

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)