

# Gaba Kulka, Out

He's bringing back bones from the Day of the Dead in the south  
Puts them together, and plays them, puts them together and plays them  
when she's asleep, when she's asleep, and the trees round the house go:  
oh, what a sound  
we feel it in the ground  
our roots wrap around  
the bones you're singing bout  
the bones you're singing bout

You thought you could keep it a secret  
You thought you could keep it a secret  
but now it's out  
out

You thought you could keep it all inside  
Thought you were big enough to hide it  
it's out  
out

Thought that I knew the song, what did I know  
Thought that these limitations were my home  
but now I'm out  
out

I'm filled with your breath like the tree is filled with the wind  
Filled with your breath like the tree is filled with the wind  
In your garden, in your garden  
In your garden, in your garden  
In your garden, in your garden  
do you have a garden?

do you have a garden?

When she wakes up in the morning, everything will seem the same  
but I will be out  
I will be out  
I will be out