

400 Bones

Frightened Rabbit

Four hundred bones, crumpled in bed
I'm the only one who knows that you're still breathing
Beneath the blanket of another French death
This afternoon is one I will be keeping

Where skin is painted by a brush from the sun
Pull the sheets up to your neck so she can't see us
And let the clocks do all the worrying for once
We're passing out inside the sleeping mausoleum

This is my safe house in the hurricane
Here is where my love lays
Two hundred treasured bones
This is my warmth behind the cold war
That day is what I'm living for
Forever coming home

Here's to the room I can rest in
The door I'll always open
Never to be closed
You as my horizon line
The star I navigate by
Takes me back to hold two hundred perfect bones

On absent days I will return to this place
And play a silent colour film within my head
In which the pillow leaves a code upon your face
And all at once it all makes perfect sense

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