

# Alice Cooper

## "Pick Up The Bones"

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Collecting pieces of my family  
In an old pillow case  
This one has a skull

But it don't have a face  
These look like the arms of father so strong  
And the ring on this finger

Means my Grandma is gone  
Here's some legs in a cloud  
Where my sister once played

Here's some mud made of blood  
And these teeth are decayed  
The ear of my brother

The hand of a friend  
And I just can't  
Put them back together again

Pick up the bones  
And set them on fire  
Follow the smoke going higher and higher  
Pick up the bones  
And wish them goodnight  
Pray them a prayer and turn out the light

There are stains on the floor  
Where kitchen once stood  
There are ribs on the fire place  
Mixed with the wood

There are forces in the air  
Ghosts in the wind  
Some bullets in the back  
And some scars on the skin  
There were demons with guns  
Who marched through this place  
Killing everything that breathed  
They're an inhuman race

There are holes in the walls

Bloody hair on the bricks  
And the smell of this hell  
Is making me sick

Pick up the bones  
And set them on fire  
Follow the smoke going higher and higher  
Pick up the bones  
And wish them goodnight  
Pray them a prayer and turn out the light

Pick up the bones  
And set them on fire  
Follow the scope going higher and higher  
Pick up the bones  
And wish them goodnight  
Pray them a prayer and turn out the light

Now maybe someday  
The suns gonna shine  
Flowers will bloom  
And all will be fine

But nothing will grow  
On this burnt cursive ground  
Cuz the breathe of the death  
Is the only sound

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