

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