

No Bones

Yeastayer

My mind is a out my mouth
My tongue is a pill that i can't spit outBut make no bones
about it
we're older now
and i'd like to admitMy midnight image casts no shadow
Over tent city as our grass will growBut make no bones
about it
we're older now
and i'd like to admitSuppose its the right time
Suppose its the right time
Suppose its the right time
Suppose its the right time x2Each step on these plains
Fills my lungs
Aloe soothed by a slip of the tongue
no thoughts no turning back, i
She knows me better than i
no plots, no scheming, its the goods you wastedBut make no bones
about it
we're older now
and i'd like to admitSuppose its the right time
Suppose its the right time
Suppose its the right time
Suppose its the right time x4

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