

Walk

Blind Melon

I find myself singing the same songs everyday
One's that make me feel good
When things behind the smile ain't okay
Around and over and in between the seas
I need to be on top of a mountain
Where I can be see everything
'Cause this paranoia's getting old
Oo yeah, getting old
Now as I open my eyes to start another day
I'm in a pile of puke, empty bag of excuses

My love for friends and family
You know I need them
And under a sun that's seen it all before
My feet are so cold
And I can't believe that I have to
Bang my head against this wall again
But the blows they have just a
Little more space in between them
Gonna take a breath and try again, try again

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