

# Skeletal History

Mark Lanegan

Oh, an artery is not a vein  
No history can tell, my skeleton won't tell  
Why some like moths draw to a surgeon's drill  
And blood shot hits to marrow

The snake's eating through her clothes and  
Her charms that won me over  
DeGama breached this lofty reach  
Balboa left his bones upon the beach, left there to bleach

Rose breaks in my fingers  
Pullin' nickels through the stem too much has took a toll  
Smoke crawls low along the ceilings  
And all is quiet, but I keep listening  
Come to kill me

Oh, she just left, you missed her  
Go on home, the sex theater is closed  
Cracked mouth too dry to drink  
At least the sand is cold  
Wish the sea would drown the freeway

Instead, girls stare in dead-eyed wonder  
They can't walk with fallen soldiers  
Used by cops who fucked inside abandoned boarding houses  
Go on fast before the beast catches the bastard

Draggin' the chain down, down, down  
Who'll say it, tell me  
No one else is here, come on  
Nothin' to believe is to be blissed, come on

Who's layin' low, you said  
Whether veins, the bones to be  
Good or bad, the death of me  
Just make it quietly

Oh, who knows my sister  
Can't anyone admit the fact that they infected her  
She said, the sun was gonna burn and blister  
My blood, Godspeed, God love her  
Farewell, honey, yeah

No, morning sun'll move her  
No, help in amen or hallelujah  
Prayers are for the dead left over  
The breach never to reach that sandy beach

Poor baby girl's gone under  
To each their own grave buried in  
Underneath abandoned boarding houses  
Sidewalks and streets, sidewalks and streets

Though my skeleton won't tell  
Some could see  
Why moths draw to surgeon's drills  
And blood shots hit the marrow