

Vernie

Blind Melon

Is it the way you're speakin'
Is it because I'm peakin'
Twistin' your face, thumb in hand, but you
Gotta have your own space to play in
A collection of glass chickens
Oh Vernie, what a garden you have

Maybe its the snuff under your lip
Or maybe caramel cake covered in Christmas
Oh a flower you are to my land, but I
No I cannot deny the beauty
If I had a heart I would want it to be like Vernie's
Oh what a heart that she has

Roaming through the cupboard jar of
pickles never opened since 1983
Peanuts in a pile and Elvis down the aisle
Singing gallantly

I wish I could be
A little more like Vernie
Oh, I wanna be
I wanna be a little more like Vernie