

Bones

The Silent Comedy

Your father made a fortune on the pain and torture
Of the labor never payed to build the streets
And as he lay there dyin', he pulled you to him cryin'
He said, "My dear, their faces starin' back at me"
And you said, "Father, whatever do you mean?"

He said, "There's bones under the road,
I buried them deep,
And I know, that when I go, they're waiting for me"

Your uneventful husband, he doesn't know he does it
But when you are talking, he looks at your feet
You got your body sunlit, then the butler done it
He said, "Ma'am I'm sorry but you know I'm weak" (weak, weak, weak yeah)
And you said, "I thought we weren't supposed to speak"

Because there's bones under the road
Buried for me
Oh know, that when I'm old, bones I will be

You have a lovely daughter, you held her underwater
But you wanted her dressed up to greet your guests
They said "My dear you look pale, soaked wet and frail"
She screamed, "Your face is made up to hide a mess...
Oh why don't you just go on and confess."

That there's bones under the robe,
You're wearing for me
Oh I know, that when I'm old, bones I will be

You know there's bones under the road
I buried them deep
And I know, that when I'm old, bones I will be