

Rags And Bones

Thea Gilmore

Through the iron winter to the fires of June
Through the five o'clock skyline to the deeadlocked moon
There's a flickering figure dancing alone
Making her junk creatures out of rags and bones

Where the vapour is rising between the seedling and the vine
And though the shadow's in waiting are wasting their time
Cos my veins are tracking street maps and the compass and the s
tones
And I'm still making my junk creatures out of rags and bones

Oh yeah, the hammer and the nail
Oh yeah, the heart's in the small change
Oh yeah, and the Devil's in the detail
Ans in my rags and bones

Now it's the fist through the window, it's the wine that you br
ought
It's a far cry from the shackles of cognitive thought
It's the lines on the fridge door, just see how they've grown
Up from little junk creatures made from rags and bones

Oh yeah, the hammer and the nail
Oh yeah, the heart's in the small change
Oh yeah, and the Devil's in the detail
And in the rags and bones

And now the candle's flickered out, the walls have been built
And they are racking up the weapons of blood and piss and guilt
Voices have been silenced, but they belong to anyone
And these little junk creatures made from rags and bones
And these little junk creatures made from rags and bones
Rags and bones