

# Time

## Blind Melon

Said all these people they won't leave me alone  
And we need, a little time to ourselves  
And half the reasons why  
I'm sketchin' all the time  
The result of a life in this hell  
But oh well, I think it's time

My faith is falling like the leaves from a tree  
The pockets both take it away  
The sun warms my body as I'm  
Sittin' on a swing watching  
Columbus clouds bring in the rain  
Oh well I think it's time  
It's time to go

My mind is playing tricks on me all the time  
To let you know that I am real  
And all the worries you build  
Up inside your soul  
The ones that make your world stand still  
Mean you can feel, that it's time to go..  
Are you fed up, Are you fed up with me?  
Do you think you could do better?  
Do you think that I know better?  
Do they think that they know better?

Five fed up faces with the itch to kill a king  
Blood red sunrise, and a breath to air that's clean  
I drink from the faucet  
From the porch I take a pee  
I look at you through the bushes  
Where you can't see me

I laugh and slip into another state of mind  
To let you know that I am real  
And all the worries you build up inside your soul  
The ones that make your world stand still  
Means you can feel, that it's time to go

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written by PREMRO SMITH / T. JONES

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