## Alice Cooper, Pick Up The Bones

Collecting pieces of my family In an old pillow case This one has a skull

But it don't have a face These look like the arms of father so strong And the ring on this finger

Means my Grandma is gone Here's some legs in a cloud Where my sister once played

Here's some mud made of blood And these teeth are decayed The ear of my brother

The hand of a friend And I just can't Put them back together again

Pick up the bones
And set them on fire
Follow the smoke going higher and higher
Pick up the bones
And wish them goodnight
Pray them a prayer and turn out the light

There are stains on the floor Where kitchen once stood There are ribs on the fire place Mixed with the wood

There are forces in the air Ghosts in the wind Some bullets in the back And some scars on the skin

There were demons with guns Who marched through this place Killing everything that breathed They're an inhuman race

There are holes in the walls Bloody hair on the bricks And the smell of this hell Is making me sick

Pick up the bones
And set them on fire
Follow the smoke going higher and higher
Pick up the bones
And wish them goodnight
Pray them a prayer and turn out the light

Pick up the bones
And set them on fire
Follow the scope going higher and higher
Pick up the bones
And wish them goodnight
Pray them a prayer and turn out the light

Now maybe someday The suns gonna shine Flowers will bloom And all will be fine

But nothing will grow On this burnt cursive ground Cuz the breathe of the death Is the only sound