

Michelle Malone

"Worthless Bones"

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I'm standing on the corner
in this spot that my shoes found to be rent free
I'm standing on the inside
and I'm looking out at the world and it seems so empty
No one has the time
The spring has sprung and
the watch unwinds on the dynamo
But I would trade the riches of the world
for a worthless bag of bones

Oh, worthless bones
Oh, take me home
Oh, worthless bones, oh

I'm walking down the old familiar street
where I once sat upon my father's knee
And I'm waking up to find a barren lot
scattered with broken glass and shattered dreams
Nowhere is my home
My vagabond carnival heart will forever roam
But I would trade the secrets of my soul
for a worthless bag of bones

Why are we all in a hurry
to sail beneath a make-shift mast
when the winds of change
are blowing nowhere fast

I'm sitting beneath an old oak tree
like the first one I climbed when I was three
and I'm thinking about a little shoebox
that I buried in the ground

Worthless bones take me home to my wonder years
Worthless bones take me far away from here
Worthless bones take me home to my tender years
Worthless bones take me far away from here

