

# 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

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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  
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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