

The 89 Cubs

"Oh, The Things We Put In Our Heads"

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Inside these wooden chests, we keep our wooden
(hearts) teeth.
You've inherited your mother's bad taste in men and
then... The way we pour stiff drinks.
The way we fall for our dreams.
Oh, the things we put in our heads.
We've built this house from ice, and now it's
summertime.
Who makes you suffer?
Is it you? It's you. It's true.
The way we pour stiff drinks.
The way we fall for our dreams.
Oh, the things we put in our heads.
We'll make history.
We'll make history!

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