

Bone Machine

Pixies

This is a song for Carol
You're into Japanese fast food
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 so pretty when you're unfaithful to me
You're looking like
You've got some sun
Your blistered lips
Have got a kiss
They taste a bit 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 think you're pretty
You make me hard
Your island 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
Uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh
Uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh
Uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh, uh-oh
Your bones got a little machine

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