

## Elvis Costello "Drum and Bone"

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Maybe we're nothing but skin and bone  
Blare and rubber, eyes that blubber  
Teeth that bite, hands that slide  
And I'm trying to do the best I can  
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

Maybe we're nothing but skin and bone  
Nerves that shatter, tongues that flatter  
Lips that mutter, lashes that flutter  
Mounds of dust and lips of ripe  
Twice as vicious as the words I type  
Under a ribbon of every stripe

There's a grip that tightens, a dark that frightens  
A wise that crackles, a fear that shackles  
And I'm trying to do the best I can  
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

And then that kinder creation  
Becomes a fine fixation  
All of a sudden  
With the parts we've hidden  
Because they are forbidden

Beneath a hide of pain, you'll find a soul of stain  
While fists still beat, at heart's deceit  
And I'm trying to do the best I can  
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

Maybe with nothing but a drum and drone  
I want to beat it 'til I get unknown  
Pig some skin, stretch it tight  
Make myself up overnight

Maybe this is nothing but drum and drone  
Wanna beat it 'til I get unknown  
Dig my pin, kick up some stink  
Find myself a brand new kink

Prick that berry and squeeze this ink  
Scratch out all of the words I think  
Before your very eyes can blink

And I'm trying to do the best I can  
But I'm a limited, primitive kind of man

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