

Marrow

St. Vincent

Muscle connects to the bone
And bone to the ire and the marrow
I wish I had a gentle mind
And a spine made up of iron

Mouth connects to the teeth
And teeth to the loves and curses
Honey can you reach the spot
That need oilin' and fixin'?

H-E-L-P
Help me, help me
H-E-L-P
Help me, help me

Muscle connects to the bone
And bone to the ire and the marrow
So I pretend there aren't ten strings
Tied to all ten of my fingers

H-E-L-P
Help me, help me
If you want we could go somewhere else

H-E-L-P
H-E-L-P
H-E-L-P
H-E-L-P