Old Bone

Wet

The ferns are greedy
They all want something from me
These trees are dirty
Want me to have a baby

Her kids are lonely
They all want something from me
Their eyes are beady
Their stares they pierce right through me

But I don't have anything left to give
I'm like an old bone in the back of the fridge
And I could ask for what I want
So you could tell me what you need
But there's no use trying anymore
I'm an old bone in the back of the fridge
But I've got no home if it's not with you

Your friends are greedy
They all want something from me
These sheets are dirty
Want me to have a baby

Her kids are lonely
They all want something from me
Their eyes are beady
Their stares they pierce right through me

But I don't have anything left to give
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