

Skeletal History

Mark Lanegan

Ohhh, an artery is not a vein
No history can tell
My skeleton won't tell
Why some like moths draw
To a surgeon's drill
And blood shot hits to marrow
The snake's eating through her clothes and
Her charms that won me over
DeGama breached this lofty reach
Balboa left his bones upon the beach
Left there to bleach
Rose breaks in my fingers
Pullin' nickels through the stem too much has took a toll
Smoke crawls low along the ceilings
And all is quiet
But I keep listening
Come to kill me
Oh, she just left, you missed her
Go on home, the sex theater is closed
Cracked mouth too dry to drink
At least the sand is cold
Wish the sea would drown the freeway
Instead, girls stare in dead-eyed wonder
They can't walk with fallen soldiers
Used by cops who fucked inside abandoned boarding houses
Go on fast before the beast catches the bastard
Draggin' the chain down, down, down
Who'll say it
Tell me
No one else is here, come on
Nothin' to believe is to be blissed, come on
Who's layin' low, you said
Whether veins, the bones to be
Good or bad, the death of me
Just make it quietly
Oh, who knows my sister
Can't anyone admit the fact that they infected her
She said the sun was gonna burn and blister
My blood
God speed
God
Love her
Farewell, honey

Yeah

No morning sun'll move her No help in amen or hallelujah

Prayers are for the dead left over

The breach never to reach that sandy beach

Poor baby girl's gone under

To each their own grave buried in

Underneath abandoned boarding houses

Sidewalks and streets

Sidewalks and streets

Though my skeleton won't tell

Some could see

Why moths draw to surgeon's drills

And blood shots

Hit the marrow

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>