

# The Clash, Lose This Skin

Come with me. I won't hide  
We're going on a ride  
We meet each day, use time to see  
While we're young and almost free

I've got to lose this skin I'm imprisoned in  
Got to lose this skin I'm imprisoned in

Do not turn or hate to see  
All the things you think we've got  
Do not turn or hate to see  
What happened to the wife of Lot

We're alone or so they say  
We're not on our own in that way  
When we're alone it's real tough going  
We can take a part in someone else's play

Come with me, I thought he said  
But that's not him anymore, he's dead  
What's it like to be so free  
So free it looks like lost to me