

# The Skin of My Yellow Country Teeth

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

Once - The dogs have quit their barking  
"Son," - my neighbor said to me.  
"Know the emptiness of talking blue  
the same old sheep."  
Run - I'll do no more this walking  
Haunted by a past I just can't see  
Anymore  
Anymore

But let me tell you I have never planned  
To let go of the hand that has been  
Clinging by its thick country skin  
To my yellow country teeth

Far - Far away from West Virginia  
I - Will try on New York City  
Explaining that the sky holds the  
Wind the sun rushes in and a child  
With a shotgun can shoot down  
Honeybees that sting  
BUT THIS BOY COULD USE A LITTLE STING!

Who - Will get me to a party?  
Who - Do I have yet to meet?  
You - You look a bit like coffee  
And you taste a bit like me  
How - Can I keep me from moving?  
Now - I need a change of scenery  
Just listen to me I won't pretend to  
Understand the movement of the wind  
Or the waves out in the ocean or how  
Like the hours I change softly slowly  
Plainly blindly oh me oh my!