

Chris Velan

"Wobbly Bones"

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The last time I saw you, you were lying on a bed
With bracelets on your wrist and a hole through your
head
Your eyes open looking straight at me
As if you still had something to see

The last time I saw you, you were running for your life
No child in your arms and no sign of your wife
Your mouth open in the strangest way
Like you're searching for the words to say

Take these wobbly bones
Break them with stones
Here is my skin it keeps it all in
Far under my clothes
The blood still flows
To ten fingers and ten toes
Ten fingers and toes
Ten fingers and toes
Count them on your ten fingers and toes

The last time I saw you, you were buried in the sand
A crater in the place where your home used to stand
Your arms twisted reaching up to the sky
Asking for the answer why
And the last time I saw you all the soldiers had arrived
They lined you up along with the rest that survived
You dropped to your knees and you started to pray
Never stopping when they dragged you away

Take these wobbly bones
Break them with stones
Here is my skin it keeps it all in
Far under my clothes
The blood still flows
To ten fingers and ten toes
Ten fingers and toes
Ten fingers and toes
Count them on your ten fingers and toes

The last time I saw you, you were nowhere to be seen
They painted the walls scrubbed the floor squeaky

clean

I haven't seen you since, I won't see you for sure
Cause no one's going to knock on your door
And you don't have a name anymore
And no one's going to knock on your door
Cause you don't have a name anymore

Take these wobbly bones
Break them with stones
Here is my skin it keeps it all in
Far under my clothes
The blood still flows
To ten fingers and ten toes
Ten fingers and toes
Ten fingers and toes
Count them on your ten fingers and toes

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