

# Paper Scratcher

## Blind Melon

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 mind is a mind that I have come to know  
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

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