

# Whitlams

## "High Ground"

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You've got your favourite programmes  
The bird, the dog, two cats  
One of your babies will always  
Ring on the weekend for a chat

A beautiful garden  
Too easily getting out of hand  
How can you concentrate at all?

On the high ground  
You're there on your own  
>From the high ground

And from down here we can feel it  
You can move the mountain with your pain  
They all want to be near you  
And then too soon drive home again  
'Cause grief is like that  
And you're like a captain on her ship -  
In the end you stand alone

On the high ground  
You're there on your own  
>From the high ground  
You see the mourners have gone home  
On the high ground  
You're there on your own

The city is spreading  
Soon only numbers will be pure  
And you are retreating

And now I walk between tables  
Hide in the bathroom for some peace  
They want to know what has happened  
We can't tell the truth it must be lived  
Over and over  
'Til it floats up into the sky  
To your beautiful baby

On the high ground  
You're there on your own

>From the high ground  
You see the mourners have gone home  
On the high ground  
You're there on your own

Days of our Lives and Dr Katz  
You've got a few friends left  
But she's never coming back  
She was the one with the questions  
And the big blue eyes  
On that high ground  
Words and music by Ben Fink and Tim Freedman  
Produced by Rob Taylor and Tim Freedman  
Mixed and engineered by Rob Taylor  
Vocal, backing vocals, Wurlitzer electric piano - Tim  
Freedman  
Guitars, backing vocals - Ben Fink  
Acoustic guitar (verses) - Mark Punch  
Guitar solo, trombone arrangement - John Encarnacao  
Trombone - James Greening  
Bass - Garry Gary Beers  
Drums - Bill Heckenberg

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