

## Islands

# "Don't Call Me Whitney, Bobby"

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Bones, bones, brittle little bones  
It's not the milk you seek  
It's the sun you need  
And the sleek, sleek skeleton I hold  
Where are the hidden folds  
Where is the meat? Did you eat it?

Total void tells me stories  
Sometimes they make me sorry  
But I need another, I need another  
Sugar dumpling muffin, baby  
This world is going crazy  
I think I'm through listening to you

Bones bones brittle little bones  
Its not the milk you seek  
Its just the sun you need  
And the sleek sleek skeleton I hold  
Where are the hidden folds  
Where is the meat? Did you eat it?

Gonna make some plans wait and see  
Turn it off, turn me on  
Open your eyes look around you  
Fuck what you heard  
You were lied to, sweetheart  
Sick body part, sick heart  
Sweet body part

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It's not the milk you seek  
It's the sun you need  
And the sleek, sleek skeleton I hold  
Where are the hidden folds

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