

# Bag O'bones

Chris Caffery

Looking back over your chosen path  
Every race that you have run  
Every regret and piece of ass you hit  
Your rather sorry bag of bones

Son of a, son of a  
There was no getting over  
Some of us, some of us  
Got a silver spoon  
Son of a, son of a  
Take the things really easy  
None of us, none of us  
Gonna heal your wound

Look at you now  
The sun it's going down  
Watch as you fall  
Now you're all just a bag of bones

Hunched on top with the fruits of your crops  
A wooden nickel for your pain  
Every step by the book, still a company crook  
A worthless trip down memory lane

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You may be rich, but you're a son of a bitch