

Pirate Bones

Natasha Bedingfield

What if I squeeze myself into any shape
And I still don't fit?
What if I bend myself so much that I break
And I can't mend it?
What if I burn so bright that the fire goes out
And I can't stay lit?
What's the point in it?
I could get good at crying crocodile tears
Just to get along
I could carry on telling you wanna hear
'Till my voice is gone
But if I finally get to the place that I think is home
And I don't belong
What's the point in it?
Where's the benefit?
When I'm gaining all but I'm losing it

It's not worth having
If it's too much to hold
You can dig so deep
That you're left with a hole
Thirsty in a desert with a bag full of gold
Don't wanna end up like pirate bones
What I thought was precious was just a pile o' stones
I might have the treasure but I'd be lying alone
Just a pile of pirate bones
If I forfeit my soul it ain't worth having
If it's something I stole it ain't worth having

What if I stake everything I am on a dream
And it's counterfeit?
If I reach the end that justifies the means
Could I live with it?
And if it's true that having too much of any good thing
Can only make me sick
What's the point in it
Where's the benefit
When I'm gaining all but I'm losing it
Oh, oh

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Pile of bones
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It's not worth that much to me
If losing out is what it means
To swim in shallow victory
Is empty, empty
It's just not worth the price

It's only a fools paradise
If it's draining every drop of life 'till I'm dry like pirate bones

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No,
Pirate bones
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