

# 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 ring

Ba-ring ba-ring ba-ring . . .

Bo-ring bo-ring bo-ring . . .

My 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 lovely...

Skin 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 Thailand

Let it be printed on every t-shirt in this land

On the finest of cottons and the hippest of brands

In bolder letters than the capital I

It's the only thing, it's the only thing

It's the only lonely, whoa

My 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 sing

La-ling la-ling la-ling...

Oh 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 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>