Flesh And Bone - Jacques Lu Cont Remix

The Killers

I've gone through life white-knuckled
In the moments that left me behind
Refusing to heed the yield
I penetrate the force fields in the blind
They say I'll adjust
God knows I must
But I'm not sure how
This natural selection picked me out to be
A dark horse running in a fantasy(Flesh and bone)
And I'm running out of time,
(Flesh and bone)Somewhere outside that finish line
I square up and break through the chains
And I hit like a raging bull
Anointed by the blood, I take the reins
Cut from the cloth, of a flag that
Bears the name of "Battle Born"
They'll call me the contender
They'll listen for the bell
With my face flashing crimson from the fires of hell(What are you afraid of?)
And what are you made of?
(Flesh and bone)
And I'm running out of time,
(Flesh and bone)
And what are you made of?
(Flesh and bone)
Man, I'm turning on a dime,
(Flesh and bone)(This could decay)
This could decay
Like the valley below
Defenses are down
The stakes are high (scouting the crowd for a face of compassion)
The fairytale end (to face off the journey that fathers no more)
The staggering blow (you'll find the truth in the roots of desire)
You lead with your chin(thinkin' with your corners, just a compass and the sun)
This could be real(thinkin' with your corners, just a)
SimpleAnd what are you made of?
(Flesh and bone)
And I'm running out of time
(Flesh and bone)

What are you made of?He faces forward,
Trading in his blindness for the world of love,
And time is raging, may it rage in vain,
And you always had it, but you never knew,
So boots and saddles, get on your feet,
There's no surrender, cause there's no retreat,
The bells are sounding, bring this match to an end,
We are the descendants of giant men

Songwriters
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