

# The Boomtown Rats, Skin On Skin

Skin on Skin  
Nothing more or less than  
Skin on skin  
I want to lick the sweat off  
Skin on skin  
But don't talk to me about right or wrong

Skin on skin  
I want to cut in deep in  
Skin on skin  
I need to sink my teeth in  
Skin on skin  
But don't talk to me about right or wrong

Skin on skin  
I want to crush your mouth  
And skin on skin  
I want to bruise your lips  
Tell me what do you know about right or wrong

Skin on skin  
I want to scratch your flesh  
And skin on skin  
I need to scrape the bones of  
Skin on skin  
You can't teach me a thing about right or wrong

London stops  
And everything's sweet  
You look out of your window  
But there's no street  
The cars are gone  
The night is dead  
And the dogs have lost their growl  
And the air seems stale  
Cos the lions caged  
It whimpers low  
but the beast has been tamed  
So where's the riot  
It's much too quiet  
And my breath taste like  
Rotten feet  
There's chatter from my window  
But it seems so dead  
And there's no one talking  
But some talking heads  
Yes, tonight we go to sleep  
With the lullabye sound of buildings falling down

Hey d'ya hear the scratch of skin on skin  
Hey d'ya feel the scrape of bone on bone

Things get tight, close to the bone  
We feel fragile tonight  
We don't like us much  
But we can stay warm at least for an hour or two

Skin on skin  
I need to scratch and bleed it  
Skin on skin  
Just the touch and feel of  
Skin on skin  
We don't talk anymore about right or wrong

Skin on skin  
I want to smell the stink of  
Skin on skin  
Hot in the summer heat and  
Skin on skin  
I never open my mouth about right or wrong