

Lemonade

Blind Melon

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

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