Little Bones

Minus Nine

It gets so sticky down here
Better butter your cue-finger up
It's the start of another new year
Better call the newspaper up 2.50
For a hi-ball and a buck and a half
For a beer happy hour,
Happy hour happy hour is here

The long days of shockley are gone
So is football kennedy style
Famous last words taken all wrong
Wind up on the very same pile
2.50 for a decade
And a buck and half for a year happy hour,
Happy hour happy hour is here

I can cry, beg and whine
T'every rebel I find
Just to give me a line I could use to describe

They'd say, "baby, eat this chicken slow
It's full of all them little bones"

So regal and decadent here
Coffin-cheaters dance on their graves music,
All it's delicate fear
Is the only thing that don't change
2.50 for an eyeball
And a buck and a half for an ear happy hour,
Happy hour happy hour is here

Nothing's dead down here,
Just a little tired they'd say,
"Baby, eat this chicken slow
It's full of all them little bones"

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