

Fat Man

"Skeletons In My Closet"

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Forty-eight years of livin
An angel in disguise
Forty-eight years of lovin
Smilin with my eyes
Forty-eight years of memories
Neatly tucked away
When daylight dies, I hear them rise
And dance upon their grave

Whats that sound
Comin from the dresser on a night as black as pitch?
Whats that sound
Comin from the bureau, do I dare turn on the switch?
Them bones, them bones, them dry bones
All bleached and deathly white
Ive got skeletons in my closet and
Theyre rattlin tonight

The cheat bones connected to deceit bones
And thereby connected to lies
I-love-yous said indiscriminately make the sockets for
the eyes
The love bones knock against the hate bones
And fingers click in time
There wont be sleep for the weary tonight
Cause all those bones are mine

(Backgrounds)

Hup, Hup, theyre in my closet now
Hup, Hup, Hup, Im trying to forsake em
Hup, Hup, theyre in my dresser now
Hup Hup Hup, I wouldnt wanna wake em

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