

## **Play The Bones "Read The Stones"**

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Chemicals eat at your brain just like the buzzing,  
That you heard when you were young behind your  
house.  
Hollucinations stretch their arms out like a sky line,  
To paint the perfect shade of black into your mind.  
Come on quit, we've got nothing else to do.  
Come on quit, we've got nothing else to do.  
There's a sound you made that won't go away,  
In my mind, in my mind,  
But when you go stars turn black at night,  
And the skies alone.  
When the moon reveals it's face, it'll be a sad one.  
He's looking down, He's found the cemeteries full.  
The both of us should carve our names before we  
break down.  
Oh what's the sense there's no one left to read the  
stones.  
Come on quit, we've got nothing else to do.  
Come on quit, we've got nothing else to do.  
There's a sound you made that won't go away,  
In my mind, in my mind,  
But when you go stars turn black at night,  
And the skies alone.

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