

Bonepony, Antidote

There's a hole inside my wisdom
There's no shine inside my frame
The leaves have come and taken all the fanfare
And right now nowhere seems like a damn good place for me to be

I need a little antidote to resurrect some harmony
A brand new piece of sun to call my own
A little antidote to breathe the unsung melody I'm hearing
A thimble full of magic to soothe my soul. Yeah.

My plastic rocking horse has broke its final cowboy
Retired to garage sale obscurity
He waits beside a shelf of empty bottles
Just wishing he could duck the rush and somehow be free

Freedom. Sweet Freedom.

We need my antidote to resurrect some harmony
A brand new piece of sun to call my own
A little antidote to breathe the unsung melody I'm hearing
A thimble full of magic, a coat of inspiration to warm my frigid soul.

There's a hole inside my wisdom
There's no shine inside my frame
The leaves have come and taken all the fanfare
And right now nowhere seems like a damn good song for me to sing

We need my antidote to resurrect some harmony
A brand new piece of sun to call my own
A little antidote to breathe the unsung melody I'm hearing
A thimble full of magic to soothe my soul

There's a hole inside my wisdom
There's no shine inside my frame