

Flesh and Blood

The Waifs

There are secrets in the soul of me
Things I keep inside
Places you will never see
Hidden under lock and key
Flesh and blood and skin and bone
You're looking from the outside in
All you'll see is what you're shown
Flesh and blood and skin and bone
It's par for the course it's a matter of fact
People are all the same
They want to make my business theirs
Slandering my good name
All around my neighbourhood
People trying to say that I aint no good
Pointing their finger at me and mine
Look at whats hanging on my clothesline
Flesh and blood and skin and bone
whats mine is mine is mine alone
Stand at the window on your tippy toes
Blinds are down- skin and bone
Ashes come to ashes
Dust becomes to dust
My scret soul will never die
As my body surely must
When I'm buried under the ground
I'll still be here in kind
Invisible and sinister
The things I leave behind
Flesh and bone and skin and blood
Bury me deep beneath the mud
When I die only thing thats gone
Flesh and blood, skin and bone.

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