

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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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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As you walk right out the door

You gotta leave,
you gotta go ...