

Title Fight

"Coxton Yard"

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Feeling like a bag of bones
Shriveled up and cold
Nineteen years old

And draining out all of my insides
On the floor every night
Is supposed to make me feel alive
What would things be like
If I told you I wouldn't mind
Swinging from the tree outside
Would that be alright
Hope you don't mind

Feeling like a bag of bones
Shriveled up and cold
Nineteen years old

A train nearby reminds me I'm not the only one
Who feels left alone
At least he's got some place to go
A train nearby reminds me I'm not the only one
Who feels left alone
At least he's got some place to go

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