

Paper Scratcher (Acoustic) [Live]

Blind Melon

Shuffle can to can nobody really gives a damn

For every living day I give myself a hand

Now I'm scroungy as can be

I got all you normals looking at me

I'll scratch a hole in my life, so everyone can see
And my eyes can't conceive a world that cannot grow
And Fridays are always fresh days
Screamin' at the sun

Don't really know what he has done

He don't believe in God and a world as one

So he rambles through the weeds

Seeing he will sleep beneath the trees
And my mind is a mind that I have come to know

And my eyes can't conceive a world that cannot grow
And on the day I die

Thank God my soul will be released
I've seen all your eyes, and I've seen all your faces

Can you tell me honestly that you wanna be free?

Then look in my eyes, I've been lots of places

Can you tell me honestly that you'd want to be me
Will you want to be me?

Honestly, honestly

Songwriters

GRAHAM, GLEN/HOON, SHANNON/SMITH, BRAD
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