

BREAD & BONES

Bread and Bones – © 2004 Richard Ruane

Bread and bones, but a little too cold
Rusty knife got a little too old
Rusty knife won against a gun
I turned my heels and away I run

Away I run, but I should have stayed
Should have talked and not run away
Ran myself right out of time
They caught me down by the borderline

The borderline all fog and rain
Rocks and stone on a cold hard plain
Hurt my feet to walk a mile
They took me back to stand my trial

Oh, stood my trial, but a little too bold
Justice blind to the truth I told
They heard the truth, but would not believe
No sympathy did I receive.

No sympathy that I deserve
Bread and bones and a cold hard nerve
Bread and bones, soon a little too cold
No one to mourn, no one to hold

No one to hold or be held to
No one to tell my secrets to
Let secrets pass and fall away
Bread and bones in cold hard clay

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