

## 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