

# Bones

## The Silent Comedy

Written by J. Benjamin

Your father made a fortune on the pain and torture  
Of the labor never paid to build the streets  
And as he lay there dyinâ€™™, he pulled you to him cryinâ€™™  
He said, â€œMy dear, their faces starinâ€™™, back at meâ€™•  
And you said, â€œFather, whatever do you mean?â€™•

He said, â€œThereâ€™™s bones under the roadâ€™  
I buried them deepâ€™  
And I know, that when I go, theyâ€™™re waiting for meâ€™•

Your uneventful husband, he doesnâ€™™t know he does it  
But when you are talking, he looks at your feet  
You got your body sunlit, but then the butler done it  
He said, â€œMaâ€™™am Iâ€™™m sorry but you know Iâ€™™m weakâ€™•  
And you said, â€œI thought we werenâ€™™t supposed to speakâ€™•

Thereâ€™™s bones under the road  
Buried for me  
Oh know, that when Iâ€™™m old, bones I will be

You have a lovely daughter, you held her underwater  
But you wanted her dressed up to greet your guests  
They said â€œMy dear you look pale, soaked wet and frailâ€™•  
She screamed, â€œYour face is made up to hide a messâ€™  
oh why donâ€™™t you just go on and confess.â€™•

That thereâ€™™s bones under the robes, youâ€™™re wearing for me  
Oh I know that when Iâ€™™m old  
Bones Iâ€™™ll be

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