

Skeletal History

Mark Lanegan

Oh, an artery is not a vein
No history can tell, my skeleton won't tell
Why some like moths draw to a surgeon's drill
And blood shot hits to marrow

The snake's eating through her clothes and
Her charms that won me over
DeGama breached this lofty reach
Balboa left his bones upon the beach, left there to bleach

Rose breaks in my fingers
Pullin' nickels through the stem too much has took a toll
Smoke crawls low along the ceilings
And all is quiet, but I keep listening
Come to kill me

Oh, she just left, you missed her
Go on home, the sex theater is closed
Cracked mouth too dry to drink
At least the sand is cold
Wish the sea would drown the freeway

Instead, girls stare in dead-eyed wonder
They can't walk with fallen soldiers
Used by cops who fucked inside abandoned boarding houses
Go on fast before the beast catches the bastard

Draggin' the chain down, down, down
Who'll say it, tell me
No one else is here, come on
Nothin' to believe is to be blissed, come on

Who's layin' low, you said
Whether veins, the bones to be
Good or bad, the death of me
Just make it quietly

Oh, who knows my sister
Can't anyone admit the fact that they infected her
She said, the sun was gonna burn and blister
My blood, Godspeed, God love her
Farewell, honey, yeah

No, morning sun'll move her
No, help in amen or hallelujah
Prayers are for the dead left over
The breach never to reach that sandy beach

Poor baby girl's gone under
To each their own grave buried in
Underneath abandoned boarding houses
Sidewalks and streets, sidewalks and streets

Though my skeleton won't tell
Some could see
Why moths draw to surgeon's drills
And blood shots hit the marrow