

The Clash

"Lose This Skin"

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(Tymon Dogg)

Come with me. I won't hide
We're going on a ride
We meet each day, use time to see
While we're young and almost free

I've got to lose this skin I'm imprisoned in
Got to lose this skin I'm imprisoned in

Do not turn or hate to see
All the things you think we've got
Do not turn or hate to see
What happened to the wife of Lot

We're alone or so they say

We're not on our own in that way
When we're alone it's real tough going
We can take a part in someone else's play

Come with me, I thought he said
But that's not him anymore, he's dead
What's it like to be so free
So free it looks like lost to me

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