

# 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