

Melon Blind

"Dumptruck"

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New York City soothing my itchy itchy month of May

Time has passed for Ms. Onassis, decay on display

I don't want to go down

I don't want to go down

I don't want to go down - like she did

And I can't understand why something

good's got to die before we miss it

Mumbled talk through pigeon park

And Hastings is wasting away

religiously they seem to sin

Buy, sell or trade for amens

I just don't want to feel

I just don't want to feel

I just don't want to feel - like they feel

Hollow body for sound, trade a coat for a gown

Way up in my arms you know

I love you just a little bit more

Raisin' nose down to chin

Smoke after smoke they all trickle in

Anything, for anything, and ending up with nothing

Simple pimpled young man

Sores all over his hands

He's sleeping, not so silently

I'll mop the floors for you all

I'm a fly on the wall

Really big and listening

Burned a hand of a friend of mine

And Bub I know that you could fly a mile high

You told me nothing's ever gonna come between

Nothing's ever gonna come between

Nothing's ever gonna come between

My dumptruck and me

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