

## Natalie Merchant "My Skin"

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Take a look at my body  
Look at my hands  
There's so much here that I don't understand  
Your face say these promises  
Whispered like prayers  
I don't need them  
Because I've been treated so wrong  
I've been treated so long  
As if I'm becoming untouchable  
Well, content loves the silence  
It thrives in the dark  
With fine winding tendrils  
That strangle the heart  
They say that promises sweeten the blow  
But I don't need them, no  
I don't need them  
I've been treated so wrong  
I've been treated so long  
As if I'm becoming untouchable  
I'm the slow dying flower  
In the frost killing hour  
Sweet turning sour and untouchable  
Oh, I need the darkness  
The sweetness  
The sadness  
The weakness  
Oh, I need this  
I need a lullaby

A kiss good night  
Angel sweet love of my life  
Oh, I need this  
I'm the slow dying flower  
In the frost killing hour  
Sweet turning sour and untouchable  
Do you remember the way that you touched me before  
All the trembling sweetness I loved and adored  
Your face saving promises whispered like prayers  
I don't need them  
Oh, I need the darkness  
The sweetness  
The sadness

The weakness  
Oh, I need this  
I need a lullaby  
A kiss good night  
Angel sweet love of my life  
Oh, I need this  
Well is it dark enough  
Can you see me  
Do you want me  
Can you reach me  
Oh, I'm leaving  
You better shut your mouth  
And hold your breath  
And kiss me now  
And catch your death  
Oh, I mean this  
Oh, I mean this

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