

# Hell

Blind Melon

I have no fingertips  
They were burned away from too many stove trips  
Can't find no fingernails  
I ate them off cause I was hungry as hell

Can't read, can't clear my mind  
So here I go I've got to get into this lifetime  
I think I'm gonna build a fence  
To keep inside what little sense  
The sense of taste  
The sense of smell  
The sense to sit here and feel like hell  
To feel like hell

The sun, the moon, the stars  
Is that what you're thinking that you are  
As I'll disintegrate over time  
If I expect my Body to try and keep up with my mind  
Today everything's mine  
Today everything's mine  
Today everything's mine