

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