

The Raconteurs, Store Bought Bones

Down on your hands and knees
Underneath the poplar trees
Down in the sticks and stones
Looking for store bought bones
Baby I'm the rising sun
Clutching at your holstered gun
Baby I'm a shooting star
I'm looking wherever you are
Looking through a telescope
Maybe there's a sign of hope
Leaving everything behind
Discovering your store bought mind
Sending everything to the sea
Wishing you were here by me
Shifting through the mountain of bricks
Searching for a store bought fix
You can't buy what you can't find what you can't buy
What you find what you can't buy what you can't
What you can't buy what you can't find what you can't
You can't buy what you can't find what you can't buy
What you find what you can't buy what you can't
What you can't buy what you can't find what you can't
What you can't buy what you can't find what you can't