

## **Better Than Ezra**

# **"Re - Arranging The Bones"**

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(written by kevin griffin)  
(transcribed by fd3)  
(hila helped me out too!)  
I wanna know what's inside  
I slip into your house  
Well I can't take for granted  
How your bones are planted  
What things appear to be  
They're just illusions to me  
I wanna get inside and move around  
I wanna get inside and swirm all around

[ohh....]

This is my work of art  
Pull back the skin  
Rearrange the bones

The ground beneath the grass  
The truth behind the lie  
The love between the hate  
Woah, but it's the skin you see  
And it's the skin you want  
This is my work of art  
Pull back the skin  
Rearrange the bones

It's not the skin that matters  
It's not the skin that matters  
It's not the skin, it's the bones

Don't lay your troubles on me  
When you refuse to see  
One hundred years from now  
It's the bones you'll see  
On hundred years from now  
What's left of you and me

This is my first.....hell-no  
Pull back the skin  
Blow upon the bones

Hold your hand up to the light  
Hold your lies up to the light  
Hold your hate up to the light  
You see the gnarled, twisted and broken...bones.

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