

Paper Scratcher

Blind Melon

Shuffle can to can nobody really gives a damn
For every living day I give myself a hand
Now I'm scratchy as can be
I got all you normals looking at me
I'll scratch a hole in my life so everyone can see
My mind is a mind that I have come to know
And my eyes can't conceive a world that can not grow
And Fridays are always fresh days
Screamin' at the sun, don't really
Know what he has done
He don't believe in God and a world as one
So he rambles through the weeds
And he will sleep beneath the trees
And on the day I die, Thank God my soul will be released
I've seen all your eyes
And I've seen all your faces
Can you tell me honestly that you wanna be free?
Then look in my eyes I've been lots of places
Can you tell me honestly that you'd want to be me
Would you wanna be me?