

St. Andrew's Hall

Blind Melon

Big stretch and not much sleep
With a big palm tree rubbin' against my cheek
I got a bright blue Saturday
And the rummage sellin' the rubbish to me
But if I could buy the sky
That's hangin' over this bed of mine
Oh, if I could climb these vines
And maybe see what you're seeing
If you were standin' on the corner staring
Straight into the eyes of Jesus Christ
One porch, one dog
One cockroach, only one way to be
Outside I got sewage fruit
And it's growing out back from roots
And I don't know if they belong to me
Oh, but if I could buy the sky
That's hangin' over this bed of mine
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
And if I could climb these vines
And maybe see what you're seeing, oh
If you were sitting at the edge of this building
Twenty stories below
Stories below, stories below, below
And I can't tell you, how many ways that I've sat
And viewed my life today but I can tell you
I don't think that I can find an easier way
So if I see you walking hand in hand in hand
With a three armed man, I'll understand
But you should have been
In my shoes yesterday
Oh, you should have been
In my shoes yesterday, oh

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