

Boy, Skin

All day long she's waiting for the night to ask her out
To be somebody's dancer, to get lost inside a crowd
There's no need to talk, because the music is so loud,
Till a taxi drives her back into a morning full of doubts.

You can feel like a part of something if you're part of the scene
You can make your life look pretty out a little ice and gin,
Wash off the make-up and prepare the aspirin
Well you can get out of this party dress but you can't get out of this skin.

His home is where his heart is at the parties that he rolls.
Tells himself he can't be lonely cause he's never on his own,
But all the friends he makes at night, in the morning they are gone,
And he's left with his four walls, his aching head, his silent phone

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