

## **Bob Mould** **"Skintrade"**

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Floodlight, arizona / the fire trucks rush in  
Double wide double bed / specks of ceiling paint fall off  
the tin  
And they're standing by / brow begins to moisten as  
you take  
Another hotshot to stiff you up / the room is spinning  
now

That's it, man / inhibitions fall by the wayside  
Happy man / you don't care what's happening  
To you now, it's all one big blur of lights and action  
Later on, you find out  
You've been had, you've been tricked, you're exposed,  
you've got it

Made in the skin trade with your heavy head and heart,  
you fall apart  
And the hole in your arm won't heal the pain you're  
feeling  
Made in the skin trade, darling / every stitch of you has  
been revealed  
And there's nothing left to conceal

Hemispheres so high and mighty / velveteen and chalk  
delight  
You've become the new obsession of everyone that  
you've caressed  
But you can't tell who recognizes you / can't tell who  
knows your face  
Can't tell anything, can't tell anyone what you've done,  
you've got it

Made in the skin trade with your heavy head and heart,  
you fall apart  
And the hole in your arm won't heal the pain you're  
feeling  
Made in the skin trade, darling / every stitch of you has  
been revealed  
And there's nothing left to conceal

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