

# The Pusher

Blind Melon

Snow flakes rolling over my car, goose bumbing weather  
If I'm hungry at 4:30 in the morning,  
Pink dot will deliver  
And I'm oh so tired of you pushing that thorny crown  
Down onto my head so hard,  
My knees are two inches in the ground  
And I said, God damn, God damn that Bible pushin' man

You know I smoked a lot of grass and I've popped a lot of pills  
But I've never done nothing that my spirit couldn't kill  
And I walk around with these tombstones in my eyes  
But I know the pusher don't care, if you live or if you die

And I said, God damn, God damn that Bible pushin' man  
Godamn, Godamn, Godamn, Godamn, God damn