

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

