

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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