

Weary Bones

Rusted Root

These weary bones
They walk the earth
I'm thinking of you
As I unfold my pain

These cathedrals were built
Dropping daggers from the bell tower
Rendering arms immobile
But still the child's caress

It's strange, what they've done
Arranged, every part of it
They can, I really think it's
Insane

Tonight I'm hanging with the clowns
Playing trombone down by the riverside
That's where we burn our fire
Away from this slaughter,
Away from this sacred slaughter
Everyone's at ease, Everyone's at ease

These weary bones, weary bones
They're thinking of you, thinking of you
I think of you and I know
I'm just wiping my heels
Clean

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Thinking of you
As I unfold my pain

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Rendering arms immobile
But still the child's caress