

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