

The Killers "Flesh And Bone"

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I've gone through life white knuckling,
The moments that left me behind.
Refusing to heed the yield I penetrate,
The force field in the blind.
They say I'll adjust, God knows I must,
But I'm not sure how,
This natural selection picked me out,
to be a dark horse running in a fantasy

Flesh and bone,
And I'm running out of time,
Flesh and bone.

Somewhere outside that finish line,
I square up and break through the chains.
I head like a raging bull anointed,
By the blood I take the reins.
Cut from the cloth of a flag that
Bears the name, "Battle Born."
They'll call me the contender,
now listen for the bell,
With my face flashing crimson,
From the fires of hell.
What are you afraid of?
And what are you made of?

Flesh and bone,
And I'm running out of time,
Flesh and bone,
And what are you made of?
Flesh and bone,
Man I'm turning on a dime,
Flesh and bone.

(This could decay, could decay, could decay)
This could decay like the valley below,
Defenses are down,
The stakes are high,
(You scour the crowd for a face of compassion)
The fairy tale end,
(The grace of the journeymen fought no more)
The staggering blow,

(The moments of the truth and the roots of desire)
You led with your chin,
(No neutral corners, just a compass and the sun)
This could be real,
(No neutral corners, just a)
Simple.

And what are you made of?
Flesh and bone,
And I'm running out of time,
Flesh and bone,
What are you made of?

Faces forward and trade in,
This blindness for the glow of love.
And time is raging, may it rage in vain.
And you always had it, but you never knew.
So boots and saddles,
(Flesh and bone)
Get on your feet,
And there's no surrender cause there's no
retreat,
The bells are sounding,
(Flesh and bone)
In this monster land,
We're the descendants of giant men.

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