

# Editors, Bones

How can you always be late for your arrival?  
You know I forgive you every single time

Retreat, retreat  
I've fallen at the low tide  
Oh retreat, retreat  
And meet me by the quayside

In the end all you can hope for  
Is the love you felt to equal the pain you've gone through

Are your eyes showing off for mine  
Your face in my hands is everything good I need

The system's put in place, put there to protect us  
For you I'd throw a lifeline every time

Oh Retreat, retreat  
I've fallen at the low tide  
Now retreat, retreat  
And meet me by the quayside

In the end all you can hope for  
Is the love you felt to equal the pain you've gone through

Are your eyes showing off for mine  
Your face in my hands is everything good I need

Bones, starved of flesh  
Surround your aching heart  
Full of love

Oh bones, starved of flesh  
Surround your aching heart  
Full of love

Bones, starved of flesh  
Surround your aching heart

Bones

Oh bones

I watch as your eyes show off for mine  
I watch as your eyes show off  
I watch as your eyes show off for mine  
I watch as your eyes show off