She's got him in a tin
So happy fat and so happy thin
So she keeps him in a tin
And she's seven
Knows heaven

Tell me where I'm from Tell me where I failed Tell me where I'm from Tell me where I failed

Well I know those eyes and I know those bones Yeah I've seen your eyes now I want those bones Yeah I know your eyes and I want those bones Yeah I know those eyes and I want your bones

Where is this coming from? Prototype loving here So she keeps him in a tin

Tell me where I'm from
Tell me where I failed
Tell me where I'm from
Yeah you could tell me where I failed

See I know those eyes now I want those bones Yeah I know your eyes and I want those bones Yeah I know those eyes and I want those bones Yeah I need those eyes and I need those bones

Oh the feel, oh the form Oh the feel, oh the form

See I know those eyes now I want your bones
Yeah I need those eyes and I know your bones
Yeah I know those eyes now I want your bones
Yeah I know those eyes and I want those bones
See I know your eyes and I need your bones
Well I feast on those eyes
And I'll feast on those bones, baby