

Guided By Voices, Bulldog Skin

I played the part
I played the start
I made a table out of clay
I placed my hands
Upon the plans
I waited for a proud display
I played around
I heard the sound
Of certain trouble on the way

I got bulldog skin
I got bulldog skin

I took a car
I drove it far
I dug the quality of steel
I crashed my nerve
I made it swerve
I made it back, was no big deal
I tasted blood
A date with scud
And now I don't know how to feel

Cause I got bulldog skin
I got bulldog skin
All right, get wild

I got bulldog skin
I got bulldog skin

I got bulldog skin
I got bulldog skin