

Skin Is, My

Andrew Bird

My skin is
white as parchment
drier than a downtown office building
where the air is tight
there's time spent
resting on her bones
waiting for the telephone to ring
ba-ring ba-ring ba-ring ...
bo-ring bo-ring bo-ring ...

my skin is
cold as her toes on the bathroom floor
run back to bed and slam the door
oh what a lovely sound
oh how it shakes the ground
oh what a lovely sound
oh what a lovely sound
oh what a lovely sound
oh what a lovely...

skin is my
it's the only thing
that doesn't really fly in my land
and love, oh love
is my love is
it's the only thing that
butterfly in Thailand

let it be printed on every t-shirt in this land
on the finest of cottons and the hippest of brands
in bolder letters than the capital I
it's the only thing, it's the only thing
it's the only lonely, whoa

my skin is
white as parchment
drier than a downtown office building
where the air is tight
there's time spent
waiting for that
macrame bird of prey
to come down and sing
la-ling la-ling la-ling...
oh what a lovely sound
oh how it shakes the ground
oh what a lovely sound
oh how it shakes the ground
oh what a lovely sound

oh what a lovely sound
oh how it shakes the ground
oh what a lovely sound
oh how it shakes the ground
oh what a lovely sound
oh, oh what a lovely sound