

# Andrew Bird, Skin Is, My

my skin is  
white as parchment  
drier than a downtown office building  
where the air is tight  
there's time spent  
resting on her bones  
waiting for the telephone to ring  
ba-ring ba-ring ba-ring . . .  
bo-ring bo-ring bo-ring . . .

my skin is  
cold as her toes on the bathroom floor  
run back to bed and slam the door  
oh what a lovely sound  
oh how it shakes the ground  
oh what a lovely sound  
oh what a lovely sound  
oh what a lovely...

skin is my  
it's the only thing  
that doesn't really fly in my land  
and love, oh love  
is my love is  
it's the only thing that  
butterfly in Thailand

let it be printed on every t-shirt in this land  
on the finest of cottons and the hippest of brands  
in bolder letters than the capital I  
it's the only thing, it's the only thing  
it's the only lonely, whoa

my skin is  
white as parchment  
drier than a downtown office building  
where the air is tight  
there's time spent  
waiting for that  
macrame bird of prey  
to come down and sing  
la-ling la-ling la-ling...  
oh what a lovely sound  
oh how it shakes the ground  
oh what a lovely sound  
oh how it shakes the ground  
oh what a lovely sound

oh what a lovely sound  
oh how it shakes the ground  
oh what a lovely sound  
oh how it shakes the ground  
oh what a lovely sound  
oh, oh what a lovely sound