

# Bury Your Heart

Flyleaf

Gold, gold, bones, bones  
Under platinum headstones  
Gold, gold, bones, bones  
Under platinum headstones You're so cold as you sit there alone  
Selling your bright ideas  
And paying someone to answer your phone  
So this is life,  
Come home to kids and wife  
After a day of twisting the knife  
'Til you get yours There's blood on the tracks again.  
Do you buy, buy what you're selling them? You know it breaks my heart  
It breaks my heart  
I hate to see you drown in a sea of bills  
Where did you bury all that  
Precious, precious Gold, gold, bones, bones  
Under platinum headstones  
Gold, gold, bones, bones  
Under platinum headstones You build empires, airplanes  
And smog coated spires  
Up to the last blank page  
When the wildfires rage on the hills There's blood on the tracks again.  
Do you buy, buy what you're selling them? You know it breaks my heart  
It breaks my heart  
I hate to see you drown in a sea of bills  
Where did you bury, did you bury Take my hand  
Let's leave this place  
Tonight we'll need our souls  
And not that... Gold, gold, bones, bones  
And all that worthless  
Gold, gold, bones, bones  
And all that useless... There's blood on the tracks again.  
Do you buy, buy what you're selling them? You know it breaks my heart  
It breaks my heart  
I hate to see you drown in a sea of bills  
Where did you bury all that  
Precious, precious... Gold, gold, bones, bones  
Under platinum headstones  
Gold, gold, bones, bones  
And all that worthless Gold, gold, bones, bones

And all that useless  
Gold, gold, bones, bones  
Where did you bury your heart?

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