

Muddy Bones

New York Dolls

Yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Around the world
it's a bloody mess
It's a permanent apocalypse
Come on, dig me baby,
I can't go on like this
This world is fulla muddy bones
hear 'em talkin' on their telephones
Everybody's startin'
to figure out what's goin' on
In a bubble all their life
A bubble full up of grief and strife
Heirs of the flagellants
spreadin' that joy around
This world is fulla muddy bones
hear 'em talkin' on their telephones
Everybody's startin'
to figure out what's goin' on
Waitin' for little elves
If we don't try to help ourselves
Never gonna know,
just how helpless we are
Yeah, muddy bones
This world is fulla muddy bones
hear 'em talkin' on their telephones
Everybody's startin'
to figure out what's goin' on
We all so friggin' naive
All the concepts we believe
While all a them grifters
was sellin' us salvation,
creation has been fleeced
Yeah, it's a bloody mess
Yeah, a permanent apocalypse
Yeah, the bloody bones
Yeah, yeah, yeah, muddy bones
The muddy bones
The muddy bones
A yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah