

## Paula Cole "Bethlehem"

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Pulling on the apron strings, looking up  
Standing on the chair to be grown up  
I feel so little, I need my pillow  
I hate the time, I hate the clock  
I want to be a dog or I want to be a rock

Sunday's pancakes, Miss Mary Mack  
Color Polaroids show my heart attack  
In my second-hand pants and dusty shoes  
The day that the playground laughed at my shoes

It's my birthday next week and what I want please  
Is to turn on the heat so the fish won't freeze  
The fish in the tank froze and died last week  
Oh, I want to be a dog or I want to be a leaf

Quarry miners, fishermen  
In my town of Bethlehem  
Picket fences, church at ten  
No star above my Bethlehem

Now I'm only 16 and I think, I have an ulcer  
I'm hiding my sex behind a dirty sweatshirt  
I've lost five pounds these past few days  
Trying to be class president and get straight A's

Well, who gives a shit about that anyway?  
I want to be a dog or a lump of clay

Still I'm tired of standing  
Still tired of living  
Still everyday I dream of leaving

Everybody's talking about Becky's bust  
The boys on the basketball team just fuck  
The same ten girls, who don't know who they are  
They're looking for some comfort in the back of a car

The six-packs of beer, the locker room jeers  
I don't want to be me, I don't want to be here

Still I'm tired of standing

Still tired of living  
Still everyday I dream of leaving

Red brick schoolhouse, dead end dirt roads, daffodils  
No star above my Bethlehem  
I want to be a dog or I want to be a rock  
I don't want to be me, I don't want to be here,  
Bethlehem

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