

# Blind Melon, St. Andrews Fall

Big stretch and not much sleep  
I got a couple of plum trees on each side of my cheek  
And it's a bright blue Saturday  
And the rummage sells the rubbish to me  
But if I could buy the sky that's hangin'  
Over this bed of mine  
If I could climb these vines  
And maybe see what you're seein'  
If you were standing on the corner staring straight  
Into the eyes of Jesus Christ  
One porch, one dog, one cockroach only way to be  
I got sewage fruit and it's growing out back from roots  
I don't know if they belong to me  
But if I could buy the sky that's hangin'  
Over this bed of mine  
And if I could climb these vines  
and maybe see what you're seein'  
Sittin' at the edge of this building,  
Twenty stories below,  
A' twenty stories below  
Twenty stories below  
Twenty stories below  
I can't tell you how many ways that I've sat,  
And viewed my life today, but I can tell you  
I don't think that I can find easier way  
So if I see you walking hand in hand in hand  
With a three armed man, you know I'll understand  
But you should have been in my shoes yesterday  
You should have been in my shoes yesterday