

Bread And Bones, Bread And Bones

Bread and bones but a little too cold
Rusty knife got a little too old
Rusty knife went against a gun
I turned my heels and away I run
Away I run but I should have stayed
Should have talked not run away
Ran myself right out of time
They caught me down by the border line
Border line all fog and rain
Rocks and stone and a cold hard plain
Hurt my feet to walk a mile
They took me back to stand my trial
Oh stood my trial but a little too bold
Justice blind to the truth I told
They heard the truth but would not believe
No sympathy did I receive
No sympathy did I deserve
Bread and bones in a cold hard urn
Bread and bones stood a little too cold
No one to mourn no one to hold
No one to hold or be held to
No one to tell my secrets to
Let secrets pass and fall away
Bread and bones and cold hard clay

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