

Helium, Skeleton

Did I tell you I've got tiny little fingers
I've got bones where the ring goes
They go like a plant grows
They go slowly
They go over your new clothes
They go over your money
They go over your head, man
The only good man is a dead man

I like pretty baby candy
It goes right to my head
It makes my lips as red as rubbies
I'll eat it till im dead

Did I tell you that you can't get to heaven
In high-heeled shoes?
You're such a loose little belle
You're a fallen angel
You go down into the big pit
It is deeper than a tar pit
Your lips are redder than lucifer
Your hair is up in curlers

I like pretty baby candy
'Cause It goes right to my head
It makes my lips as red as rubbies
I'll eat it till im dead