

You are Sanskrit on my skin
Peel me open
Till I am nothing but a whisper
Name yourself Sinner
I only play for pennies
And I don't play for sinners
I play for sadness; I play for dead things
Pull the bones from the sockets
Please be softer while you do it
For I am fragile and vacant
Sarasavati sung me to sleep
I rested my head against my knee
And the music I like goes up and down
Like bobbing bodies in the riverbed
They say 'Mary, why are your songs so sad?
Look at the luck and fortune you've had.
Why do you cry at night?
Pull the bones from the sockets
Please be softer while you do it
For I am fragile and vacant
You can take my body and tongue and organs
Whisper into my skin like
Death does already done and stuff
I want every piece of me to crash into every piece of you;
I swear to God that's how they make stars.
Oooh
Pull the bones from the sockets
Please be softer while you do it
For I am fragile and vacant