

Raconteurs, The

"Store Bought Bones"

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Down on your hands and knees
Underneath the poplar trees
Down in the sticks and stones
Looking for store bought bones

Baby i'm the rising sun
Clutching at your holstered gun
laby i'm a shooting star
i'm looking wherever you are

Looking through a telescope
Maybe there's a sign of hope
Leaving everything behind
Discovering your store bought mind

Sitting at the edge of the seat
Wishing you were here by me
Sifting through the mountain of bricks
Looking for a store bought fix

you can't buy what you can't find what you can't buy
What you find what you can't buy what you can't
what you can't buy what you can't find what you can't
you can't buy what you can't find what you can't buy
what you find what you can't buy what you can't
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