

Skintrade

Bob Mould

Floodlight, Arizona, the fire trucks rush in
Double wide double bed, specks of ceiling paint fall off the tin
And they're standing by, brow begins to moisten as you take
Another hotshot to stiff you up, the room is spinning now

That's it, man, inhibitions fall by the wayside
Happy man, you don't care what's happening
To you now, it's all one big blur of lights and action
Later on, you find out
You've been had, you've been tricked, you're exposed, you've got it

Made in the skin trade with your heavy head and heart, you fall apart
And the hole in your arm won't heal the pain you're feeling
Made in the skin trade, darling, every stitch of you has been revealed
And there's nothing left to conceal

Hemispheres so high and mighty, velveteen and chalk delight
You've become the new obsession of everyone that you've caressed
But you can't tell who recognizes you, can't tell who knows your face
Can't tell anything, can't tell anyone what you've done, you've got it

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