

Skeletons

Rickie Lee Jones

She was pregnant in May
Now they're on their way
Dashing through the snow
To St. John's, here we go Well, it could be a boy
It's okay if he's a girl
Oh, these things that grow out of
The things we give We should move to the west side
They still believe in things
That give the kid half a chance When he pulled off the road
Step in a waltz of red moon-beams
Said he fit an APB
A robbery nearby And he go for his wallet
And they thought that 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

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