

Crushed Bones

WHY?

To inhaling crushed bones
Through a dried up white-out pen
And riding the backwards racer
In hot june rain
And a marching blue and gold
Plastic bag poncho rain coat
It's a wooden coaster
With a medium hill height mean
High hill to flat ground ratio
You know
I'd sell my shingles
For a thimble dip of snow
Back then I'da sold my single
For a finger tip of blow

And us in navy blue hoodies and khakis
As was the style that year
(And us in navy blue hoodies and khakis as was the style that year)
And us in navy blue hoodies and khakis

In London
Where the sirens yelp
Like a helpless dog
With his paws stepped on
And the rain comes down in late July
And the record labels call you "Why?"
And your eyes are slits in bags of fat
And your eyes are pissholes in the snow
And your eyes are slits in bags of fat
And your eyes are pissholes in the snow
I swear the riders on the tube
Tie razors to their elbows
The riders on the tube
Keep call cold coal in their billfolds
The riders on the tube
Will hide cocaine in their shell-toes
And yes yes yes man
They'll novacaine the hello
Til the constables got pit bulls
With their paw bones all stepped on
Til the constables got pit bulls
With crushed bones up their nose holes
(Til the cows come home)

And us in fish net hats and canvas shoes
As was the style that year
(And us in fish net hats and canvas shoes as was the style that year)
And us in fish net hats and canvas shoes
As was the style that year
(And us in fish net hats and canvas shoes)
As was the style...