

# Skinned

Blind Melon

I'll make a shoehorn outta your skin  
I'll make a lampshade of durable skin  
And oh, don't you know that I'm always feelin' able  
When I'm sittin' home and I'm carving out your navel

When will I realize that this skin I'm in  
Hey, it isn't mine  
And when will the kill be too much meat for me to hide on

Hey, I could really use a couple of hands  
To complete one hell of a plant stand  
Oh, and don't you know that I'm caught here in the middle  
Making rib cages into coffee tables  
I'm just makin' em into coffee tables

And when I realize that this skin I'm in  
Hey, it isn't mine  
And when will the thrill be too much meat for me to find anymore

Oh, because you know I can't hide  
But oh how hard I try  
But this is just the shape I'm in, oh yeah  
And though you know I can't hide  
But oh how hard I try  
But this is just the shape I'm in