

# My Skin

Natalie Merchant

Take a look at my body, look at my hands  
There's so much here that I don't understand  
Your face-saving promises whispered like prayers  
I don't need them 'Cause I've been treated so wrong  
I've been treated so long  
As if I'm becoming untouchable  
Well, contempt 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  
I'm the frost killing hour  
The sweet turning sour and untouchable Oh, I need the darkness, the sweetness  
The sadness, the weakness  
Ooh, I need this  
I need a lullaby, a kiss goodnight  
Angel sweet love of my life  
Oh, I need this  
I'm a slow dying flower  
Frost killing hour  
The 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 I need the darkness, the sweetness  
The sadness, the weakness  
Ooh, I need this  
I need a lullaby, a kiss goodnight  
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?  
Or I'm leaving  
You better shut your mouth, and hold your breath  
And kiss me now, or catch your death  
Oh, I mean this Oh, I need this

