

Bobs

"Tattoo Me Now"

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I'm not the prisoner of my skin
It's flexible and paper thin
I'm breaking out to let you in
Where I get pierced with a little pin
Little pricks I could hardly feel --
tiny little needles made of steel
I make a statement, hear my cry --
something I'll have past the day that I die
I was inspired by the illustrated man --
I got my first butterfly on my can
I'm running out of room I can't find a place --
I'll have to put the Last Supper on my face
Tattoo, tattoo me now tattoo ow
I can't be buried in a Jewish cemetery --
unless before I die I become very hairy
I can't get a job that means anything --
But I can always get a nipple ring
A pattern of scars filled with ink --
like vacation postcards don't you think?
Running from my ankle all the way to my breast --
is a map of my vacation in the wild wild west

Tattoo, tattoo me now tattoo ow

My body is a canvas -- a picture I control

A gallery of images -- I worship every hole

The back's an empty album -- begging for some art

Dragons, lizards, ancient gods -- only question -- where
to start

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