

## **Bear in Heaven**

### **"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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