

# Paula Cole, Bethlehem

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 time I hate the clock  
I wanna be a dog or I wanna 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

Its my birthday next week and what I want please  
Is to turn on the heat so the fish wont freeze  
The fish in the tank froze and died last week  
Oh I wanna be a dog or I wanna be a leaf

Chorus:  
Quarry miners fisherman in my town of bethlehem  
picket fences church at ten no star above my bethlehem

Now im only 16 and I think I have an ulcer  
I'm hiding my sex behind a dirty sweatshirt  
I've lost 5 pounds these past few days  
Trying to be class president and get straight a's  
Well who gives a shit about that anyway  
I just wanna be a dog or a lump of clay

Chorus:  
Quarry miners fisherman in my town of bethlehem  
picket fences church at ten no star above my bethlehem

Still, I'm tired of standing still  
I'm tired of living still  
Everyday i dream of leaving

Everyone's talking about Becky's bust  
The boys on the basketball just fuck  
The same ten girls who dont know who they are  
They're looking for some comfort in the back of a car  
The six pack of beer, the locker room jeers  
I don't wanna be me I dont wanna be here

Chorus:  
Quarry miners fisherman in my town of bethlehem  
picket fences church at ten no star above my bethlehem

Red brick school house  
Dead end dirt road, daffodils  
No star above my bethlehem  
I wanna be a dog or I wanna be a rock  
I dont wanna be me, Idont wanna here in bethlehem