











# My Skin

Words and Music by  
Natalie Merchant

Moderately

Guitar → *Em* (capo 1st fret)  *Bm*  *C*  *G*  *Am* 






Piano → *Fm*  *Cm*  *D♭*  *A♭*  *B♭m* 






Ah, \_\_\_\_\_ ah, \_\_\_\_\_

*mp*

with pedal













*D*  *Em*  *Bm*  *C*  *G* 

*E♭*  *Fm*  *Cm*  *D♭*  *A♭* 

\_\_\_\_\_ ah, \_\_\_\_\_ ah, \_\_\_\_\_

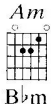


*D*  *Em*  *Bm*  *C*  *G* 

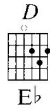
*E♭*  *Fm*  *Cm*  *D♭*  *A♭* 

Take a look at my bod - y; look at my hands.  
tempt loves the si - lence; it thrives in the dark, with





Bbm



Eb

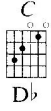


Fm

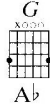


Cm

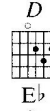
There's so much here that I don't un - der - stand. Your face sav - ing prom - i - ses  
 fine wind - ing ten - drils that stran - gle the heart. They say that prom - i - ses



Db



Ab

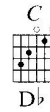


Eb

whis - pered like prayers. I don't need them, 'cause } I've been  
 sweet - en the blow. But I don't need them, no, I don't need them.



Fm



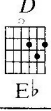
Db



Ab

treat - ed so wrong, I've been treat - ed so long, as if I'm be - com - ing un -

1.

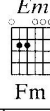


Eb

2.



Eb



Fm

touch - a - ble. Well, com - touch - a - ble. I'm a slow dy - ing flower,

C



D $\flat$

G



A $\flat$

D



E $\flat$

frost kill - ing hour, sweet turn - ing sour and un - touch - a - ble.

Em



Fm

Am



Cm

C



D $\flat$

G



A $\flat$

Am



B $\flat$ m

Ooh,

D



E $\flat$

Em



Fm

Bm



Cm

C



D $\flat$

G



A $\flat$

ooh,

D



E $\flat$

Em



Fm

ooh.

Oh, I need the dark - ness, the sweet - ness, the

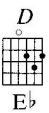
*mf*



D $\flat$



A $\flat$



E $\flat$

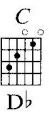
sad - ness, the weak - ness.

Oh, I need — this.

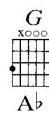
I need a



F $\flat$ m



D $\flat$

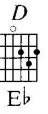


A $\flat$

lull - a - by, a kiss good - night,

an - gel, sweet love of my life. —

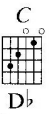
Oh, I



E $\flat$



F $\flat$ m



D $\flat$

need this.

I'm the slow dy - ing flower, —

frost kill - ing hour, the

*mp*



A $\flat$

sweet turn - ing sour and un - touch - a - ble.

Do you re -

Em

Bm

C

G

Am



Fm

Cm

D $\flat$

A $\flat$

B $\flat$ m

mem - ber the way that you touched me be - fore, all the trem - bl - ing sweet - ness I

D

Em

Bm

C

G



E $\flat$

Fm

Cm

D $\flat$

A $\flat$

loved and a - dored? Your face sav - ing prom - i - ses whis - pered like prayers, I don't

D

N.C.

Em

E $\flat$

Fm

need them. I need the dark - ness, the sweet - ness, the dark e - nough? Can you see me? Do you

C

G

D



D $\flat$

A $\flat$

E $\flat$

sad - ness, the weak - ness. Oh, I need — this. I need a want me? Can you reach me? Or I'm leav - in'. You bet - ter

Em

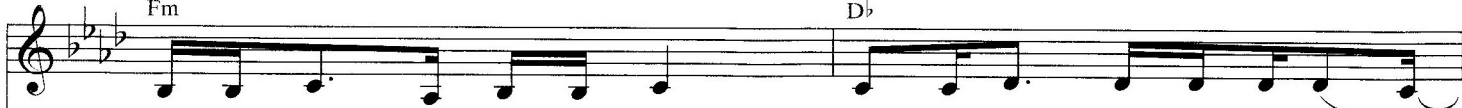


Fm

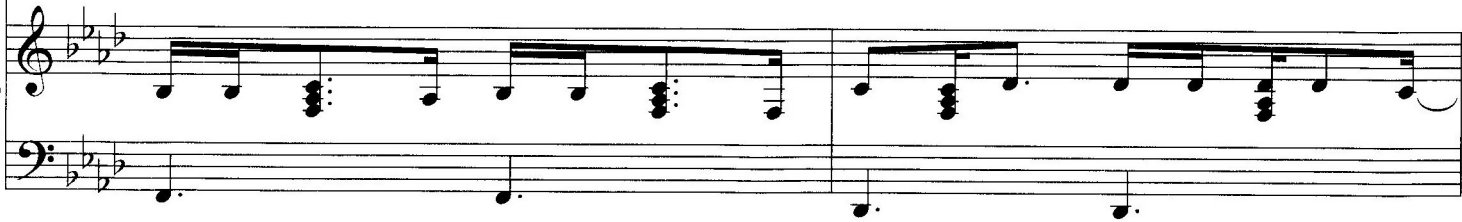
C



D<sup>b</sup>



lull - a - by, a kiss good - night, an - gel, sweet love of my life. ———  
shut your mouth and hold your breath. Kiss me now, you'll catch your death. ———



G



A<sup>b</sup>

1.

D



E<sup>b</sup>

2.

D



E<sup>b</sup>



Oh, I need this. Well, is it mean it.



Em



Fm

C



D<sup>b</sup>

G

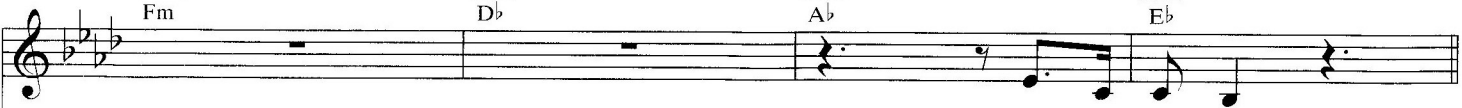


A<sup>b</sup>

D



E<sup>b</sup>



Oh, I need this.



Em



Fm

C



D<sup>b</sup>

G



A<sup>b</sup>

D



E<sup>b</sup>

Repeat and fade

