

Thea Gilmore "Rags And Bones"

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Through the iron winter to the fires of June
Through the five o'clock skyline to the deeadlocked
moon
There's a flickering figure dancing alone
Making her junk creatures out of rags and bones

Where the vapour is rising between the seedling and
the vine
And though the shadow's in waiting are wasting their
time
Cos my veins are tracking street maps and the
compass and the stones
And I'm still making my junk creatures out of rags and
bones

Oh yeah, the hammer and the nail
Oh yeah, the heart's in the small change
Oh yeah, and the Devil's in the detail
Ans in my rags and bones

Now it's the fist through the window, it's the wine that
you brought
It's a far cry from the shackles of cognitive thought
It's the lines on the fridge door, just see how they've
grown
Up from little junk creatures made from rags and
bones

Oh yeah, the hammer and the nail
Oh yeah, the heart's in the small change
Oh yeah, and the Devil's in the detail
And in the rags and bones

And now the candle's flickered out, the walls have been
built
And they are racking up the weapons of blood and piss
and guilt
Voices have been silenced, but they belong to anyone
And these little junk creatures made from rags and
bones
And these little junk creatures made from rags and
bones

Rags and bones

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