

Skin And Bones

Owen

Skin and bones, blood and teeth
Well this is essentially, who we are
Hair and clothes, the company we keep
Well this is regrettably, who we are to others

We're all the same, so show, routines
The tall good looking boy at the bar
Won't have to stumble too far to find someone
A new bird every night, he's still not satisfied

Thin skin, thick skulls and awkward limbs
To one unique by fractions of an inch
And we're all ashamed of our vanity
As we should be, 'cause the devil's in the details

We're all the same, so show constrains and emotional cravings
You and me and him and her, and the prettiest girl at the party
Pities those girls who aren't so pretty, but dress nice
She'll go home alone by choice or choose one of the boys
To lay down with, if she's lonely, or horny, or human