Store Bought Bones

Raconteurs

Down on your hands and knees Underneath the poplar trees Down in the sticks and stones Looking for store bought bones

Baby I'm the rising sun Clutching at your holstered gun Baby I'm a shooting star I'm looking wherever you are

Looking through a telescope
Maybe there's a sign of hope
Leaving everything behind
Discovering your store bought mind

Sending everything to the sea Wishing you were here by me Shifting through the mountain of bricks Searching for a store bought tricks

You can't buy what you can't find what you can't buy What you find what you can't buy what you can't What you can't buy what you can't find what you can't You can't buy what you can't find what you can't buy What you find what you can't buy what you can't What you can't buy what you can't find what you can't What you can't buy what you can't find what you can't