

# Skin Graph

## Silversun Pickups

Little lights  
Are over exposing the highlight  
Marks on the floor  
When aligned right  
Lead to the door of a place that  
Seemed somewhat exposed till now  
Im back  
And punching the air  
A sneak attack  
To disrupt the smear on the laid tracks  
I left when I broke off the pavement  
I still should be the one I suppose  
In a new skin I'm ready to spill  
What I'm never willing to share  
I disable the muscles and bones  
So they won't try  
To walk on the road  
Now I stand here  
Nothing to hide like the new born  
Hungry and wild  
But the ground I want to explore  
Doesn't feel like before  
Cause all I think about is why  
The skin I'm in feels ordinary  
The things that you might like  
Don't grow inside of me  
The skin's alive; it's leaving!  
The skin's alive; it's moving!  
The skin's alive; it's leaving!  
The skin's alive; it moves me  
I want to be next to you  
While you're covering, covering is soft  
And I try to crawl up next to you  
Your covering becomes leather  
Cause all I think about is why  
The skin I'm in feels ordinary  
The things that you might like  
Don't grow inside of me  
The skin's alive; it's leaving!

The skin's alive; it's moving!  
The skin's alive; it's leaving!  
The skin's alive; it moves me

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