

Bag O'bones

Chris Caffery

Looking back over your chosen path
Every race that you have run
Every regret and piece of ass you hit
Your rather sorry bag of bones

Son of a, son of a
There was no getting over
Some of us, some of us
Got a silver spoon
Son of a, son of a
Take the things really easy
None of us, none of us
Gonna heal your wound

Look at you now
The sun it's going down
Watch as you fall
Now you're all just a bag of bones

Hunched on top with the fruits of your crops
A wooden nickel for your pain
Every step by the book, still a company crook
A worthless trip down memory lane

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You may be rich, but you're a son of a bitch