

Alice Cooper, Pick Up The Bones

Collecting pieces of my family
In an old pillow case
This one has a skull

But it don't have a face
These look like the arms of father so strong
And the ring on this finger

Means my Grandma is gone
Here's some legs in a cloud
Where my sister once played

Here's some mud made of blood
And these teeth are decayed
The ear of my brother

The hand of a friend
And I just can't
Put them back together again

Pick up the bones
And set them on fire
Follow the smoke going higher and higher
Pick up the bones
And wish them goodnight
Pray them a prayer and turn out the light

There are stains on the floor
Where kitchen once stood
There are ribs on the fire place
Mixed with the wood

There are forces in the air
Ghosts in the wind
Some bullets in the back
And some scars on the skin

There were demons with guns
Who marched through this place
Killing everything that breathed
They're an inhuman race

There are holes in the walls
Bloody hair on the bricks
And the smell of this hell
Is making me sick

Pick up the bones
And set them on fire
Follow the smoke going higher and higher
Pick up the bones
And wish them goodnight
Pray them a prayer and turn out the light

Pick up the bones
And set them on fire
Follow the scope going higher and higher
Pick up the bones
And wish them goodnight
Pray them a prayer and turn out the light

Now maybe someday
The suns gonna shine
Flowers will bloom

And all will be fine

But nothing will grow
On this burnt cursive ground
Cuz the breathe of the death
Is the only sound