

Drum and Bone

Elvis Costello

Maybe we're nothing but skin and bone
Blare and rubber
Eyes that blubber
Teeth that bite
Hands that slight

And I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

Maybe we're nothing but skin and bone
Nerves that shatter
Tongues that flatter
Lips that mutter
Lashes that flutter

Mounds of dust and lips of ripe
Twice as vicious
As the words I type
Under a ribbon
Of every stripe

There's a grip that tightens
A dark that frightens
A wise that crackles
A fear that shackles

And I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

And then that kinder creation
Becomes a fine fixation
All of a sudden
With the parts we've hidden
Because they are forbidden

Beneath a hide of pain
You'll find a soul of stain
While fists still beat
At heart's deceit

And I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

Maybe with nothing but a drum and drone
I want to beat it 'til I get unknown

Pig some skin
Stretch it tight
Make myself up overnight

Maybe this is nothing but drum and drone
Wanna beat it 'til I get unknown

Dig my pin
Kick up some stink
Find myself a brand new kink

Prick that berry
And squeeze this ink
Scratch out all of the words I think
Before your very eyes can blink

And I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man