Skin Is, My

Andrew Bird

My skin is white as parchment
Drier than a downtown office building
Where the air is tight
There's time spent, resting on her bones
Waiting for the telephone to ring
Ba-ring, ba-ring, ba-ring
Ba-ring, ba-ring, ba-ring
Ba-ring, ba-ring, ba-ring
Ba-ring, ba-ring, ba-ring
My skin is cold as her toes
On the bathroom floor
Run back to bed and slam the door
Oh, what a lovely sound
Oh, how it shakes the ground
Oh, what a lovely sound
Oh, what a lovely sound
Oh, what a lovely
Skin is my, it's the only thing
That doesn't really fly in my land
And love, oh, love
Is my, love is
It's the only thing that
Butterfly in Thailand
Let it be printed on every T-shirt in this land
On the finest of cottons and the hippest of brands
On bolder letters than the capital I
It's the only thing, it's the only thing
It's the only lonely, whoa
My skin is white as parchment
Drier than a downtown office building
Where the air is tight
There's time spent waiting for that
Macrame bird of prey
To come down and sing
La-ling, la-ling, la-ling
La-ling, la-ling, la-ling
La-ling, la-ling, la-ling
La-ling, la-ling, la-ling
Oh, what a lovely sound

Oh, how it shakes the ground
Oh, what a lovely sound
Oh, how it shakes the ground
Oh, what a lovely sound
Oh, what a lovely sound
Oh, how it shakes the ground
Oh, what a lovely sound
Oh, how it shakes the ground
Oh, what a lovely sound
Oh, oh what a lovely sound

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