

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
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