

# XTC, Poor Skeleton Steps Out

Anytime you rise, I'm here, and I'm crazy for you pink thing. You make me want to laugh, you make me want to cry, when I stroke your head I feel a hundred heartbeats high, pink thing.

I want to take you out and show you round the world, pink thing it'll be OK. If I could only wake you from your slumber curled, pink thing what would straight folks say? That man isn't fit to enter heaven. That man is a sinner. Ever burning in disgrace. Pink thing, spit in my face, I'd love you for it.

Anytime you call, I'll fall into madness for you pink thing. You make me want to live. You make me want to die. And when I stroke your head I feel a hundred heartbeats high, pink thing.

I want to take you out and show you to the girls, pink thing they're a whole new tribe. If you could only see the way the way the gingham swirls, pink thing it's a whole new vibe. That man isn't fit to be a father. That man is a sinner. 'Fore they cast me down to die, pink thing, spit in my eye, I'd love you for it. Yes, I'd love you for it.

Any time you rise, I'm here, and I'm crazy for you pink thing. You make me want to laugh, you make me want to cry. And when I stroke your head I feel a hundred heartbeats high, pink thing. Hundred heartbeats high, pink thing. Hundred heartbeats high.

I want to introduce you, take you to the brink thing. I want to introduce you, tell me what you think thing. I want to introduce you, make that missing link thing. Don't you think it's time you met some female pink thing?

You make me want to laugh, you make me want to cry, so why is it I'm happy when there's tears down in your eye? Little pink thing.