

Pre)Thing

"Couldn't Bear To Be Special"

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Bo bo bee, bo bee, bo bo-bo bee, bo bee, bo
I couldn't bear to be special, I couldn't bear, couldn't
bear. I couldn't bear, right ?
Bo bee, bo bee, bo
So don't look at me and say, that I'm the very one, who
makes the cornball things occur, the shiver of the fur.
Don't expect so much of me, I'm just an also-ran,
There's a mile between the way you see me and the
way I am.
So, don't stare at me that way, of course it gives me
pride,
But I won't take on the risk, of letting down the sweet
sweet side
Did you mean to humble me ?
So you did it unsuspectingly !
Oh words are trains, for moving past what really has no
name.
Bo bo bee, bo bee, bo
I couldn't bear to be special, I couldn't bear, couldn't
bear.
So, don't look at me and say, that I'm the very one, who
makes the cornball things occur, the shiver of the fur,
right ?

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