

## Little Bear

Guillemots

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