

## Soup

## Blind Melon

The clothesline of cold eyes  
is washing away the face before  
Now tell me what's wrong you see everyone's gone  
You gotta do your best to decorate this dying' day  
This dying' day

All over a bowl of bitter beans  
All over a bowl of bitter beans

And outside way, way up high I got a quarter moon mist  
hanging' over me  
And now, I want that rocking chair outta there  
Cause he's no longer living here  
It's no longer needed here

All over a bowl of bitter beans  
All over a bowl of bitter beans

And I got a corner store and that's all the more  
For me to praise upon the holidays  
And now I'll close my eyes really, really tight  
and make you all go away,  
I'll make you all go all go away

And I'll pull the trigger and make it all go away