

The Waifs, Flesh And Blood

There are secrets in the soul of me
Things I keep inside
Places you will never see
Hidden under lock and key

Flesh and blood and skin and bone
You're looking from the outside in
All you'll see is what you're shown
Flesh and blood and skin and bone

It's par for the course it's a matter of fact
People are all the same
They want to make my business theirs
Slandering my good name
All around my neighbourhood
People trying to say that I ain't no good
Pointing their finger at me and mine
Look at what's hanging on my clothesline

Flesh and blood and skin and bone
What's mine in mine and mine alone
Stand at the window on your tippy toes
Blinds are down skin and bone

Ashes come to ashes
Dust becomes to dust
My secret soul will never die
As my body surely must
When I'm buried under the ground
I'll still be here in kind
Invisible and sinister
The things I leave behind

Flesh and bone and skin and blood
Bury my deep beneath the mud
When I die only thing that's gone
Is flesh and blood, skin and bone