

Skinny Boy

Amy Millan

Skinny boy, all bones, no lies
Your so miserable in the mornings
Will, you will wait up for me
It's sordid and I can't find my feet
And you've got lips I could spend a day with

Skinny boy, somewhere, some prostitution
Some devour, some doubt, some dance
They're coming with swords through the back door
And there you are on the fence
With those lips I could spend a day with

When its done ill drink champagne to the lonely
Lonely in me
Monday, Tuesday, so lonely
Wednesday, Thursday, only me
Friday, Saturday, only me
Here comes Sunday