

Zebra, Bears

In the middle of winter
The trees are bare and the bears are hibernating
The only sound in the forest
Is the sound of snow heard crashing to the ground
And in the middle of loving
I hope you'll find a place in your heart for them
They really can't do us any harm
It is only us who can do harm to them
But there's an animal that winter won't affect at all
He sits by fireplaces waiting for the winter's fall
He owns guns and oh you know he's got that gun in his hand
He's a man and oh he's got that precious thing in his hand
So in the middle of loving
I hope you'll find a place in your heart for them
When it's cold and the grass is gold
All the animals take shelter as they hide
And when an animal can't find shelter
Some time winter takes over and he dies
But there's an animal that winter won't affect at all
He sits by fireplaces waiting for the winter's fall
He owns guns and oh you know he's got that gun in his hand
He's a man and oh he hold's that precious life in his hand