Bone Machine

Pixies

This is a song for CarolYou'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 meYou'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-ohYour bones got a little machine
You're the bone machineI 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 yepI think you're pretty
You make me hard
Your island skin
Looks Mexican
Our love is rice and beans and horses lardYour bones got a little machine
You're the bone machineUh-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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