

Skin Song

Bat for Lashes

I'm a little older now
There's scars and there are frowns
There's memories in the dust
The skin that I live in is cool and paper thin
It's got a swan song to sing I've blushed and I have bruised
Felt the passing of youth
I've bled and I have healed
Held babes in my arms
Counted lovers counted scars
The prayers when I had you Cause I have my time
It dances in the skin when I smile
And for the years that pass me by
My body's an old good friend of mine And when the nerves are warmed
In tiny hairs and rows
In cells that call my name
I feel those echoes out
And you are in the scars under my shirt again Cause I have my time
It dances in the skin when I smile
And for the years that pass me by
My body's an old good friend of mine My body's an old good friend of mine

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