

Pixies, Bone Machine

This is a song for Carol
Your into Japanese fastfood
And I drop you off with your Japanese lover
And you're going to the beach all day
You're so pretty when you're unfaithful to me
You're so pretty when you're unfaithful to me

You're looking like
You've got some sun
Your blistered lips
Have got a kiss
The days are lit like everyone
Uh-oh, Uh-oh, Uh-oh, Uh-oh

Your bones got a little machine
You're the bone machine

I was talking to preachy-preach about kissy-kiss
He bought me a soda
He bought me a soda
He bought me a soda and he tried to molest me in the parking lot
Yep, yep yep YEP!

I make you break
You make me hard
Your Irish skin *
Looks Mexican
Our love is rice and beans and horses lard
Your bones got a little machine
You're the bone machine

Uh-oh, Uh-oh, Uh-oh, Uh-oh [3x]
Uh-oh, Uh-oh, Uh-oh, Uh-oh

[* : "Irish" should be "Island" (i.e. "Your Island skin looks Mexican" [as in one of the islands of the Caribbean])