

# Blind Melon, Toeas Across The Florr

Doesn't anybody feel  
That all these killers should be killed  
All these healers should be healed  
So all these beggers can be filled  
Now tell me why am I to lie  
If I'm holding firm and feel the right  
to lie down beside this dog of mine  
And let that perverted though really run through my mind  
I'd scrape my toes across the floor  
This day's the same as those before  
And though inside I'm feeling giddy  
Always wrong for never giving myself an uninvaded door  
So now I'll take a little glue  
I'll put together a new glittered room for you  
So I can start sitting so pretty  
Instead of sitting here not seein' clear  
Just sitting here not fittin' here  
No things ain't fittin' here  
I'll just lay my head down beside this God of mine  
And let that perverted thought burn a hole in my mind  
And if I can't lay my head beside this God of mine  
Maybe the Hunter's dog called God  
Could be a friend in time