

# To The Bone

## The Kinks

In the back of a record rack  
There's an old double pack.  
Twelve inches and black,  
With an old crumpled cover,  
But every track is stacked.

And it takes me back  
To the one who caused this melancholy mood,  
And every single groove  
Cuts me to the bone,  
Yeah, she rocks me to the bone.

I took her back to my bachelor flat  
While the stereo played for two.  
She unwrapped her gift  
And played me a riff  
And said, "This old record was just made for you."

Then we danced to songs of passion and  
The singer's velvet tones  
On the gramophone  
While the record played.  
She rocks me to the bone,  
Knocks me to the bone.

Those rock n' roll romantic songs  
Played all summer long,  
And she rocks me to the bone,  
Knocks me to the bone.

Yeah, she rocks me to the bone,  
Yeah, she rocks me to the bone.

In dreams she's smiling in slow motion,  
Devouring all of my emotion,  
Angels singing rock 'n' roll,  
While demons take away my soul.

Voices sound, her image fades,  
Every time that record plays,

She rocks me to the bone,  
Knocks me to the bone.

In my back room there's an old 45  
That we played all summer long.  
Shakin' the beams so loud it covered up the screams  
When lover's harmony went oh so wrong.

And in every word emotion is torn,  
And blood flows down the drain,  
Like she opened up a vein  
And cut me to the bone,  
Yeah, she rocks me to the bone.

And now I'm just a prisoner  
In that stereo hi-fi jail --  
The needle pierced just like a nail  
As she rocks me to the bone,  
Knocks me to the bone.

Do do do do do do do,  
She rocks me to the bone.

Yeah, she rocks me to the bone,  
Yeah, she rocks me to the bone.

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