

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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