Walk

Blind Melon

I find myself singing the same songs everyday One's that make me feel good When things behind the smile ain't okay

Around and over and in between the seas I need to be on top of a mountain Where I can be see everything 'Cause this paranoia's getting old Oo yeah, getting old

Now as I open my eyes to start another day I'm in a pile of puke, empty bag of excuses My love for friends and family You know I need them

And under a sun that's seen it all before
My feet are so cold
And I can't believe that I have to
Bang my head against this wall again
But the blows they have just a
Little more space in between them
Gonna take a breath and try again, try again