

The Bones In The Ground

Robyn Hitchcock

Oh Vera my sweet
I would offer you some meat
In exchange for a good loaf of wax
I would smear it on you

And on all your apples too
If I thought it would help you relax
But the bones in the ground
Well they never make a sound

And the bones in the ground are all fine
And the bones in the air
Well they haven't got a care
And the bones in the air are all mine

Oh shiny Maureen
Won't you tell me where you've been
And I'll work out where you should be now
In a cluster of apes

That do rub themselves with grapes
You'll be tied to the back of a cow
But the bones in the ground
Well they never make a sound

And the bones in the ground are all fine
And the bones in the wind
Lord have mercy how they grinned
And the bones in the wind are all mine

Oh Paula-Lorraine
Won't you comment on my sprain
And I'll shave you in some cozy church
I don't care what you're called

I just want to shave you bald
And I'll know that I've finished my search
But the bones in the ground
Well they never make a sound

And the bones in the ground are all fine
And the bones in the air
Well they sing a rattling air
And the bones in the air are all mine