

Krokus, Burning Bones

In a restaurant
Drinkin' beaujolais wine
You're with your favourite girl
And you're passin' the time

Well, you look through the paper
Holocaust in the roxy
Five bottles later
You're lovin' your lady

I can see
Burning bones of war
I can see
Ashes on the floor

There stands a soldier
In a barbed-wire land
The fear of death in his eyes
And a bottle in his hand
But, now the wine he's drinking
It's got the taste of blood
No more plastic war movies
To show him what it's like

I can see
Burning bones of war
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(Guitar solo)

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