Skin

Rainmakers

(B. Walkenhorst)
Who am I, I don't know, I have no idea
When my friends look at me I wonder who they think they're seeing
Search me, layer by layer
But inside I'm afraid you'll find thin air
Yeah, yes, guess again
Who we might be underneath this skin
What makes me tick? How should I know,
I've been trained like a monkey
The bell rings and I start to jones like a junkie
What turns me on? I wish I knew
Wish I could tell the real thing
My honest desire from my conditioning
Touch me now, now touch me again
I want to feel something real coming through this skin
I've been boxing with my shadow, winded and tagged
I can't punch my way our of a paper bag
It's as thick as you think, thin as the reasoning you bought
I'm a mummy wrapped in a gauze of my own thoughts
And I want to know who I'd be
If I never had bathed in the static, the snow, and the radio wave
The flickering image, the pandering thought
That's been passed off and on
To be the blueprint of God
Hey yes, guess again
Who we might be if we could shed this skin

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