

My Skin

Natalie Merchant

take a look at my body
look at my hands
there's so much here
that I don't understand

your face saving promises
whispered like prayers
I don't need them
I don't need them

I've been treated so wrong
I've been treated so long
as if I'm becoming untouchable

contempt loves the silence
it thrives in the dark
with fine winding tendrils
that strangle the heart

they say that promises
sweeten the blow
but I don't need them
no, I don't need them

I've been treated so wrong
I've been treated so long
as if I'm becoming untouchable

I'm a slow dying flower
frost killing hour
the sweet turning sour
and untouchable

o, I need
the darkness
the sweetness
the sadness
the weakness
I need this

I need
a lullaby
a kiss goodnight
angel sweet
love of my life
o, I need this