

Blind Melon

"Time"

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Said all these people they won't leave me alone

And we need, a little time to ourselves

And half the reasons why

I'm sketchin' all the time

The result of a life in this hell

But oh well, I think it's time

My faith is falling like the leaves from a tree

The pockets both take it away

The sun warms my body as I'm

Sittin' on a swing watching

Columbus clouds bring in the rain

Oh well I think it's time

Its time to go

My mind is playing tricks on me all the time

To let you know that I am real

And all the worries you build

Up inside your soul

The ones that make your world stand still

Mean you can feel, that it's time to go..

Are you fed up, Are you fed up with me?

Do you think you could do better?

Do you think that I know better?

Do they think that they know better?

Five fed up faces with the itch to kill a king

Blood red sunshine, and a breath to air that's clean

I drink from the faucet

From the porch I take a pee

I look at you through the bushes

Where you can't see me

I laugh and slip into another state of mind

To let you know that I am real

And all the worries you build up inside your soul

The ones that make your world stand still

Means you can feel, that it's time to go

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