

## **Blind Melon "Lemonade"**

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There's such a thing as self opinion  
And this far down south I have no self-control  
If anybody else feels like a nobody  
Well then you're gonna have to look out for you

I'll color green, everything believed in  
But I keep screaming for my glass of lemonade

I walk around and it feels good to be movin'  
The breeze that's blowin' through cannot be found  
Jump on the trolley that's headed for all the hollering  
And then you're gonna have to look out for you

In desperate need of a little more religion  
To nurse your God like point of view

Flying, flying  
Fool on the sheet roof you gotta lay down in your ruins  
The river flowin' by, is way too big to bound  
If I should speak up, and say hello Mr. Uppercut  
Oh, how nice to have avoided you

I'll bloody bleed on everything I'm seeing  
But I keep screaming for that glass of lemonade

Too much, too much, too much lemonade  
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