

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 mausoleumThis 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 bonesOn 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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