

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 ringBa-ring, ba-ring, ba-ring
Ba-ring, ba-ring, ba-ring
Ba-ring, ba-ring, ba-ring
Ba-ring, ba-ring, ba-ringMy 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 lovelySkin 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 ThailandLet 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, whoaMy 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 singLa-ling, la-ling, la-ling
La-ling, la-ling, la-ling
La-ling, la-ling, la-ling
La-ling, la-ling, la-lingOh, 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 soundOh, 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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