

Time

Blind Melon

Said all these people, they won't leave me alone
And we need little time to ourselves
And half the reasons why, I'm sketching all the time
The result of a life in 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 sitting on a swing watching
Columbus clouds bring in the rain, oh well I think it's time
Yea its 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 are fed up?
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
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
Mean you can feel, that it's time to go
Yea it's time to go

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