

## Amy Millan "Skinny Boy"

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Skinny boy, all bones, no lies  
Your so miserable in the mornings  
Will, you will wait up for me  
It's sordid and I can't find my feet  
And you've got lips I could spend a day with

Skinny boy, somewhere, some prostitution  
Some devour, some doubt, some dance  
They're coming with swords through the back door  
And there you are on the fence  
With those lips I could spend a day with

When its done ill drink champagne to the lonely  
Lonely in me  
Monday, Tuesday, so lonely  
Wednesday, Thursday, only me  
Friday, Saturday, only me  
Here comes Sunday

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