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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