

Icehouse, Skin

The masquerader in the mirror
Appears to be a total stranger to me
He slips a film of glow through a glove on his hand
And puts my features where his face ought to be
Young flesh, young frame
Slow pulse, no pain

The face he fits is unmistakably mine
Without a trace he leaves the scene of the crime
The story always reads exactly the same
I need my live protection all the time
Young flesh, young frame
Slow pulse, no pain

CHORUS

Inside my fit on skin
Sometimes I wonder just where to begin
I need action, action, action, action
Inside my fit on skin
I make a novel of everything
It's like fiction, fiction, fiction, fiction
Inside my fit on skin
Another side of my twin

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