

Skin and bone

Hurricanes

Spend my time here as a child, and now I'm passing through here and it's all coming back again.
Dilapidated buildings down on Main. This small town is coming down, and it's hard for me to stay.
And, oh, I, I find after all this time, I am back here filled with all these memories.
Bittersweet, my own skin and bone. This rust has worn through tearing up beneath the seams.
Driving down Salem Avenue. It's all so familiar now, but so many things have changed.
And the rain came down all around. Washed away the industry, washed it to the sea.
And, oh, I, I find after all this time, I am back here filled with all these memories.
Bittersweet, my own skin and bone. This rust has worn through tearing up beneath the seams.
And, oh, I wanted to be in Akron when I was young. Oh, I wanted to be in Akron when I was young.
Ooh, ooh, ooh.

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