

# Hell

## Blind Melon

I have no fingertips, they were burned away from too many stove trips  
Can't find no fingernails, I ate them off 'cause I was hungry as hell  
Can't read, can't clear my mind  
So here I go and I get into this lifetime  
Well I think I'm gonna build a fence  
To keep inside what little sense  
The sense of taste, the sense of smell  
The sense to sit here and feel like hell, feel like hell

The sun, the moon, the stars  
Is that what you're thinking that you are  
As I'll disintegrate over time  
If I expect my body to try and keep up with my mind  
Oh today everything's mine  
Today everything's mine  
Today everything's mine

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