

Dumptruck

Blind Melon

New york city soothing my itchy itchy month
Of may
Time has passed for mrs. onassis,
Decay on display
I don't want to go down
I don't want to go down
I don't want to go down - like she did
And i can't understand why something
Good's got to die before we miss it
Mumbled talk throught pigeon park
And hastings is wasting away
Religiously they seem to sin
Buy, sell or trade for amens
I just don't want to feel
I just don't want to feel
I just don't want to feel - like they feel
Hollow body for sound, trade a coat for
A gown
Way up in my arms you know
I love you just a little bit more
Raisin' nose down to chin
Smoke after smoke they all trickle in
Anything, for anything, and ending up
With nothing
Simple pimpled young man
Sores all over his hands
He's sleeping, not so silently
I'll mop the floors for you all
I'm a fly on the wall
Really big and listening
Burned a hand of a friend of mine
And bub i know that you could fly a
Mile high
You told me nothing's ever gonna come
Between
Nothing's ever gonna come between
Nothing's ever gonna come between
My dumptruck and me

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>

