

Clarks, The "Soul and Skin"

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I just read your letter
That bled from your pen
Lest I forget I've been let go

I'm a long gone player
In this theatre of the absurd
We sang the score and kept the sour notes

It was a kick in the shins
To drag me through it again
You ripped a fault line into my soul and skin

If you get this message
I figured it out
You locked the door but won't let it close

Just tossed your letter
In a ball on the floor
Next to the pissed in cat box on the dirty oak

It was a kick in the shins
To drag me through it again
You ripped a fault line into my soul and skin

It was a kick in the shins
To drag me through it again
You twist heel in the ground
To push me further down
You ripped a fault line into my soul and skin

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