

# Clap Your Hands Say Yeah, The Skin Of My Yellow

Once the dogs have quit their barking  
Son, my neighbour said to me  
Know the emptiness of talking blue  
The same old sheep

Run, I'll do no more this walking  
Haunted by a past I just can't see  
Anymore, anymore

But let me tell you I never planned  
To let go of the hand that is clinging  
By its thick country skin  
To my yellow country teeth

Far, far away from West Virginia  
I have tried on New York City

Explaining that the sky holds the wind  
The sun rushes in  
A child with a shotgun  
Could shoot down all the bees that sting  
Oh this boy could use a little sting

Who will get me to a party?  
Who do I have yet to meet?  
You, you look a bit like coffee  
And you taste a little like me

How can I keep me from moving?  
Now I need a change of scenery

Just listen to me I won't pretend  
To understand the movement of the wind  
Or the waves of the ocean  
Or how like the hours I change  
Softly, slowly, plainly, blindly oh me oh my