

# 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 gone  
Here'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 again  
Pick 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 light  
There 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 skin  
There 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 sick  
Pick 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 light  
Pick 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 light  
Now 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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