

## Andrew Bird "Skin Is, My"

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My skin is white as parchment  
Drier than a downtown office building  
Where the air is tight  
There's time spent, resting on her bones  
Waiting for the telephone to ring

Ba-ring, ba-ring, ba-ring  
Ba-ring, ba-ring, ba-ring  
Ba-ring, ba-ring, ba-ring  
Ba-ring, ba-ring, ba-ring

My skin is cold as her toes  
On the bathroom floor  
Run back to bed and slam the door  
Oh, what a lovely sound  
Oh, how it shakes the ground  
Oh, what a lovely sound  
Oh, what a lovely sound  
Oh, what a lovely

Skin is my, it's the only thing  
That doesn't really fly in my land  
And love, oh, love  
Is my, love is  
It's the only thing that  
Butterfly in Thailand

Let it be printed on every T-shirt in this land  
On the finest of cottons and the hippest of brands  
On bolder letters than the capital I  
It's the only thing, it's the only thing  
It's the only lonely, whoa

My skin is white as parchment  
Drier than a downtown office building  
Where the air is tight  
There's time spent waiting for that  
Macrame bird of prey  
To come down and sing

La-ling, la-ling, la-ling  
La-ling, la-ling, la-ling

La-ling, la-ling, la-ling  
La-ling, la-ling, la-ling

Oh, what a lovely sound  
Oh, how it shakes the ground  
Oh, what a lovely sound  
Oh, how it shakes the ground  
Oh, what a lovely sound

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Oh, how it shakes the ground  
Oh, what a lovely sound  
Oh, how it shakes the ground  
Oh, what a lovely sound  
Oh, oh what a lovely sound

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