

Dumptruck

Blind Melon

New York City soothing my itchy itchy month of May
Time has passed for Ms. Onassis, decay on display

I don't want to go down
I don't want to go down
I don't want to go down - like she did

And I can't understand why something
good's got to die before we miss it

Mumbled talk through pigeon park
And Hastings is wasting away
religiously they seem to sin
Buy, sell or trade for amens

I just don't want to feel
I just don't want to feel
I just don't want to feel - like they feel

Hollow body for sound, trade a coat for a gown

Way up in my arms you know
I love you just a little bit more

Raisin' nose down to chin
Smoke after smoke they all trickle in
Anything, for anything, and ending up with nothing

Simple pimpled young man
Sores all over his hands
He's sleeping, not so silently

I'll mop the floors for you all
I'm a fly on the wall
Really big and listening

Burned a hand of a friend of mine
And Bub I know that you could fly a mile high
You told me nothing's ever gonna come between
Nothing's ever gonna come between
Nothing's ever gonna come between

My dumptruck and me