

Rearranging the Bones

Better Than Ezra

(Written by Kevin Griffin)

(Transcribed by FD3)

(Hila helped me out too!)

I wanna know what's inside

I slip into your house

Well I can't take for granted

How your bones are planted

What things appear to be

They're just illusions to me

I wanna get inside and move around

I wanna get inside and swirm all around[Ohh...]This is my work of art

Pull back the skin

Rearrange the bones

The ground beneath the grass

The truth behind the lie

The love between the hate

Woah, but it's the skin you see

And it's the skin you wantThis is my work of art

Pull back the skin

Rearrange the bonesIt's not the skin that matters

It's not the skin that matters

It's not the skin, it's the bonesDon't lay your troubles on me

When you refuse to see

One hundred years from now

It's the bones you'll see

On hundred years from now

What's left of you and me

This is my first... hell-no

Pull back the skin

Blow upon the bonesHold your hand up to the light

Hold your lies up to the light

Hold your hate up to the light

You see the gnarled, twisted and broken... bones.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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