

Charlotte Martin, Bones

Days are going faster than I ever could keep up
Overwhelming, the bed I've tried to make so perfectly
I surrender my hands beyond my head
You read me

There's a harvest buried in the bottom of the sky
And I'm thinking what will then become of you, i
Analyzing your moments when you're here
Unrepeating

You know well when it hits me
It could raise these bones again
And I wish that the rumbling
It would shake me 'til I'm still

If you're walking and nothing's turning out the way I planned
Armageddon is flooding through the living room and
I, triumphant, stand off dead and tense
We didn't

Call it off now, dramatic as I'm ever going to be
Second chances are slipping off the cliffs of this defeat
And I'm packing my pack again without
My car keys

You know well when it hits me
It could raise these bones again
And I wish that the rumbling
It would shake me 'til I'm still

Say it like you mean
Mean it like you said it to me
Now it's out of his hands
You cant tear us apart
Because there's nothing to mend
You know well
You know well
You know well

When it hits me
It could raise these bones again
And I wish that the rumbling