

The Raconteurs

"Store Bought Bones"

Visit "[Store Bought Bones](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Down on your hands and knees, underneath the poplar
trees

Digging through sticks and stones, looking for store
bought bones

Waiting on the rising sun, clutching at your holster gun
Praying on a shooting star that I can be wherever you
are

Looking through a telescope, maybe there's a sign of
hope
Leaving everything behind, stirring a store bought
mind

Sitting at the edge of your seat, wishing you were here
by me
Sifting through the mud and the bricks, looking for a
store bought fix

You can't buy what you can't find
What you can't buy, what you find
What you can't buy, what you can

You can't buy what you can't find, what you can
You can't buy what you can't find, what you can
Buy what you find, what you can't find, what you can

You can't buy what you can't find, what you can
You can't buy what you can't find, what you can

Visit [The Raconteurs](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.