

Bell X1

"Sugar High"

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Let's build up tall into the sky
We can sit on those beams and smile
And eat our sandwiches and smoke cigarettes
Like those boys who built New York City
No fear of falling, oh, it looks so pretty
Oh look, a funeral, a carnival

Sugar, sugar so high, high

Let's build all this shit, no one's ever gonna buy
When we come 'round we'll blame the sugar high
And act all sheepish and kinda sorryish

They'll just sit there like monuments
Plastic flapping in the wind like a flag so sad

Sugar, so high, high

Hey Charlie, don't you know?
Seanie, don't you know?
Paddy, don't you know the Baileys?
Good old boys at the races
Yeah, in a big tent at the races

He's a friend of mine, he's a friend of yours
He's a friend of ours like not so wise guys
Yeah, not so wise guys

And they'll do anything for sugar, sugar so high, high
Yeah, anything for sugar, sugar so high, high

Anything, anything
Can't let go of the good times
Good times, good times

Sugar so high
Sugar, sugar so high

Free to those who can afford it
To those who can afford it
Very dear to those who can't
Those who can't

Free to those who can afford it
To those who can afford it
Very dear to those who can't
Those who can't

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