

Skin

Griffin House

Hanging out in the West Coast town
The medications on my mind
There's a sadness here, I don't want you to find

I been thinking bout how my time is running out, again
You're a comfort to this skin

Hanging out in the Midwest town
There's a mountain between you and I
Shorter than the distance of the emptiness I feel tonight

I been thinking bout how my time is running out, again
You're a comfort to this skin

When I see you shine like the desert to the rose
I can still believe in God I suppose
And my heart goes out for the man
He doesn't want that for his own

Hanging out in the West Coast town
No hesitation in my hand
I fall in your direction but you catch me where I land

I've been thinking bout how our time is running out, again
You're a comfort to this skin