

Crossfade, Dead Skin

So I'm the king of all these things
Of this mess I have made
Such a waste
What a shame
My whole life is a fake
Well I'm a bore and I'm sure
I'm a thorn inside of you
That has torn at you for years
The alcohol, the Demerol,
These things never could replace
What a minute with you could do
To put a smile on my face
Well I'm a bore and I'm sure
I'm a thorn inside of you
That has torn at me for years

I can't get out of this dead skin
I can't shed my skin
Not sure where to begin
I can't get under my dead skin
I can't shed my skin
Can I slip to bed

Phenobarbital and alcohol
These two surely will do
To knock me out
To keep me down
At least a day or two
When I'm awake
I can taste how bitter I've become
And it's more than I can bear
Some days I pray, someone will blow me away
Make it quick, but let it burn
So I can feel my life fade
Well, I'm a waste, and I can taste
How bitter I've become
And it's more than I can bear

I can't get out of this dead skin
I can't shed my skin
Not sure where to begin
I can't get under my dead skin
I can't shed my skin
Can I slip to bed

(I can't shed my skin)
(I can't shed my skin)

I can't get out of this dead skin
Not so well to begin
I can't get under my dead skin
Can I slip to bed

I can't get out of this dead skin
I can't shed my skin
Not so well to begin
I can't get under my dead skin
I can't shed my skin
Can I slip to bed