Family of Bones

The Roches

These tiny bones, I lay them on my life
They are you and you and you
Arranged to be the skeleton of love
I sit inside them at attention
Like a dog waiting for its owner to returnA garbage truck could flatten them into the road
Or a wind could scatter them apartThese tiny bones, I lay them on my life
They are you and you and you
As fragile as the remnants of a bird
Without the guts, without the wordWith rain into the gutter, they could flush away
And there everything I love would go

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