

Feet and Bones

Trampled by Turtles

Hired guns surround my town
Hired feet and bones
Tried to burn us to the ground
To build a brand new home
All lined up to carry me
To hell just like before
Winter seems so far away
Like tragedy and warJustice waits for nothing, man
Your eyes have turned to stone
I waited as long as I can
And then set out alone
And all those boys from Harlem came
And they don't mess around
The whistle woke me up at dawn
Such an awful soundI can't stand to read the news
Of Jericho and swine
Touring bands and roofing crews
Is where we spend our time
Lie and sty the poor man grows
So tired of left and right
Careful not to say too much
Or look straight at the light

Songwriters

ERIK ROBERT BERRY, DAVID PATRICK CARROLL, TIMOTHY POWELL SAXHAUG, DAVID PAUL
SIMONETT, RYAN DAVID YOUNGPublished by

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