

Editors "Bones"

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How can you always be late for your arrival?
You know I'd forgive you every single time

Retreat, retreat
I've fallen at the low tide
Oh retreat, retreat
And meet me by the quayside

In the end all you can hope for
Is the love you felt to equal the pain you've gone
through

Are your eyes showing off for mine
Your face in my hands is everything good I need

The system's put in place, put there to protect us
For you I'd throw a lifeline every time

Oh Retreat, retreat
I've fallen at the low tide
Now retreat, retreat
And meet me by the quayside
In the end all you can hope for
Is the love you felt to equal the pain you've gone
through

Are your eyes showing off for mine
Your face in my hands is everything good I need

Bones, starved of flesh
Surround your aching heart
Full of love

Oh bones, starved of flesh
Surround your aching heart
Full of love

Bones, starved of flesh
Surround your aching heart

Bones

Oh bones

I watch as your eyes show off for mine

I watch as your eyes show off

I watch as your eyes show off for mine

I watch as your eyes show off

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