

## **Bear Quartet "Grammar"**

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This is how me and my friends from school  
Were determined to settle the score with you  
'Cause you offered money in return for sex  
With a ten year old who were smart enough to come  
and tell us  
We went to search for weapons anything that  
resembled a gun

We knew where you were hanging, we waited there for  
you  
And as soon as you would turn up we were gonna beat  
you black and blue

Hours passed and the adrenaline rush wore off  
Besides, we used up all the ammo while practicing with  
our slingshots  
Some of us had to split, there was school tomorrow  
And the waiting made us think that this might not be  
the way to go  
Maybe retribution is nothing but a really sad excuse

If violence is a language and you learned your  
grammar well  
And everybody speaks it are you bound for or do you  
live in hell?

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