

Bag Of Bones

Mitski

I'm all used up, pretty boy
Over and over again, my nail colors are wearing off
See my hands, pretty boy
What do they tell you?
'Cause I've looked down at them, not knowing why
And after everything's done and I'm all undone
You can hear my high heels walking on
Clickety-clacking through the night
I'm carrying my bag of bones

Fluorescent store lights, you shine through the night
Illuminate my pores and you tear me apart
Mercy on me, would you please spare me tonight?
I'm tired of this searching, would you let me let go?

I know my room is a mess
Over and over again I tell myself I'll clean tomorrow
Just move the stuff up off the bed
And do what you came here to do
But first, open up a window for me
And let the cool air in, feel the night slip in
As it softly glides along your back
And I hope you leave right before the sun comes up
So I can watch it alone

Fluorescent store lights, you shine through the night
Illuminate my pores and you tear me apart
Mercy on me, would you please spare me tonight?
I'm tired of this searching, would you let me let go?

And I can take a little bit more
Let's shake this poet out of the beast
Just a, just a little bit more
Let's shake this poet out of the beast