

The Bear Quartet, Born With Teeth

they were suspicious:
something was wrong at an early age
so little a creature
but consumed by uncontrollable rage

born with teeth
and a thorn in everybody's side

line 'em up and roll 'em in
everybody with a glass chin
no one's gonna run me out
but everybody ran me out

as a sucker for the D.I.Y. concept
I went to your show last night
your gang was trashing the stage
and you had the starglimpse in your eye

but I'm sad to say: your ways
will never make your records sell

they'll line you up and roll you in
everybody with a glass chin everything will run you out
and I'm a living proof of that

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and a thorn in everybody's side

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everybody with a glass chin
no one's gonna run me out
but everybody ran me out