

Prelude To Pregnancy

The Bunny the Bear

Just lie,
Don't come running back to me.
Just lie,
Don't come running back to me.
Just lie,
Don't come running back to me.
Just lie,
Don't come running back to me.

Just write the notes in your own words,
Now sip on the gin and feel it squirm. (BURN)
I'm shifting the tides to make you hurt, (BURN)
Turning the tides to watch you burn.
Burn.
Burn.
Burn.
Burn.