

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