

In the middle of a house, in the middle of nowhere
Bodies glide from room to room
I hate these walls
They speak to me
Hey skin like a doll
You're no friend of the family

Catch that light
It falls in suble patterns
It crawls in and tells them when their time is up
And when it's over
He takes her hand, and he kisses her cheek
She's a doll, oh yeah she's his spitting image
Where have you gone
You're still a part of me
Hey skin like a doll
You're no friend of the family

Catch that light
It falls in suble patterns
It crawls in and tells them when their time is up
And now it's over
Where have you gone
You're still a part of me