

Skin

Dijon

You're dressing like a Sunday morning
And your eyes look like, little islands in the light
Hazel and light green
On white sheets

You're grinning like a Friday night
And you're smiling like, you know what you like
I think I do know you well
I know you well

We come alive in the evening
With heat and wet skin
And our bodies are tossed and turned
Tangled up in it

I come alive when you tease me
With heat and wet skin
Flesh and bone turned
Flesh and bone turned
The weight of you close to me

You hold me like a prized possession
That's close
Our bodies, unfurl like smoke
We twist and we curl like smoke

Fever out
We're burning now
Holler out
We holler out 'til hollowed out

We come alive in the evening
With heat and wet skin
And our bodies are tossed and turned
Tangled up in it

I come alive when you tease me
With heat and wet skin
Flesh and bone turned
So much flesh and bone turned
The weight of you in the evening
Your wet skin
Our bodies are tossed and turned
Tangled up in it

I come alive when you tease me
With heat and wet skin
Your body's close
And your body's close
The weight of you