

## Pup

## The Bear Quartet

So you were the sweetest pup  
No one would lift you up  
Just let you down  
Born with open eyes  
Always awake to who is following  
On your way home  
They will burst and then bruise you  
Not too bad  
It's well known around here

No one loves you  
They choose not to  
No one loves you  
They choose not to

June, July and back  
There you had a friend  
Now on the quiet side  
Swoon  
End of summer, reclaimed  
Time to fall  
Time to fall again  
They will burst and then bruise you  
Not too bad  
It's well known around here

This will stay with you all your life  
Always find you  
Crash down upon you  
Pup