

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