

The Beautiful South, This Old Skin

it was '96 in south carolina,
thats the place and not the goddam year
sittin on the porch out at bobbys place,
just tuggin on a lukewarm beer.
and there i was peepin like an old sidewinder,
just an inch or so above the mud. the first to find out that its rainin
is the last to find out its a flood.

it was paradise valley nevada,
not far from where the west was won.
i am the only black face in the whole damn place
just a raisin in the blazing sun.
and there i am like that old sidewinder,
just wishin that her eggs aint hatched.
and the chain i wear has 'em wishin for the day when it came with a ball attached.

(chorus)

so im gonna move, right outta this town.
this old skin stops weighin me down. this old skin.

(bridge)

he was sittin in the very same spot that otis sat to watch the dock of the bay...
in the very same spot, that the ships rolled in.
now there's nothing but the mud and the clay.

(ch)

im gonna move, right outta this town.
this old skin, is weighing me down.
this old skin.

(instrumental)

outside orlando in the sunshine state
has just upped itself another degree.
i am the very last orange of the whole years crop.
hangin dearly to the branch of the tree.
and the wind and the spring couldn't do anything.
so im burnin in the sun of the south.
that old sidewinder in the dust below,
im just waiting till it opens its mouth.

(ch)

so im gonna move, right outta this town.
when this old skin, finally touches the ground.
this old skin....

(bridge)

he was sittin in the very same spot that otis sat to watch the dock of the bay.
the very same spot the ships rolled in.
now there's nothing but the mud and the clay.

(ch)

now im gonna move, right outta this town.
when this old skin, finally touches the ground... this old skin
this old skin
this old skin
this old skin.