

# 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?