

# Bone Digger

Bear Hands

Trained to be a bone digger  
A soul sister, a born winner  
And maybe we are two sinners  
Who go bigger, but burn quicker

The lies, the lies, the bullshit and the lies  
Like oh, I could have died, yeah, lucky to be alive  
I want truth and reason, clean and decent  
I want new school teachings, deeper meanings

Thought I'd be a bone digger  
A stone figure, a quick trigger  
But now I see a life richer  
A nice picture; the lights flicker

The lies, the lies, the bullshit and the lies  
Like oh, I could have died, yeah, lucky to be alive  
I want truth and reason, clean and decent  
I want new school teachings, ancient secrets

And past lives on television, on television  
What competition is it?  
Past lives on television, on television  
What competition is it?

Watching my past lives  
I'm flipping through noble burials now  
Eeking out cash by digging on old Imperial grounds

Now I need a bone digger  
To go deeper and sell cheaper  
The bottom's steep but not evil  
They're real people who live simple

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What competition is it?  
Past lives on television, on television  
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I'm flipping through noble burials now  
Eeking out cash by digging on old Imperial grounds  
(Old Imperial grounds, old Imperial grounds  
Digging on old Imperial grounds, old Imperial grounds  
Imperial grounds, Imperial grounds, Imperial grounds)