

Broken Skin

Graham Parker

It's not surprising
That you have all those wounds
They're advertising
The things that you've been through
It's tantalizing
To psychoanalyze
We're all downsizing
What we do with our lives

There's not enough money
In this whole world
To pay for a break or two
There's not enough armor in a suit of mail
Your broken skin's not black or blue
But damaged just the same
And who does not feel fractured too
Like broken skin
Broken skin

The sun's not rising
Upon your burned out shell
Still exercising
The things you don't do well
It's not enterprising
To grapple with the past
You're past surmising
How long the past can last

There's not enough trees
You can hide behind
Not enough walls to climb
Not enough cracks in the paving stones
Your broken skin's not black or blue
But damaged just the same
And who does not feel fractured too
Like broken skin
Broken Skin

There's not enough money
In this whole world
To pay for a break or two
There's not enough armor in a suit of mail
Your broken skin's not black or blue
But damaged just the same
But who does not feel fractured too
Like broken skin
Broken skin

Broken skin
Broken skin
Broken skin