

Boy "Skin"

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All day long she's waiting for the night to ask her out
To be somebody's dancer, to get lost inside a crowd
There's no need to talk, because the music is so loud,
Till a taxi drives her back into a morning full of doubts.

You can feel like a part of something if you're part of
the scene
You can make your life look pretty add a little ice and
gin,
Wash off the make-up and prepare the aspirin
Well you can get out of this party dress but you can't
get out of this skin.

His home is where his heart is at the parties that he
rolls.
Tells himself he can't be lonely cause he's never on his
own,
But all the friends he makes at night, in the morning
they are gone,
And he's left with his four walls, his aching head, his
silent phone

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Well you can get out of this party dress but you can't
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To be somebody's dancer...

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Well you can get out of this party dress but you can't
get out of
Feeling like you are part of something if you are part of

the scene

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Wash off the make-up and prepare the aspirin

Well you can get out of this party dress but you can't
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