

# Napoleon Sheds His Skin (Acoustic Version)

Tom Cochrane

The streets are covered in chalk  
The shops are boarded up  
The bodies are carried back down from the square  
He begins to wonder  
If it always was this hot  
Or is it just the clothes  
That he now wears [Chorus]  
Napoleon sheds his skin  
In the summer when the sun is high  
He never knows when to quit  
When to stop...  
Or when to say die  
Pick the bones, get a tan  
Or wander  
Underground  
She would not have left him anyway  
Wait by the sea, wait in the sun  
As if the time  
Stood still  
Did he get involved  
In whichever side  
That paid [Chorus]... And time stands still behind  
The distant gates  
Time moves on outside in the sun  
Then he wonders which side he's really on  
Then he doesn't care,  
It's so grey in there  
He just wants to get back to her... [Chorus]  
She waits for him by the wharf  
By the sea where they used to go  
She sings a song that they'd sing  
Then waits for the echo... Na... poleon  
Sheds his skin  
Na... poleon  
Sheds his skin  
Na... poleon  
Sheds his skin  
I've got to get out of here  
Can she save me  
I've got to get out of here  
Can she save me  
I've got to get out of here...  
Can you hear me...

Songwriters  
COCHRANE, THOMAS WILLIAMPublished by  
Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>