

Guillemots, Little Bear

Little bear, little bear you're getting out of hand
Getting out of hand
I think I'm going to lose you now

Oh little bear, little bear you know me too well anyway
Too well every day
I'm going home

I'm going beneath the stars
I'm going under the soil again
And I won't be back in a long time so get out
Get out of this old house
Before I burn it down
I wouldn't want to cause you anything
That might break your lovely face
In a thousand shattered china pieces

In this bracken world of broken pieces