

# Bush, Solomon's Bones

watching waiting - falling breathing  
gaping wasted sickley feeling  
winds keep come my way  
i have less to say  
i'm waiting here i'm waiting here  
i'm waiting here

solomon breaks my head  
kicks me so far down my street  
i am struggling with this time  
i am struggling on my feet

we go down we go down  
there is no doubt  
doubt  
there is no doubt  
we do without  
there is no  
there is no  
there is no more doubt  
no more doubt  
no more doubt

solomon waits by the wall  
spitting from his eyes  
said his life becomed my fault

twisted back lies  
might as well get saved by someone  
going insane all  
i am grateful for the acknowledgement  
i am guilty of it all

we go down we go down  
there is no doubt

there is no doubt  
we do without  
there is no  
there is no  
there is no  
more doubt  
doubt

this world needs to be saved by someone  
might as well get saved by someone

there is no doubt  
we do without  
there is no all the way  
all the way