

Bear Quartet

"Born With Teeth"

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They were suspicious:
Something was wrong at an early age
So little a creature
But consumed by uncontrollable rage

Born with teeth
And a thorn in everybody's side

Line 'em up and roll 'em in
Everybody with a glass chin
No one's gonna run me out
But everybody ran me out

As a sucker for the D.I.Y. concept
I went to your show last night
Your gang was trashing the stage
And you had the star-glimpse in your eye

But I'm sad to say: your ways
Will never make your records sell

They'll line you up and roll you in
Everybody with a glass chin
Everything will run you out
And I'm a living proof of that

Born with teeth
And a thorn in everybody's side

Line 'em up and roll 'em in
Everybody with a glass chin
No one's gonna run me out
But everybody ran me out

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