Bat For Lashes, Skin Song

I'm a little older now
There's scars and there are frowns
There's memories in the dust
The skin that I live in is cool and paper thin
It's got a swan song to sing

I've blushed and I have bruised Felt the passing of youth I've bled and I have healed Held babes in my arms Counted lovers counted scars The prayers when I had you

Cause I have my time It dances in the skin when I smile And for the years that pass me by My body's an old good friend of mine

And when the nerves are warmed In tiny hairs and rows In cells that call my name I feel those echoes out And you are in the scars under my shirt again

Cause I have my time It dances in the skin when I smile And for the years that pass me by My body's an old good friend of mine

My body's an old good friend of mine