

Anal Cunt

"Skinny Boy"

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Skinny Boy all bones no lies
You're so miserable in the morning
Will you wait up for me
It's sorted and I can't find my feet
and you've got lips
I could spend a day with

Skinny boy some rose some prostitution
Some deny some doubt some debts
There comin' with swords through the back door
And there you are on the fence
With those lips I could spend a day with

When it's done I'll drink champagne
to the lonely only in me
Monday Tuesday it's only me
Wednesday Thursday only me
Friday Saturday only me
Here comes Sunday

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