

## Hitchcock Robyn "The Bones In The Ground"

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Oh Vera my sweet  
I would offer you some meat  
In exchange for a good loaf of wax  
I would smear it on you  
And on all your apples too  
If I thought it would help you relax  
But the bones in the ground  
Well they never make a sound  
And the bones in the ground are all fine  
And the bones in the air  
Well they haven't got a care  
And the bones in the air are all mine  
Oh shiny Maureen  
Won't you tell me where you've been  
And I'll work out where you should be now  
In a cluster of apes  
That do rub themselves with grapes  
You'll be tied to the back of a cow  
But the bones in the ground  
Well they never make a sound

And the bones in the ground are all fine  
And the bones in the wind  
Lord have mercy how they grinned  
And the bones in the wind are all mine  
Oh Paula-Lorraine  
Won't you comment on my sprain  
And I'll shave you in some cozy church  
I don't care what you're called  
I just want to shave you bald  
And I'll know that I've finished my search  
But the bones in the ground  
Well they never make a sound  
And the bones in the ground are all fine  
And the bones in the air  
Well they sing a rattling air  
And the bones in the air are all mine

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