

Your Skin

Chuck Prophet

Moon on the water
Home of the king
I'll meet you in the shade of the
Eucalyptus tree
Don't want to take you over
I just want to crawl inside
Your skin, your skin
Like a spoon of honey
Dripping down my throat
Kind of makes me wonder what you're
Hiding in that coat
It's not the way you move your hips
It's not the clothes you wear

It's your skin, your skin
You gonna need some protection, baby
I like the skin on your thigh
I like the skin on your nose
But it's that skin around your wrist
That makes me want you most
Don't want to take you over
I just want to crawl inside
Your skin, your skin
Your skin, your skin