

# Natalie Merchant, My Skin

Take a look at my body  
Look at my hands  
There's so much here that I don't understand  
Your face-saving promises  
Whispered like prayers  
I don't need them  
'cause I've been treated so wrong,  
I've been treated so long  
As if I'm becoming untouchable  
Well, contempt loves the silence, it thrives in the dark  
With fine winding tendrils that strangle the heart  
They say that promises sweeten the blow  
but I don't need them, no I don't need them  
I've been treated so wrong,  
I've been treated so long  
As if I'm becoming untouchable  
I'm a slow-dying flower  
In the frost-killing hour  
Sweet turning sour and untouchable  
I need the darkness, the sweetness, the sadness, the weakness  
Oh I need this  
I need a lullaby, a kiss goodnight, angel, sweet love of my life  
Oh I need this  
I'm a slow-dying flower  
Frost-killing hour  
The sweet turning sour and untouchable  
Do you remember the way that you touched me before  
All the trembling sweetness I loved and adored  
Your face-saving promises  
Whispered liked prayers  
I don't need them  
I need the darkness, the sweetness, the sadness, the weakness  
Oh, I need this  
I need a lullaby, a kiss goodnight, angel, sweet love of my life  
Oh, I need this  
Well is it dark enough  
Can you see me  
Do you want me  
Can you reach me  
Oh, I'm leaving  
Better shut your mouth, and hold your breath  
You kiss me now, you catch your death  
Oh, I mean this  
Oh, I mean this