

Just Locals

The Bear Quartet

For every surface there's a manmade crack
Sun-loving creatures from the cities are back
Our woods are swarming with tourists and flies
Nobody notices our rural device

We're shit were just locals
And we're out of focus
For the rest of the year
But this summer will end differently
It's part Deliverance, part 9-11

Logs loosely piled up on the top of the slide
Urban intruders, now you're in for a ride
Your pouncy dialect has bitten it's tongue
We won't stop finishing your off 'til we're done
We're shit were just locals
And we're out of focus
For the rest of the year
But this summer will end differently
It's part Deliverance, part 9-11