

Raconteurs

"Store Bought Bones"

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Down upon your hands and knees
Underneath the poplar trees
Digging through the sticks and stones
Looking for store bought bones

Waiting on the rising sun
Clutching at your holstered gun
Praying on a shooting star
That I can be wherever you are

Looking through a telescope
Maybe there's a sign of hope
Leaving everything behind
Stirring a store bought mind

Sitting at the edge of the seat
Wishing you were here by me
Sifting through the mud and the bricks
Looking for a store bought fix

You can't buy what you can't find
What you can't buy, what you find
What you can't buy, what you can
You can't buy what you can't find, what you can

You can't buy what you can't find, what you can
Buy what you find, what you can't find, what you can
You can't buy what you can't find, what you can
You can't buy what you can't find, what you can

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