

Crooked Fingers "Luisa's Bones"

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We came,
by the rising of the river,
on a river with no name,
in the summer monsoon rain,
to wash away luisa's bones,
from the ghost who guards her grave.

She lays by the ride of firing anvils,
in a house with cast iron gates,
and underneath red candles weights,
for her killers to come home and,
for a fine revenge to pay.

She goes for a ride,
on these hills they are blind,
copper steel iron ore,
fifty years maybe more,
searching in the mine,
one half century of lies,
you can see on the horizon she is soon going home,

you take the road I'll take the river,
you bring the fire I'll bring the jewels,
and in the evening underneath the roaring sky,
we will meet and wait and pray for the monsoon,

and we will wait,
till the rising of the river,
when the summer monsoon rain,
comes to wash the old remains,
past the beach into the ocean,
for to carry us away,
setting free Luisa's bones from,
from the ghost who guards her grave

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