

Friendly Fires

"Under Our Skin"

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He smokes his last cigarette from the pack.
Shines the whiskey right off his shoes.
He knows there's never any turning back.
Still he grabs his fresh pressed suit.

Gets dressed while the sweat rolls down his chest.
This day could be his last.
It seems like it's all coming too damn quick.
Oh yeah, it's coming fast

Hits the road like a bat straight out of hell.
He rolls the windows down.
I've never seen him cry so well.
I've never seen him frown.

He turns his Frank cassette on high.
Adjusts his car seat up.
Sings along to that "New York" lullaby.

[Chorus:]
It's times like these that we will fight.
It's over and it's under our skin.
Now darling tell me
That we're alright

She waits for him in the hearse
While trying to find some red lipstick that will
Compliment her skirt and match her ugly purse-onality
Is out of line. I think she'd be just fine,
Not knowing the meaning of a dime.
(OH NO!) He's running out a time.

Hits the brakes when arriving to the scene.
His bow-tie's drenched in sweat. These days are few
and far between.
He's throwing up regret. She struts up to his car and
smiles,
Kisses one last time, says "Pray for me when I go on
trial."

