

Owen "Skin and Bones"

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Skin and bones
Blood and teeth
Well this is essentially
Who we are.

Hair and clothes
The company we keep
Well this regrettably
Who we are to others.

We've all the same social routines
The tall good looking boy at the bar
Won't have to stumble too far
To find someone.
A new bird every night.
He's still not satisfied.

Thin skin thick skulls and awkward limbs
Each one unique by fractions of an inch.
And we're all ashamed of our vanity
As we should be cause the devil's in the details.

We've all the same social
Constraints and emotional cravings
You and me and him and her

And the prettiest girl at the party
Pities those girls who aren't so pretty, but dress nice.
She'll go home alone, by choice
Or choose one of the boys to lay down with
If she's lonely, or horny, or human.

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