

# 400 Bones

## Frightened Rabbit

Four hundred bones, crumpled in bed  
I'm the only one who knows that you're still breathing  
Beneath the blanket, of another French death  
This afternoon is one I will be keeping  
Where skin is painted by a brush from the Sun  
Pull the sheets up to your neck so She can't see us  
And let the clocks do all the worrying for once  
We're passing out inside the sleeping mausoleum This is my safe house in the hurricane  
Here is where my love lays, two hundred treasured bones  
This is my warmth behind the Cold War  
This is what I'm living for, forever coming home  
Here's to the room I can rest in  
The door I've always opened, never to be closed  
You as my horizon line, the star I navigate by  
Takes me back to hold 200 perfect bones On absent days I will return to this place  
And play a silent colour film within my head  
In which the pillow leaves a cold upon your face  
And all at once it all makes perfect sense  
400 bones crumpled in bed  
I'm the only one who knows that you're still breathing

Songwriters

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