

Blind Melon, Skinned

I'll make a shoe horn outta your shin,
I'll make a lamp shade of durable skin
And oh, don't you know that i'm always feelin' able
When i'm sittin home here carvin' out your navel
I'm justa sittin' here carvin' 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

OHhhh, 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 table
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

Because you know i can't hide,
But oh how hard i try,
But this is just the shape i'm in
Because i know i can't hide,
But oh how hard i try,
But this is just the shape i'm in