

## Box of Bones

Third Eye Blind

You don't know what I think or what I believe  
You should probably pack your shit and leave  
While we miss each other still  
Before we kill it  
You better leave, you better leave before we  
Still our voices till we become  
A parity of connection, a Cold War analog  
You're coming like a cloudburst

Nothing is precious when you're waiting for your knives  
Now you're taking all the lives  
You've got me taking the servant's stairs  
I grew up taking the servant stairs  
Right now it's like I'm right back there  
Still I won't go back again

One time I find you  
Warm in the rain right next to me  
One time I find you  
Right next to me  
Mmm

Then melancholy is an echo of a love that's leaving  
I know what I believe in  
But I don't think I know myself  
Now this place means nothing to me  
Empty friendships and meaningless conversations  
Mediocre at best

If we hold still in the darkness  
We may lose the time  
We may know our mind

Then I fall in again

'Til one time I'll find you  
Warm in the rain right next to me  
Like a couple freaks  
One time I find you  
Right next to me

It's just a loan, precious like an ossuary  
It's like a box of bones, I'm just a box of bones  
And then the moment comes unmedicated and you wind me up  
It's like the rain washed us free of restraint we become  
Just a box of bones  
Just a box of bones