

# Skinned

## Blind Melon

I'll make a shoehorn outta your shin  
I'll make a lampshade of durable skin  
And, oh, don't you know that I'm always feelin' able  
When I'm sittin' home and I'm carving out your navel?  
I'm just a sittin' here carving out your navel  
When will I realize that this skin I'm in? Hey, it isn't mine  
And when will the kill be too much meat for me to hide on?  
Hey, I could really use a couple of hands  
To complete one hell of a plant stand  
Oh, and don't you know that I'm caught here in the middle  
Making rib cages into coffee tables?  
I'm just makin' em into coffee tables  
And when will I realize that this skin I'm in? Hey, it isn't mine  
And when will the thrill be too much meat for me to find anymore?

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