

## Vincent Gene "High On Life"

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Green hickorywood will make your fireplace hot  
You try to explain to a Berkeley cop  
He choked with with my peats and shot me down for  
pot  
I said, man I'm clean, I'm just about to blow my top  
They finally took me in for possession of...  
Love and my pocket knife  
But I swear to God I was only high on life  
High on livin', high on lovin'  
High on livin', high on lovin,' and lovin' and forgivin'  
I have no suit lapel in which to hold my flower  
I said Lord, that's okay man  
It's just the lateness of the hour  
Well I be clean when heaven lets it shower  
They finally took me in for possession of...  
Love and my pocket knife  
But I swear to God I was only high on life  
High on livin', high on lovin'  
High on livin', high on lovin,' and lovin' and forgivin'  
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