

Blind Melon "Paper Scratcher"

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Shuffle can to can nobody really gives a damn
For every living day I give myself a hand
Now I'm scroungy as can be
I got all you normals looking at me
I'll scratch a hole in my life, so everyone can see

And my mind is a mind that I have come to know
And my eyes can't conceive a world that cannot 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
Seeing he will sleep beneath the trees

And my mind is a mind that I have come to know
And my eyes can't conceive a world that cannot grow

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

Will you want to be me?
Honestly, honestly

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