

David Ryan Harris "6 Feet Off the Ground"

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Used to think I'd seen it all
from grandiose to tiny small.
I lived both high and low and every place that rested in
between.
What a shade of green?

Chorus
You make a psychedelic town out of a world with not
color or sound
the way your kisses lift me six feet off the ground.

Chorus

Used to be that I'd feel absurd at the mention of words
spelled out brilliantly across my face for all the
world to see.
What a shade of me!!!

Chorus
I can't tell the in from the outside
As far as I can tell it's the real live bonafide
what happened to the uptight dignified
poster boy for the man who was raised on pride
here I am, punch-drunk and blurry eyed.
Waxing waning dizzy and satisfied.

Chorus

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