

Amy Millan, Skinny Boy

skinny boy, all bones no lies
you're 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 backdoor,
and there you are on the fence
with those lips I could spend a day with.

when it's done, i'll drink champagne to the lonely
lonely in me
monday, tuesday so lonely
wednesday, thursday only me
friday, saturday only me
here comes sunday