

Frightened Rabbit "Things"

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Well here's the evidence of human existence
Displaying men by nets, two damn boxes (?)
And I cannot find the name for them
They hardly show that I have lived

And the dust, it settles on these things

Displays my age again
Like a new skin made from old skin
That'd barely been lifted

I didn't need these things
I didn't need them, oh
The point was hard to pass
A mediocre past
So I shed my clothes, I shed my flesh

Down to the bone and burned the rest
I didn't need these things
I didn't need them, oh
Took them all to bits, turned 'em outside in
And I left them on the floor and ran for dear life for the
door, oh

Useless objects, a gathered a storm of shit
Put them in a silent shed, threw out your life's supplies
When all you need's a coffin and your Sunday best

To smarten up the end

And at the front gate, warlord of eights (?)
One pint of low from a holy ghost
An eternity of suffering in the company of all those
Christian men

I didn't need these things
I didn't need them, oh
The point was hard to pass

A mediocre past
So I shed my clothes, I shed my flesh
Down to the bone and burned the rest

I didn't need these things
I didn't need them, oh
Took them all to bits, turned 'em outside in
And I left them on the floor and ran for dear life to the
door, oh

Never need these things

I'll never need them, oh
This is you and me, you are human heat
And the things aren't holy things
And the things bring me light, they bring me, oh
Never need these things
I'll never need them, oh
Never going back, so we can drop the past
And we'll leave it on the floor and run for dear life for
the door, oh

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