

Natasha Bedingfield, Pirate Bones

What if I squeeze myself into any shape
And I still don't fit?
What if I bend myself so much that I break
And I can't mend it?
What if I burn so bright that the fire goes out
And I can't stay lit?
What's the point in it?

I could get good at crying crocodile tears
Just to get along
I could carry on telling you what you want to hear
Till my voice is gone
But if I finally get to the place that I think is home
And I don't belong
What's the point in it?
Where's the benefit
When I'm gaining all but I'm losing it?

It's not worth having
If it's too much to hold
You can dig so deep
That you're left with a hole
Thirsty in the desert with a bag full of gold
Don't wanna end up like pirate bones
What I thought was treasure
Is just a pile of stones
I might have the treasure
But I'd be lying alone
Just a pile of pirate bones

If I forfeit my soul it ain't worth having
If it's something I stole it ain't worth having

What if I stake everything I am on a dream
And it's counterfeit?
If I reach the end that justifies the means
Could I live with it?
And if it's true that having too much of any good thing
Can only make me sick
What's the point in it?
Where's the benefit
When I'm gaining all but I'm losing it?

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Pirate bones

If I forfeit my soul it ain't worth having
If it's something I stole it ain't worth having

It's not worth that much to me
If losing out is what it means
To swim in shallow victory is empty (empty)

It's just not worth the prize
It's only a fool's paradise
If it's draining every drop of life
Till I'm dry like pirate bones

(It's not worth having)
It's not worth having
If it's too much to hold
You can dig so deep
That you're left with a hole
Thirsty in the desert with a bag full of gold
Don't wanna end up like pirate bones
What I thought was treasure
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(If I forfeit my soul)
If I forfeit my soul it ain't worth having
If it's something I stole it ain't worth having
(Pirate bones)
Pirate bones
(While the thought was treasures)
(Just a pile of stones)
Pirate bones