

## Sam Broussard

### "Screws, Pins and Bolts"

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Crematorium

As a word it tastes good on the tongue

Buttery, yet not fattening

all irony, Greek or Latin

Now ashes, as a word, tastes like ashes

Fat salary

That's how this finality translates to me

It gives my kids laughing fits

ungrateful little shits

Their worlds of make-believe bought by the bereaved

Screws and pins and bolts

never go up in smoke

It's like the last line of a joke

and I get it

My wife can't understand

why I'm calm, contented, and I am

She thinks life is hell

exactly why I feel compelled

to owe my clientele at least one happy life

From dust we come, to dust we go

in between we drift beneath some doors

There's joy to crush your bones

tears to wash rounded stones

but not enough washing of the feet of whores

You are all equal in my eyes

just different in size

Brief butterflies

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