

Marika Hackman - Skin

Tom: B

Verse 1:

Abm Ebm
I'm jealous of your neck
A Dbm
That narrow porcelain plinth of flesh
Abm Ebm
It gets to hold your head
A Dbm Ab
And I'd rather perform the task instead
I'll use my hands

Verse 2:

Abm Ebm
You told me of your heart
A Dbm
The cold tile cavern bathed in dark
Abm Ebm
And earthy roots hanging from within
A Dbm Ab
To shed some light the fire must get in

Chorus:

A searing pulse
E Gb Abm
I'm a fever in your chest
E Gb Abm
The burning sun I'm west

Verse 3:

Abm Ebm
I, I am too naive
A Dbm Abm
Your lunar strands were lit in red and green
Ebm
A captivating scene
A Dbm Ab
A portion of myself was lost to me

Chorus:

But I'm not dead
E Gb Abm
Just a harbour no one's in
E Gb Abm
An empty salt filled skin

Acordes

