Elvis Costello, Drum And Bone

Maybe we're nothing but skin and bone
Blare and rubber
Eyes that blubber
Teeth that bite
Hands that slight

Still I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

Maybe we're nothing but skin and bone
Nerves that shatter
Tongues that flatter
Lips that mutter
Lashes that flutter

Mouths of dust and lips of ripe
Twice as vicious
As the words I type
Under a ribbon
Of every stripe

Theres a grip that tightens
A dark that frightens
A wise that crackles
A fear that shackles

Yet I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

And then that kinder creation
Becomes a fine fixation
All of sudden
With the parts we've hidden
Because they are forbidden

Beneath hide of pain
Youll find a soul of stain
While fists still beat
At heart's deceit

And I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

Maybe this is nothing but a drum and drone
I want to beat it 'til I get unknown

Pig some skin
Stretch it tight
Make myself up overnight

Maybe I need nothing but a drum and bone
Going to beat it 'til I get unknown

Or dig my pin
Kick up some stink
Find myself a brand new kink

Prick that berry
And squeeze this ink
Scratch out all of the words I think
Before your very eyes can blink

Yes, I'm trying to do the best I can
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man