

# Ribcage

## Mary Lambert

Living in the darkness  
I wear it like a crown  
Oh I've got tough skin  
    Ready for my bow  
All I've got is two hands  
I tied them in the middle  
    Ready for the red tape  
To open up my ribcageI offer souvenirs  
    A deaf tongue and blinded ears  
    Can you fill the shelves in here  
Come in come inEverybody look around  
    Everybody look around  
I don't know how to fill the space  
    The invitation's on the page  
Open up my ribcageWant you to want me like I'm all you got  
    Mama see's seeing it but can't make me stop  
    Telling the truth it might mean you get broken  
    But letting it hurt that's my method of coping  
    Doubt in season like that smoke in my lungs  
    What they project on me what I've become  
    Down on my knees unsure what to say  
    No I never learned how to prey  
    Don't know, know who I been fooling  
    But you got me running in circles I'm ruined  
    Let you inside opened up all my wounds  
Taking my ribcage and ripped it in twoEverybody look around  
    Everybody look around  
I don't know how to fill the space  
    The invitation's on the page  
Open up my ribcageTie off all my tendons  
    Watch how they stretch  
    Oh I've got the muscle  
    But lord, I'm spent  
    Knocking down my sternum  
    Began at a young age  
    Too much space between  
Open up my ribcageI offer souvenirs  
    A deaf tongue and blinded ears  
    Can you fill the shelves in here

Come in come inEverybody look around  
Everybody look around  
I don't know how to fill the space  
The invitation's on the page  
Open up my ribcageThere's impenetrable silence inside of my head  
There's nothing I can buy when I'm practically dead  
I get so tired of writing everything I should have said  
That maybe this time I'll put my pen down and just tell you instead  
You see I opened up my ribcage and violins flew out  
The organs softly played through my violin mouth  
I got lights hotter than love hidden beneath my tongue  
Written on my skin  
It tells me your the oneEverybody look around  
Everybody look around  
I don't know how to fill the space  
The invitation's on the page  
Open up my ribcageOpen up my ribcage  
Open up my ribcage  
Open up my ribcage  
Open up my ribcage

Songwriters

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