

# 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

Lyrics provided by

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