

## Bones

The Tiger Lillies

She sits in the sunlight each morning  
And waits for her memory to fade  
If she tells you she's got a messiah  
It's one that she's already made

She's no longer taking shortcuts  
In her village of Rome  
And nobody's home  
By the time that the summer is over  
She's nowhere to be seen

She smiles and looks slightly frightened  
As you walk past she wants to cry  
The daffodils bloom in the garden  
Her head is buttered and fried

On a good day the great was seen clearly  
On a bad she's hardly aware  
And waits for the reaper to bear

Her doormat is left propped up  
Since Wednesday when they came to clean  
Her apartment has been re-vacated  
Perhaps she is now in a home

Or perhaps she is just bone  
Or perhaps she is just bone  
Or perhaps she is just bone  
Just bone  
Just bone  
Just bone  
Just bone