

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

