

Muscle connects to the bone  
And bone to the ire and the marrow  
I wish I had a gentle mind  
And a spine made up of iron

Mouth connects to the teeth  
And teeth to the loves and curses  
Honey can you reach the spot  
That need oilin' and fixin'?

H-E-L-P  
Help me, help me  
H-E-L-P  
Help me, help me

Muscle connects to the bone  
And bone to the ire and the marrow  
So I pretend there aren't ten strings  
Tied to all ten of my fingers

H-E-L-P  
Help me, help me  
If you want we could go somewhere else

H-E-L-P  
H-E-L-P  
H-E-L-P  
H-E-L-P