

Linoleum

Pepper

Possessions never meant anything to me
I'm not crazy, well, that's not true
I've got a bed and a guitar
And a dog named Bob who pisses on my floor
That's right, I've got a floor

So what? So what? So what?
And I've got pockets full of Kleenex
And lint and holes
Where everything important to me
Seems to fall right down my leg
And onto the floor

My closest friend, linoleum
Linoleum supports my head
Gives me something to believe

Oh, that's me on the beachside, combin' the sand
Metal meter in my hand
Sportin' a pocket full of change

That's me in the street with a violin under my chin
Playin' with a grin
Singin' gibberish

That's me in the back of the bus
That's me in the cell
That's me inside your head
That's me inside your head...
That's me inside your head

That's me inside your head