

# 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