

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