

Morley "High-Low"

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High above change
Lifted up
Feet upon the land
Far below sky
Curling up
In his mothers hands
I see cold showers
And prayers that she used to know
Piece him together
For each stitch is borrowed
High low
High low
I wish I could..
Help you win
High low
High low
I pray visions of heaven
I was the one
I held him close
Whenever he came near
Believing my love
Could out run
His fear
My dove is in a cage
Brown paper bags
Of money to waste
Singing that god
Sheds the tears I taste
High low
High low
I wish I could..
Help you win
High low
High low
I pray visions of heaven
Up and up
We're free to grow
I see you
Your glory sold
You've fallen to my love of everything
I'm not surprised
What more could the cards ask

My brilliant warrior
Armed without a task
Soon there'll be flowers
And prayers that I used to know
Lifting forever
As you watch how we let you go
High low
High low
I never could help you win
High low
High low
My perfect vision of heaven
Of my love
Open arms receiving you.

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