

John Hiatt "Falling Up"

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I'm gonna lower my standards and raise my price
I'm gonna take your lunch and your bad advice
Until my worse idea gets the big reward
Until I get out of this raggedy ford
And into a shiny new two seater
Dress my girlfriend up like a cheetah

I'm gonna sign my checks: yours sincerely
For all the money that you hold dearly
When my ego swells and my output dwindles
You can tell the world that youve been swindled
By the man who would have been so bitter
Had he never reconsidered

Falling up
To the top of the junk pile wearing a big smile
Falling up
To the top of the heap with my tongue in cheek
I cant sit down cause I'm falling up

Well I used to think that I had some duty
Now I only want the booty
And unless youve recently been anointed
Then don't tell me you're disappointed
In the man who would have been so bitter
Had he never reconsidered

Now I pay no mind to innovation
Just over and over with the same sensation
Till I'm a short short subject on a long tape loop
That comes and goes like the hula hoop
In one ear and out the other
Nothing there to stop it, brother

Falling up

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