

## 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