

# Janis Ian, Billie's Bones

billie's tears fall like dust  
from the air into my eyes  
seeping in before they rust  
spilling secrets words can't hide  
i am standing on the bones  
of a mound too high to climb  
selling secrets to atone  
for a song that is not mine

billie's bones are white and bleached  
piled high and hard to reach  
and the top looks cold and bleak  
but i see farther when i stand  
on billie's bones in billie's land

there's an orchid in her hair  
there are bruises on her lips  
i would worship if i dared  
kneeling at her fingertips  
i would tell her how i've yearned  
to be worthy of the grail  
all these years and all i've learned  
is just how brilliantly i fail

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now the flesh of earth has passed  
now the joints have come undone  
all that's left of her is ash  
scattered on the air like crumbs

there are voices on the wind  
stolen whispers, sacred moans  
you can hear them through your skin  
and the singing of the bones  
when the wind blows from the east  
i can taste her on my tongue  
and the grave is lined and paved with  
all the songs we never sung

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