Bones & Skin

Mirah

If you live inside the old graveyard
your skin and bones get kinda hard
you blame it on all of the ones who left you
If you're in the closet with a broom
why don't you sweep around the room
make little piles of all the things you don't understandBut it's in the mouth it's in the blood
it's sweet the taste this bit of love
poor skin too thick to understand
the gravity and graceful plansin the place that's made of old relations
where some got loved some got hated
how absently you move around
how listless
how in the night the battle raged
under the blankets where we brave
at least enough to recognize the storm is just a stormShine the lights across the bridge
the surface you can't follow it
the glossy name the wind in fits
gets gerters bucklin' at their bedsWill i be this way when i'm dead
will I go home and go to bed
will I wake up and wonder did something happen here
The weatherman well he should know
the doctor too from down below
they call to one another cross the wild and windy nightdon't forget
you've got love
you've got bravery
you've got trust
you've got bodies
responsibilities
there's still mountains that's pushin' up from underneath
you've got pain
it's not so strange but now you've had enough
don't forget your bones and skin
or where you go
or where you've been

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