

# Kirsty McGee, Skin

and with my fingers trace the fine bones of your hand  
the hollow where your fingers meet  
at night i hold you to my heart  
as though your fragile bones might break

and with my tongue i taste the salt upon your face  
where no tear should fall a line i trace  
but i don't understand your skin  
the way it keeps your feelings in

at five o' clock they set the cage birds free  
and they rise into the evening like a holy trinity  
and my bird among them flies  
with the sun in his eyes

oh honey, tell me how the caged bird sings  
with barely room enough to stretch his wings  
for i fear that i should die  
if i had caused a sadness in your eye

and i know i'd miss your skin  
the way it keeps your feelings in

i would surely miss your skin  
the way it keeps your feelings in

i would surely miss your skin