

Skin & Bone

Stu Larsen

Standing all alone on Buchanan Street
The sun's burning down, burning holes in my feet
On the cobble stone, I am all alone
Then she comes along, and she wants to know my name
I will play along with her little game
On the cobble stone, I am all alone

Sitting on the grass by the River Clyde
She's holding her guitar, playing by my side
We are all along, we are skin and bone
Losing ourselves in the afternoon
I hate farewells when they come so soon
We are all alone, we are skin and bone

We are skin and bone
We are skin and bone
We are skin and bone
We are skin and bone

Oh my darling there's a train and it's coming
Better pack your bags before I start running
Oh my darling there's a train and it's coming
Better pack your bags before I start running away
Running away, running away, running away
Oh my darling there's a train and it's coming
You better pack your bags before I start running
Oh my darling there's a train and it's coming
You better pack your bags before I start running
Oh my darling there's a train and it's coming
You better pack your bags before I start running
Oh my darling there's a train and it's coming for you
It's coming for you, it's coming for you, it's coming for you