

## No Bones

Yeasayer

My mind is a colour to get out my mouth  
My tongue is a pill that I can't spit out

Make no bones, about it  
We're older now, than I like to admit

My midnight image casts no shadow  
An overturned city as our grass will grow

Make no bones, about it  
We're older now, than I like to admit

Suppose it's the right time  
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Suppose it's the right time

Each steps on a snake fills my lungs [?]  
Allison, my slip of the tongue  
No thoughts no turning back I  
She knows me better than I  
No blots no semen it's energy wasted

Make no bones, about it  
We're older now, than I like to admit

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Suppose it's the right time...