

The Skin (Buddy Mondlock)

I can feel something happen
When skin touches skin
Like the border between us is still there
But it's thin

Still I need that thin difference
At the threshold of you
Where the dreaming is ended
And the rest is all true

CHORUS

The borderline, the interface
The map of time, the knowing place
The edge of light and heat and touch
The fabric of nothing and too much
The skin
The skin
The skin

I follow the contours
Every shadow and curve
The whole world begins
At the ending of a nerve
On this field of sensation
I am tracing the night
Until I'm surrounded
By the pressure of your light

CHORUS (2X)

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