Skin

Icehouse

The masquerader in the mirror
appears to be a certain stranger to me
he slips a film of glow through glow on his hand
and paints my features where his face ought to be
young flesh, young frame
slow pulse, no pain
inside my fit on skin
sometimes I wonder just where to begin
I need action
inside my fit on skin
I make a novel of everything
it's like fiction
inside my fit on skin
another side of my twinThe face he fits is unmistakably mine
without a trace he leaves the scene of the crime
the story always reads exactly the same
I need my live protection all the time

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