

Vernie

Blind Melon

Is it the way you're speakin'?
Is it because I'm peakin'?
Twistin' your face, thumb in hand
But you gotta have your own space to play in
A collection of glass chickens
Oh Vernie, what a garden you have Maybe its the snuff under your lip
Or maybe, caramel cake covered in Christmas
Oh, a flower you are to my land
But I, no I cannot deny the beauty
If I had a heart, I will want it to be like Vernie's
Oh, what a heart that she has Roaming through the cupboard jar of pickles
Never opened since 1983
Peanuts in a pile and Elvis down the aisle
Singing galliantly I wish I could be, I wish I could be
I wish I could be, wish I could be
I wish I could be, little more like Vernie
Oh, I wanna be, I wanna be, little more like Vernie

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