

## You Know That Ain't Them Dogs' Real Voices

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Shed your skin girl, shed your skin  
Dance for him like your mother used to  
Just like your father taught you to do  
He couldn't help but laugh at the girl  
Ripping out eyes from his head  
Why don't you believe me?  
When I tell you you're fucking intimidating  
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder  
I am the can that holds dirty water  
I am the canvas you paint with  
I'll be the can that holds dirty water this time  
Mice scratching at the walls in your head  
Mice at the walls in your head  
I am the can that holds dirty water  
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder  
Trust is not a word that dabbles around our block  
Drink it down like you have the strength of fifty men  
Beauty is in the eye of the beholder  
I am the can that holds dirty water  
I am the canvas you paint with  
I am the can that holds dirty water this time  
Luck will hit the habitat  
Luck will hit the habitat  
Mice scratching at the walls in your head  
Mice scratching at the walls in your head  
Funnier every time I see it  
Funnier every time I feel it  
Every time I lose it  
Funnier every time I lose it  
Mice scratching at the walls in your head  
Mice scratching at the walls in our heads  
(inside of me, inside of you)  
Luck will hit the habitat  
(inside of me, inside of you)  
Luck will hit the habitat