

# 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 them 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 them 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 them a prayer and turn out the light Now maybe someday  
The suns gonna shine  
Flowers will bloom  
And all will be fine But nothing will grow  
On this burnt cursed ground

'Cause the breathe of the death  
Is the only sound

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