St Andrew's Fall

Blind Melon

Big stretch and not much sleep
I got a couple of plam trees on each side of my cheek
And it's a bright blue Saturday
And the rummage sells the rubbish to meBut if I could buy the sky that's hangin'
Over this bed of mine
If I could climb these vines
And maybe see what you're seein'If you were standing on the corner staring straight
Into the eyes of Jesus ChristOne porch, one dog, one cockroach only way to be
I got sewage fruit and it's growing out back from roots
I don't know if they belong to me
But if I could buy the sky that's hangin'Over this bed of mine
And if I could climb these vines
and maybe see what you're seein'Sittin' at the edge of this building,
Twenty stories below,
A' twenty stories below
Twenty stories below
Twenty stories belowI can't tell you how many ways that I've sat,
And viewed my life today, but I can tell you
I don't think that I can find easier way
So if I see you walking hand in hand in hand
With a three armed man, you know I'll understand(Pockets full of crappiness
Can't piece together my day
So I pose myself this question
Maybe sleeps gonna get me in the shade
I got my head buried in this pillow
I got my head buried in this pillow
So low)But you should have been in my shoes yesterday
You should have been in my shoes yesterday

Songwriters
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