Drum and Bone

RacketEar

Maybe we're nothing but skin and bone
Blare and rubber, eyes that blubber
Teeth that bite, hands that slide
And I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of manMaybe we're nothing but skin and bone
Nerves that shatter, tongues that flatter
Lips that mutter, lashes that flutter
Mounds of dust and lips of ripe
Twice as vicious as the words I type
Under a ribbon of every stripeThere's a grip that tightens, a dark that frightens
A wise that crackles, a fear that shackles
And I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of manAnd then that kinder creation
Becomes a fine fixation
All of a sudden
With the parts we've hidden
Because they are forbiddenBeneath a hide of pain, you'll find a soul of stain
While fists still beat, at heart's deceit
And I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of manMaybe with nothing but a drum and drone
I want to beat it 'til I get unknown
Pig some skin, stretch it tight
Make myself up overnightMaybe this is nothing but drum and drone
Wanna beat it 'til I get unknown
Dig my pin, kick up some stink
Find myself a brand new kinkPrick that berry and squeeze this ink
Scratch out all of the words I think
Before your very eyes can blink
And I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

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