

Snakeskin

Deerhunter

I was born already nailed to the cross
I was born with a feeling, I was lost
I was born with the ability to talk
I was born with a snake-like walk I was trippin' now on a city cloak
They were separated then with sunlight shrouds
I was born with a crippled man on my back
I was national, I was geographic black I was dreaming of a man with a neon pack
I was dreaming of a man with a heart attack
I lost my marbles all over the pink, pink gauge
I tried to find a cable that was engaged I was lost in that home for the aged and lonely
I cried and I choked, I was sick and I was boney
I was feelin' kinda ill, I was feelin' kinda lonely
The time was erased, yes but, I was so homely

Songwriters

BRADFORD COX Published by

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