

The Pusher

Blind Melon

Snow flakes rolling over my ear
Goose bumping liver
If I'm hungry at 4:30 in the morning
Pink dot will deliver And I'm oh so tired of you
Pushing that thorny crown
Down onto my head so hard
My knees are two inches in the ground, honey And I said, goddamn
Goddamn that Bible pushin' man You know I smoked a lot of grass
And I've popped a lot of pills
But I've never done nothing
That my spirit couldn't kill And I walk around
With these tombstones in my eyes
But I know the pusher don't care
If you live or if you die And I said, goddamn
Goddamn that Bible pushin' man Goddamn, goddamn, goddamn
Goddamn, goddamn

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