The Skin

All

She's a fat girl
You could never love that girl
You and all your skinny friends makin' jokes at her expense
Cracks about her backside, its resemblance to an elephant's

Does it feel good to tear her down?
Take her, make her less than human
She's heard every word and
She can't help the skin she's in

He's a black boy
You wouldn't want to be that boy
He's a jive talkin', ghetto dwellin', streetcorner crack sellin
'
Welfare cheatin', pickaninny eatin' watermelon

Does it feel good to tear him down?
Take him, make him less than human
He's heard every word and
He can't help the skin he's in

We are the ugly, the weak and the wrong
Trapped in your world where you won't let us belong
When you cut me with your eyes
You know I die a million times
I'm still alive

You're lovely
But deep inside I know you're ugly
Though your face displays the promise of a Venus or Adonis
Still your fragile bleeding ego takes its pain out on the rest
of us

And it feels good to tear you down
Sue me, I'm only human
That only makes it worse, 'cause
You can't help the skin you're in

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