

Skinned

Blind Melon

I'll make a shoehorn outta your skin
I'll make a lampshade of durable skin
And oh, don't you know that I'm always feelin' able
When I'm sittin' home and I'm carving out your navel

When will I realize that this skin I'm in
Hey, it isn't mine
And when will the kill be too much meat for me to hide on

Hey, I could really use a couple of hands
To complete one hell of a plant stand
Oh, and don't you know that I'm caught here in the middle
Making rib cages into coffee tables
I'm just makin' em into coffee tables

And when I realize that this skin I'm in
Hey, it isn't mine
And when will the thrill be too much meat for me to find anymore

Oh, because you know I can't hide
But oh how hard I try
But this is just the shape I'm in, oh yeah
And though you know I can't hide
But oh how hard I try
But this is just the shape I'm in