

Toadies "Dollskin"

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In the middle of the house,
In the middle of nowhere.
Bodies glide from room to room.
Ahhh!!

I hate these walls,
They speak to me.
Hey skin like a door, you're no friend...
Of the family.
Catch that light, yeaah.
It falls in subtle patterns.
Crawls in, and tells them when their time is up,
And when it's over.
He takes her hand, and kisses her cheek.
She's a doll, oh yeah.
She's a spitting image.

Well you God, you're still a part of me.
Hey skin like a door, you're no friend...
Of the family.
Catch that light, it falls in subtle patterns.
Crawls in and tells them when their time is up,
And when it's over.
When it's over. When it's over.

Now it's over!!
Now it's over!

Catch that light, yeah, that falls in subtle patterns,
Yeahh...that crawls in and tells them when their time is
up,
And when it's over.
It's still a part of me.

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