Pick Up the Bones

Alice Cooper

Collecting pieces of my family
In an old pillow case
This one has a skullBut it don't have a face
These look like the arms of father so strong
And the ring on this fingerMeans my grandma is gone
Here's some legs in a cloud
Where my sister once playedHere's some mud made of blood
And these teeth are decayed
The ear of my brotherThe 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 higherPick up the bones
And wish them goodnight
Pray them 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 woodThere 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 raceThere 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 higherPick up the bones
And wish them goodnight
Pray them a prayer and turn out the lightPick up the bones
And set them on fire
Follow the scope going higher and higherPick up the bones
And wish them goodnight
Pray them a prayer and turn out the lightNow maybe someday
The suns gonna shine
Flowers will bloom
And all will be fineBut nothing will grow
On this burnt cursed ground

'Cause the breathe of the death
Is the only sound

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