

# Wobbly Bones

Chris Velan

The last time I saw you, you were lying on a bed  
With bracelets on your wrist and a hole through your head  
Your eyes open looking straight at me  
As if you still had something to see  
The last time I saw you, you were running for your life  
No child in your arms and no sign of your wife  
Your mouth open in the strangest way  
Like you're searching for the words to say  
Take these wobbly bones  
Break them with stones  
Here is my skin it keeps it all in  
Far under my clothes  
The blood still flows  
To ten fingers and ten toes  
Ten fingers and toes  
Ten fingers and toes  
Count them on your ten fingers and toes  
The last time I saw you, you were buried in the sand  
A crater in the place where your home used to stand  
Your arms twisted reaching up to the sky  
Asking for the answer why  
And the last time I saw you all the soldiers had arrived  
They lined you up along with the rest that survived  
You dropped to your knees and you started to pray  
Never stopping when they dragged you away  
Take these wobbly bones  
Break them with stones  
Here is my skin it keeps it all in  
Far under my clothes  
The blood still flows  
To ten fingers and ten toes  
Ten fingers and toes  
Ten fingers and toes  
Count them on your ten fingers and toes  
The last time I saw you, you were nowhere to be seen  
They painted the walls scrubbed the floor squeaky clean  
I haven't seen you since, I won't see you for sure  
'Cause no one's going to knock on your door  
And you don't have a name anymore  
And no one's going to knock on your door  
'Cause you don't have a name anymore  
Take these wobbly bones  
Break them with stones  
Here is my skin it keeps it all in  
Far under my clothes

The blood still flows  
To ten fingers and ten toes  
Ten fingers and toes  
Ten fingers and toes  
Count them on your ten fingers and toes

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