

The Skin of my Yellow Country Teeth

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

Once - The dogs have quit their barking
"Son," - my neighbor said to me.
"Know the emptiness of talking to
the same old sheep."
Run - I'll do no more this walking
Haunted by a past I just can't see
Anymore
Anymore But let me tell you I have a plan
To let go of the hand that has been
Clinging by its thick country skin
To my yellow country teeth
To my yellow country teeth Far - Far away from West Virginia
I - Will try on New York City
Explaining that the sky holds the
Wind the sun rushes in and a child
With a shotgun can shoot down
Honeybees that sting
BUT THIS BOY COULD USE A LITTLE STING!
Alright Who - Will get me to a party?
Who - Do I have yet to meet?
You - You look a bit like coffee
And you taste a bit like me
How - Can I keep me from moving?
Now - I need a change of scenery
Just listen to me I won't pretend to
Understand the movement of the wind
Or the waves out in the ocean or how
Like the hours I change softly slowly
Plainly blindly oh me oh my!

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