

## Dog & Bone

Covey

It's like I've been dead  
And hung up since May  
As your mind unwinds  
And then starts to fray  
In some way it's likely  
Off-center in my room [?]  
Counting tiny little craters  
Embedded in my wall

I just haven't been eating at all  
I'm still trying to make sense of this  
I feel like shit  
Should I hollow out the floor  
And take my place laying down  
Where no one can hear me?

Like a dog leaves a bone  
You have left me alone  
Deep underground  
You will find that I was proud

Watch out for me  
I'm just walking pain  
And in two months straight  
You won't feel the same  
As when we stuck plastic stars upon the ceiling  
I wish I took them with me  
But I left them there

I just haven't been sleeping at all  
I'm still trying to make sense of this  
I feel like shit  
So perpetually

Like a dog leaves a bone  
You have left me alone  
Deep underground  
You will find that I was proud  
As this pain riddles my chest  
He's still eating sour lemons [?]  
Whilst cooking in the kitchen  
And you're dilated eyes  
Are welling up with water  
For reasons I should have known