Coxton Yard

Title Fight

Feeling like a bag of bones
Shriveled up and cold
Nineteen years oldIs draining out all of my insides
On the floor every night
Supposed to make me feel alive
What would things be like
If I told you i wouldn't mind
Swinging from the tree outsideWould that be alright
Hope you don't mindFeeling like a bag of bones
Shriveled up and cold
Nineteen years oldA train nearby reminds
Me I'm not the only one
Who feels left alone
At least it's got some place to goA train nearby reminds
Me I'm not the only one
Who feel's left alone
At least it's got some place to go

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