

The Skin Of My Yellow Country Teeth

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah

Once the dogs have quit their barking
Son, my neighbour said to me
Know the emptiness of talking blue 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 never planned
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
A child with a shotgun can shoot down honeybees that sting
Oh this boy could use a little sting
All right 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 little like me
How can I keep 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 in the ocean
Or how like the hours I change softly slowly
Plainly blindly oh me oh my

Songwriters

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