

# Guided By Voices, Bulldog Skin

I played the part  
I played the start  
I made a table out of clay  
I placed my hands  
Upon the plans  
I waited for a proud display  
I played around  
I heard the sound  
Of certain trouble on the way

I got bulldog skin  
I got bulldog skin

I took a car  
I drove it far  
I dug the quality of steel  
I crashed my nerve  
I made it swerve  
I made it back, was no big deal  
I tasted blood  
A date with scud  
And now I don't know how to feel

Cause I got bulldog skin  
I got bulldog skin  
All right, get wild

I got bulldog skin  
I got bulldog skin

I got bulldog skin  
I got bulldog skin