fall  
He owns guns and oh you know he's got that gun in his hand  
He's a man and oh he hold's that precious life in his hand

Lyrics provided by

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