

Bones, bones
Bones, bones
They talked about you
Like you were a piece of cake
One that tasted just like a sugar snowflake
(They would beg for their lives)
Still all their parts would break
See my own reflection
On your tongue
From this kiss there is nowhere to run
To run, to run, to run
Bones
The boys are probably
Way too tough to get hurt
Bones
Now we all cry like little girls
(Little girls)
So, now I guess it's my turn to get butterflies
When you smile but unlike them I will realize
(It's better when you're at the graveyard)
With mirrors in the skies
You were gonna hurt me
So bad tonight
From this kiss there is nowhere to hide
To hide, to hide, to hide
Bones
The boys are probably
Way too tough to get hurt
Bones
(Bones)
Now we all cry like little girls
(Little girls)
Bones
Under your bed
(Bones)
Under your bed
Then, the boys get rest
You were gonna hurt me
You were gonna hurt me so bad
Bones
The boys are probably
Way too tough to get hurt
Bones
The boys are probably
Way too tough to get hurt
(Tough to get hurt)
Bones
(Bones)
Now we all cry like little girls
(Little girls)
Bones
(Bones)
Bones
(Bones)
Bones
Bones