

The Body Is A Stairway Of Skin

Over the Rhine

The body is a stairway of skin You open the door I let you in Carry your story through the thick and thin I feel the angels dancing on a pin

They dance

The body is a book of matches A little fire is required of this kindling flame Ohio Blue Tip Strike Anywhere Strike me Anywhere

Strike me

The body is a hallway of mirrors You have to jump and a net will appear You can see there are so many of us here Breaking is the one thing we all fear Breaking is the one thing

Break it down

(Break me down like the quiet part of a song I assure you this won't take that long)

The body is an apple on a tree The body is an apple on the very first tree Ripe round forbidden Ripe round

Shake it down