

# Skeletons

Nerina Pallot

She was pregnant in May  
Now they're on their way  
Dashing through the snow  
To St. John's, here we go

Well, it could be a boy  
But it's okay if he's a girl  
Oh, these things that grow out of  
The things that we give

We should move to the west side  
They still believe in things  
That give a kid half a chance

Then he pulled off the road  
Step in a waltz of red moonbeams  
Said he fit an APB,  
A robbery nearby

And he go for his wallet  
And they thought he was going for a gun  
And the cops blew Bird away

Some kids like watching Saturday cartoons  
Some girls like to listen to records in their rooms  
But what do birds leave behind, of the wings that they came with  
If his son's in a tree building model planes?

Skeletons,  
Skeletons.