

# Things

## Frightened Rabbit

Well here's the evidence of human existence  
Displaying men by nets, two damn boxes (?)  
And I cannot find the name for them  
They hardly show that I have lived

And the dust, it settles on these things

Displays my age again  
Like a new skin made from old skin  
That'd barely been lifted

I didn't need these things  
I didn't need them, oh  
The point was hard to pass  
A mediocre past  
So I shed my clothes, I shed my flesh

Down to the bone and burned the rest  
I didn't need these things  
I didn't need them, oh  
Took them all to bits, turned 'em outside in  
And I left them on the floor and ran for dear life for the door, oh

Useless objects, a gathered a storm of shit  
Put them in a silent shed, threw out your life's supplies  
When all you need's a coffin and your Sunday best

To smarten up the end

And at the front gate, warlord of eights (?)  
One pint of low from a holy ghost  
An eternity of suffering in the company of all those Christian men

I didn't need these things  
I didn't need them, oh  
The point was hard to pass

A mediocre past  
So I shed my clothes, I shed my flesh  
Down to the bone and burned the rest  
I didn't need these things  
I didn't need them, oh  
Took them all to bits, turned 'em outside in  
And I left them on the floor and ran for dear life to the door, oh

Never need these things

I'll never need them, oh  
This is you and me, you are human heat  
And the things aren't holy things  
And the things bring me light, they bring me, oh  
Never need these things  
I'll never need them, oh  
Never going back, so we can drop the past  
And we'll leave it on the floor and run for dear life for the door, oh