

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