To The Bone

Down To The Bone

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 gramaphone
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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