

Rickie Lee Jones, Skeletons

She was pregnant in May
Now they're on their way
Dashing thru the snow
To St. John's, here we go

Well, it could be a boy
But it's okay if he's girl
Oh, these things that grow out of
The things that we give

We should move to the west side
They still believe in things
That give a kid half a chance

When he pulled off the road
Step in a waltz of ted moon-beams
Said he fit an APB,
A robbery nearby

And he go for his wallet
And they thought he was going for a gun
And the cops blew Bird away

Some kids like watching Saturday cartoons
Some girls listen to records all day in their rooms
But what do birds leave behind, of the wings that they came with
If a son's in a tree building model planes?

Skeletons,
Skeletons.