

# 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