

Sons And Daughters, Broken Bones

She was merged she was thin
The case was wide open
I see a heart on her shoulder
With his first name written

CHORUS:

And what do lately
Consider to be yourself?
With your outsize hands
Your molten breath

October is the month
We'll pray for the summer
When trees are branching
A long distant murmur

CHORUS

So keep writing her name
So it's setting in stone
You'll live in the shadow
Of these broken bones