

Blind Melon, Hallo Goodbye

I'm entering a frame
Bombarded by indecision
Where a man like me
Can easily let the day get out of control
Down this far in the quarter
I'm pushed hard upon the border
But I'd rather be caught `round now
Rather than, oh say, `round the month of June
But if I can leave alittle bit of explanation
Then anywher in the worl I choose to go
I'll have it made