

Poor Skeleton Steps Out

XTC

Poor skeleton steps out,
Dressed up in bad blood,
Bad brains, bad thoughts, and others deeds.

Poor skeleton no doubt,
One of these days,
You can cast aside your human, be free.

When the cities run with blood,
And you drink our health in mud,
"All flesh be gone."
Save your dry and joyous shout,
For the day poor skeleton steps out.

Poor skeleton steps out,
Sprung from his life sentence,
Deep inside some muscle mask.

Poor skeleton devout,
Propping up truck drivers,
Filmstars, thieves or queens, your brave task.

When technology is rust,
And you write your book in dust,
"All flesh be gone."

Can't buy tickets from a tout,
For the day poor skeleton steps out.

Poor skeleton steps out,
Liberated from sex organs,
And brown, black, white skin.

Poor skeleton you lout,
Don't you think that we might,
like to have been asked to join in?

For good skeletons are we,
And we're dying to be free,
"All flesh be gone."

I will scream or sulk and pout,
Until my poor skeleton steps out.

Better watch out, here comes bony boy.