

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