

# Blind Melon, Tickled Pink

Little children play  
oh and then they grow up, throw up looking at the world that we've made  
soon be oh so still  
because you may find the killing time this time of year  
can't anybody see this ain't the way it is supposed to be  
ohh  
the fear, the mirror, the old \*heather trees\*  
and me

feelin pretty small  
oh I'm a mole in my own hole  
my bellys yellow underneath  
oh and im pissed at the way you \*took me\*  
everyday that ive been told  
this isnt what my two hands hold  
ohh  
the fear, the mirror, the old \*heather\* of dreams  
is all I need

hey there mr.tattle tale  
youve got a lot of nerve  
to be going round and selling me  
out the \*bed\* cigarettes  
oh and im \*home\* relaxin  
crossin all my t's  
Oh but I know better  
before im pretty please  
you wont see me shudder  
too busy shivering  
oh yeah  
shivering  
shivering  
shiverin(repeatedly)