

Jennifer Nettles, Story of Your Bones

It's been two long months since I took a good look in the mirror
And in that time I find these lines on my face have gotten clearer.
It's time I reintroduce myself to the world
Show them what I'm all about
Even if it's just so they can chew me up and turn their heads and spit me out.

These bones in my face are from my mother
These lips I use are from my father
And the nose that rests above them is from another man
Somewhere who didn't bother.

I wonder what he would say
If he knew I got up here and rambled on this way
Would he then be proud and make it known
That he was part of me and I was one of his own.

It's been five long weeks since I've been able to kiss your face
And that always makes me question if this bullshit is worth it in the first place
'Cause I have to know the story of your bones
And I long to rove the map of your skin
And I'm tired of us both feeling loved yet alone
I want to feel where you've hurt, I want to taste where you've been

But what will they say
Will they still come and hear me when they know I love you this way
As I read you with my mouth and my finger tips
Like berries you color my hands, like wine you stain my lips.

It's been two long months since I took a good look in the mirror.