

Rags and Bones

NoMeansNo

Well, Christ was married on the cross
My father was married to my mother
And I am married to a cigarette butt lying in the gutter
And I am married to a cigarette butt lying in the gutter
 Oh, that's too bad, isn't it
 Rags and bones, are we finally alone?
 White Man, you, you just starting to get the blues
I said, White Man, you, you just starting to get the blues
 The blues
 Rags and bones, are we finally alone?
 The beast has arisen, all sins are forgiven
 The beast has arisen, all sins are forgiven
 In the belly of the beast I shall be released
 In the belly of the beast I shall be released
 She rises, Captain! She rises, Captain!
 Captain---dive, dive! Captain---dive, dive!
 If I could choose to believe or not to believe
 You know I would choose not to
 If I could choose to believe or not to believe
 You know I would choose not to
 But I can't choose
 Not to
 Rags and bones, are we finally alone?
 Any old rags and bones?
 Who would have thought that I would be
 A sailor on the deep blue sea
 Any old rags and bones?

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