

Blind Melon, 2X4

I'm talkin', I'm talkin'
I'm talkin' to myself more
Needle, fetal
Someone's pouring warm gravy all over me
And you see that synthetic therapy
Don't you know it seems to be so unappealing
But, oh what a feeling
But I wish that you would stop
Spitting when you're talking to me
And inside, air dry
I might want to go another way
But you see now I'm too pale to get out
Into the lovely light of day

Oh, I'll do anything that you say
Oh, I'll do anything that you say
But I wish you would stop
Spitting when you're talking to me
I'm talkin' to myself more
1x1
Man to man
Stand to stand
2x4
Talkin' to myself