

## Fit In My Skin

The Bones

You gotta leave, you gotta go  
We don\'t want you no more  
Don\'t say a word, don\'t turn around  
As you walk right out the door

I\'ve got a face like a bulldog stuck in heat  
Flies fall to the ground death when I breath  
Outcast with a runny nose and my feat have eleven toes  
Weak min and slow, not quite the man of your dreams  
Wish I had penny everytime I heard them scream

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We don\'t want you no more  
Don\'t say a word, don\'t turn around  
As you walk right out the door

I gotta leave, I gotta go  
I\'m not wanted no more  
Last one in, and the first one out  
Like a million times before

Everytime I come around I\'m greeted with a fist  
A Quasimodo with a twist  
Built like a slot machine and I sweat like you won\'t believe  
Weak mind and slow, not quite the man of the year

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As you walk right out the door

I can\'t believe you\'re in the same room as me  
I\'m everything that you don\'t want me to be

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You gotta leave,  
you gotta go ...