

## Bones & Skin

Mirah

If you live inside the old graveyard  
your skin and bones get kinda hard  
you blame it on all of the ones who left you  
If you're in the closet with a broom  
why don't you sweep around the room  
make little piles of all the things you don't understand

But it's in the mouth it's in the blood  
it's sweet the taste this bit of love  
poor skin too thick to understand  
the gravity and graceful plans

in the place that's made of old relations  
where some got loved some got hated  
how absently you move around  
how listless  
how in the night the battle raged  
under the blankets where we brave  
at least enough to recognize the storm is just a storm

Shine the lights across the bridge  
the surface you can't follow it  
the glossy name the wind in fits  
gets gerters bucklin' at their beds

Will i be this way when i'm dead  
will I go home and go to bed  
will I wake up and wonder did something happen here  
The weatherman well he should know  
the doctor too from down below  
they call to one another cross the wild and windy night

don't forget  
you've got love  
you've got bravery  
you've got trust  
you've got bodies  
responsibilities  
there's still mountains that's pushin' up from underneath  
you've got pain  
it's not so strange but now you've had enough  
don't forget your bones and skin  
or where you go  
or where you've been