

Achey Bones

The Happy Fits

Fell down the stairwell; had tripped on my feet
My heart got untied and laced with ennui
Dear Mr. Shoemaker, make me some cleats
How it'd be lovely to step on my dreams

I see, I see it's too true to believe
You were just lying next to me

Heal it all and by the hour forget
See it all and say, "Who? Who? '
Heal it all and by the hour forget
See it all and say, "Who? Who? '
Whatcha sayin', whatcha sayin', that I can't hold on?
(Who would I love here if I hadn't gone?)
Whatcha sayin', whatcha sayin', that I can't move on?
(Who would I love here if I hadn't gone?)

See in the way of the poorest; the lowest are lovely and lonely, defined
See in the way of the future, the way of the story
The way of the times

Up is the way that I wanted to see
For us, the good nightmares, I was bereaved
Dear Mr. Sandman, please give me some sleep
How it'd be lovely to have all my dreams

I see, I see it's too true to believe
You were just lying next to me

Heal it all and by the hour forget
See it all and say, "Who? Who? '
Heal it all and by the hour forget
See it all and say, "Who? Who? '
But you say, but you say, but you can't get on
(Who would I love here if I hadn't gone?)
But you say, but you say, but you can't hold on
(Who would I love here if I hadn't gone?)

See in the way of the poorest; the lowest are lovely and lonely, defined
See in the way of the future, the way of the story
The way of the time

Bending backwards, head to toes, and you'll say
Get up, get out of this town
Get up get out of this town
Now feeling down my achey bones, and you'll say
Get up, get out of this town
Get up get out of this town
See in the way of the poorest
The lowest are lovely and lonely, defined
See in the way of the future, the way of the story
The way of the story
The way of the, way of the, way of the
Time

Heal it all and by the hour forget
See it all and say

Heal it all and by the hour forget
See it all and say
Whatcha sayin', whatcha sayin', that I can't hold on?
(Who would I love here if I hadn't gone?)
Whatcha sayin', whatcha sayin', that I can't move on?
(Who would I love here if I hadn't gone?)

See in the way of the poorest; the lowest are lovely and lonely, defined
See in the way of the future, the way of the story
The future's divine