

Skin

Peter Hammill

There's a shiver down the spine of the body map...
How come everything gets so physical?
With your finger on the pulse
And your head in the clouds
Everything's so tactile
In your private world,
In your little world.

Under the skin you search for paradise,
Under the skin some kind of parasite remains concealed.
Under the skin a true identity, a memory
Will soon be revealed, under the skin.

Hit that button, no time to lose -
Everything's so immediate.
You'd have it all right now
If you got to choose
In your private world,
Such a tiny world.

Under the skin you search for paradise,
Under the skin some kind of parasite remains concealed.
Under the skin a true identity, a memory
Will soon be revealed, under the skin.

Is something out to get you under the skin?
Full of the promise of paradise?
Paradise now?

Everything gets so physical,
Everything's so immediate
In your private world,
Such a tiny world.

Under the skin you search for paradise,
Under the skin some kind of parasite remains concealed.
Under the skin a true identity, a memory
Will soon be revealed, under the skin.

Does something get to you
Under the skin?