

## **These Brittle Bones "Hollow"**

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Thereâ€™s a place at the end of the road,  
Where the fields collide with the snow,  
And the clock that strikes every hour,  
With the girl thatâ€™s locked up in the tower.

Thereâ€™s a place at the end of the woods,  
Where the ships are being stacked up with goods,  
And the trees are old with their tales,  
Where the birds have sunk with their trails.

Thereâ€™s a house at the end of the line,  
Where the sounds will creak down your spine,  
where the edge will drag you nearer,  
and the dawn is coming clearer,  
thereâ€™s a light down the end of the line.

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