

# Charlotte Martin, These Bones

Come down

The ground's not soft enough to catch you  
In your fall, it seems small when you have been that high  
And I don't believe I'll ever understand your good-bye

And these bones will rise again all in good time  
And these eyes will shine again just fine

My heart

This cave of cries and many questions  
Be brave, get to the other side  
Keep on, keep strong  
For every pot of gold a shipwreck lies

And these bones will rise again all in good time  
And these eyes will shine again just fine

There is a wheel that's still turning we all are in  
And there is a fire still burning, and my hands are singed

There is a road that keeps going without an end, without an end, without an end  
a whoa, whoa whoa ohwhoa whoa whoa ohwhoa whoa whoa oh

And these bones will rise again all in good time