Bethlehem

Jim Brickman

Pulling on the apron strings, looking up
Standing on the chair to be grown up
I feel so little, I need my pillow
I hate the time, I hate the clock
I want to be a dog or I want to be a rock
Sunday's pancakes, Miss Mary Mack
Color Polaroids show my heart attack
In my second-hand pants and dusty shoes
The day that the playground laughed at my shoes
It's my birthday next week and what I want please
Is to turn on the heat so the fish won't freeze
The fish in the tank froze and died last week
Oh, I want to be a dog or I want to be a leaf
Quarry miners, fishermen
In my town of Bethlehem
Picket fences, church at ten
No star above my Bethlehem
Now I'm only 16 and I think, I have an ulcer
I'm hiding my sex behind a dirty sweatshirt
I've lost five pounds these past few days
Trying to be class president and get straight A's

Well, who gives a shit about that anyway?
I want to be a dog or a lump of clay
Still I'm tired of standing
Still tired of living
Still everyday I dream of leaving
Everybody's talking about Becky's bust
The boys on the basketball team just fuck
The same ten girls, who don't know who they are
They're looking for some comfort in the back of a car
The six-packs of beer, the locker room jeers
I don't want to be me, I don't want to be here
Still I'm tired of standing
Still tired of living
Still everyday I dream of leaving
Red brick schoolhouse, dead end dirt roads, daffodils
No star above my Bethlehem
I want to be a dog or I want to be a rock

I don't want to be me, I don't want to be here, Bethlehem

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