

Tellers, The

"He Gets High"

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The man walks down from the 99,
He's got holes in his pockets he's got too much style,
He's going down, down to town,
To meet some pals and to get a bit high,

Coming back with the 79,
So much things on his troubled mind,
Veins full of whiskey,
And brain full of wine,

So he gets high, so he gets high,
so he gets high tonight,

He's not everybody he thinks he's the once,
Sitting on the pavement out of time,
He won't listen to those swines,
He'll brack his bottle and fight,

The man walks down from the 99,
He's got holes in his pockets he's got too much style,
He's going down, down to town,
To meet some pals and to get a bit high,

So he gets high so he gets high,
So he gets high tonight,

He's got dream in right eye,
And hope in the left one,
You have a lover for tonight,
He's got music 'till he dies

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