

Blind Melon

"Skinned"

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I'll make a shoehorn outta your shin
I'll make a lampshade out of durable skin
And oh, don't you know that I'm always feelin' able
When I'm sittin' here carvin' out your naval

When will I realize that this skin I'm in
Hey, it isn't mine
And when will the kill be too much meat for me to
hide... On

Hey, I could really use a couple of hands
To complete one hell of a plant stand
Oh, don't you know that I'm caught here in the middle

Making rib cages into coffee tables
Just amkin' em into coffee tables

And when will I realize that this skin I'm in
Hey, it isn't mine
And when will the kill be too much meat for me to find
anymore

Oh, because
you know I can't hide
But oh how hard I try
But this is just the shape I'm in,
oh yea
And though you know I can't hide
But oh how hard I try
But this is just the shape I'm in

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