Pick Up the Bones

Alice Cooper

Collecting pieces of my family in an old pillow case
This one has a skull but it don't have a face
These look like the arms of father so strong
And the ring on this finger means my Grandma is goneHere's some legs in a cloud where my sister once played
Here's some mud made of blood and these teeth are decayed
The ear of my brother, The hand of a friend
And I just can't put them back together againPick up the bones and set them on fire
Follow the smoke going higher and higher
Pick up the bones and wish them goodnight
Pray 'em a prayer and turn out the lightThere are stains on the floor where kitchen once stood
There are ribs on the fire place mixed with the wood
There are forces in the air, ghosts in the wind
Some bullets in the back and some scars on the skinThere were demons with guns who marched through this place
Killing everything that breathed, they're an inhuman race
There are holes in the walls, bloody hair on the bricks
And the smell of this hell is making me sickPick up the bones and set them on fire
Follow the smoke going higher and higher
Pick up the bones and wish them goodnight
Pray 'em a prayer and turn out the lightPick up the bones and set them on fire
Follow the scope going higher and higher
Pick up the bones and wish them goodnight
Pray 'em a prayer and turn out the lightNow maybe someday the suns gonna shine
Flowers will bloom and all will be fine
But nothing'll grow on this burnt cursed ground
'Cause the breathe of the death is the only sound

Songwriters
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