

# Thea Gilmore, Rags And Bones

Through the iron winter to the fires of June  
Through the five o'clock skyline to the deadlocked moon  
There's a flickering figure dancing alone  
Making her junk pictures out of rags and bones

Where the vapour is rising between the seedling and the vine  
And though the shadows in waiting are wasting their time  
Cause my veins are tracking street maps and the compass and the stones  
And I'm still making my junk pictures out of rags and bones

Oh yeah, the hammer and the nail  
Oh yeah, the heart's in the small change  
Oh yeah, and the Devil's in the detail  
And in my rags and bones

Now it's the fist through the window, it's the wine that you brought  
It's a far cry from the shackles of cognitive thought  
It's the lines on the fridge door, just see how they've grown  
Up from little junk pictures made from rags and bones

Oh yeah, the hammer and the nail  
Oh yeah, the heart's in the small change  
Oh yeah, and the Devil's in the detail  
And in the rags and bones

And now the candle's flickered out, the walls have been built  
And they are racking up the weapons of blood and piss and guilt  
Voices have been silenced, but they belong to anyone  
And these little junk pictures made from rags and bones  
And these little junk pictures made from rags and bones  
Rags and bones