

# Drum and Bone

Elvis Costello

Maybe we're nothing but skin and bone  
Blare and rubber  
Eyes that blubber  
Teeth that bite  
Hands that slight

And I'm trying to do the best I can  
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

Maybe we're nothing but skin and bone  
Nerves that shatter  
Tongues that flatter  
Lips that mutter  
Lashes that flutter

Mounds of dust and lips of ripe  
Twice as vicious  
As the words I type  
Under a ribbon  
Of every stripe

There's a grip that tightens  
A dark that frightens  
A wise that crackles  
A fear that shackles

And I'm trying to do the best I can  
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

And then that kinder creation  
Becomes a fine fixation  
All of a sudden  
With the parts we've hidden  
Because they are forbidden

Beneath a hide of pain  
You'll find a soul of stain  
While fists still beat  
At heart's deceit

And I'm trying to do the best I can  
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

Maybe with nothing but a drum and drone  
I want to beat it 'til I get unknown

Pig some skin  
Stretch it tight  
Make myself up overnight

Maybe this is nothing but drum and drone  
Wanna beat it 'til I get unknown

Dig my pin  
Kick up some stink  
Find myself a brand new kink

Prick that berry  
And squeeze this ink  
Scratch out all of the words I think  
Before your very eyes can blink

And I'm trying to do the best I can  
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man