

## **Waifs, The "Flesh and Blood"**

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There are secrets in the soul of me  
Things I keep inside  
Places you will never see  
Hidden under lock and key

Flesh and blood and skin and bone  
You're looking from the outside in  
All you'll see is what you're shown  
Flesh and blood and skin and bone

It's par for the course it's a matter of fact  
People are all the same  
They want to make my business theirs  
Slandering my good name  
All around my neighbourhood  
People trying to say that I aint no good  
Pointing their finger at me and mine  
Look at whats hanging on my clothesline

Flesh and blood and skin and bone  
whats mine is mine is mine alone  
Stand at the window on your tippy toes  
Blinds are down- skin and bone

Ashes come to ashes  
Dust becomes to dust  
My scret soul will never die  
As my body surely must  
When I'm buried under the ground  
I'll still be here in kind  
Invisible and sinister  
The things I leave behind

Flesh and bone and skin and blood  
Bury me deep beneath the mud  
When I die only thing thats gone  
Flesh and blood, skin and bone.

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