Rags And Bones

NoMeansNo

Well, Christ was married on the cross
My father was married to my mother
And I am married to a cigarette butt lying in the gutter
And I am married to a cigarette butt lying in the gutter
Oh, that's too bad, isn't it
Rags and bones, are we finally alone?
White Man, you, you just starting to get the blues
I said, White Man, you, you just starting to get the blues
The blues
Rags and bones, are we finally alone?
The beast has arisen, all sins are forgiven
The beast has arisen, all sins are forgiven
In the belly of the beast I shall be released
In the belly of the beast I shall be released
She rises, Captain! She rises, Captain!
Captain---dive, dive! Captain---dive, dive!
If I could choose to believe or not to believe
You know I would choose not to
If I could choose to believe or not to believe
You know I would choose not to
But I can't choose
Not to
Rags and bones, are we finally alone?
Any old rags and bones?
Who would have thought that I would be
A sailor on the deep blue sea
Any old rags and bones?

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