

# Astronautalis, Skeleton (Everybody's Favorite)

You're very beautiful he whispered at the girl on the beach  
It's amazing how the days (asleep away feet further on the beach?)  
She didn't speak or even smile in reply  
Repeated it again (but the words just swallowed all the words alive?)  
Sand pipers chasing the torn paper edges of the waves  
Another gust of wind that paints her hair across her puzzled face  
One of these days he's gonna escape and change the world  
Give back to his hometown with a trophy and a girl  
A girl like this with soft hands and a wise kiss  
She'll teach him how to dance and dance her fingertips across her lips  
But this, this is just another awkward pause, a pair of pretty eyes  
Uncomfortable in front of all his flaws.  
He feels himself going bald in little bits and patches  
He used to spell out love in them but now the letters come out all backwards.  
His pants never fit him right anymore, forgotten how to cook,  
He used to take the room and run but now he's happy with the second look

Pardon me miss, could you blow me a kiss?  
Last night a couple lovers tossed each other off that bridge.  
I think I better just call it all quits,  
I used to run this town but it just ain't the same place that it ever was.

He cut his finger just yesterday (tracing slit on a red?)  
and watched it drain into the sink the only thing that's left  
a fingertip dripped down and drew another half a pint into a perfect portrait  
of himself. Subtle beauty and still life.  
Everyone asked him, Oh, what happened to your hand?  
It's just another accident cutting vegetables, I guess.  
Everything's a trap these days; (we're all working to defend?)  
(No one ever thinks of a story just take the hint and bang out the ends?)  
You don't know why he's standing here or how he got this far running up the beach  
And out of reach, a running rusted car.  
The waves are louder than a train, crashing down upon his chest  
He can't be dragged down like the rest and wait patient just for his death.  
Taking off his hat he steps and brushes her hair away  
Kisses her cheek gently and asks her for her name.  
She bows her head and smiles at feet and takes his shaky hand  
He has no idea just what she said over the waves crashing in his head.

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