

Bone Digger

Bear Hands

Trained to be a bone digger
A soul sister, a born winner
And maybe we are two sinners
Who go bigger, but burn quicker

The lies, the lies, the bullshit and the lies
Like oh, I could have died, yeah, lucky to be alive
I want truth and reason, clean and decent
I want new school teachings, deeper meanings

Thought I'd be a bone digger
A stone figure, a quick trigger
But now I see a life richer
A nice picture; the lights flicker

The lies, the lies, the bullshit and the lies
Like oh, I could have died, yeah, lucky to be alive
I want truth and reason, clean and decent
I want new school teachings, ancient secrets

And past lives on television, on television
What competition is it?
Past lives on television, on television
What competition is it?

Watching my past lives
I'm flipping through noble burials now
Eeking out cash by digging on old Imperial grounds

Now I need a bone digger
To go deeper and sell cheaper
The bottom's steep but not evil
They're real people who live simple

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(Old Imperial grounds, old Imperial grounds
Digging on old Imperial grounds, old Imperial grounds
Imperial grounds, Imperial grounds, Imperial grounds)