

Living Syndication "High"

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It hurts so bad it's like a mountain tumbling down to
me..
would you wake me then again..
I'm not wakin..
I wanna make you high..
I wanna make you high..
What's the best you wear?
I got something in my shoes, yeah.
Seen the mess you made,
I gotta clean you with my noose, yeah.
They're all higher child, compare your failures next to
mine..
Look at the mess you made,
I gotta clean the mess you made now sugar..
Go high I wanna make you high
Don't go on and mess around your high...
throw away.....
throw away.....
Where's the rest you
Got a craving for my juice, yeah
Seen the stash I saved
Got a feelin that you're loose, yeah.
You look higher child
Compare your bloodshot eyes to mine Killin the stash I
saved
You're gonna silk it all away now sugar..

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