

Why "Crushed Bones"

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

By Why?

From the album "Elephant Eyelash"

here's to inhaling crushed bones through a dried up
white out pen
and riding the backwards racer in hot june rain
in a marching blue and gold plastic
bag/poncho/raincoat.
it's a wooden coaster with a medium hill height mean,
high hill to flat ground ratio you know
i'd sell my shingles for a thimble dip of snow,
back then i'd've sold my single for a finger tip of glow.

and us in navy blue hoodies and khakis,
as was the style that year.

in london,
where the sirens yelp
like a helpless dog with its paw stepped on,
and the rain comes down in late july
and the record labels call you why?
and your eyes are slits in bags of fat,
and your eyes are piss holes in the snow,

i swear,
the riders on the tube tie razors to their elbows,
the riders on the tube keep cold coal in their billfolds,
the riders on the tube will hide cocaine in their
shelltoes
and yes yes yes men
they'll novacaine their hellos
'til the constables got pit bulls
with their paw bones all stepped on,
'til the constables got pit bulls
with crushed bones up their nose holes.

and us in fish net hat and canvas shoes,
as was the style that year.

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

