

Sheavy "High Hopes"

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Run a mile run a mile
'cos all the while
You're cramping my style cramp my style
Bleeding me dry
Grab a hold grab a hold
To steady your soul
And test if they're real test for real
All the spotlights you shone to help me
Find needles in the hay
Let them lift away
'cos I've got high hopes
I believe
In the roots that keep me complete
And I've got high hopes
All I need
Is your hands to steady my feet steady my feet

You've sunken low sunken low
Its another swift blow
And I know where you've been where have you
So don't feed off my skin
While I test if they're real test for real
All the stories you told to lift me
When good times went astray
Let them lift away

'cos I've got high hopes
I believe
In the roots that keep me complete
And I've got high hopes
All I need
Is your hands to steady my feet

We will lift away
'cos I've got high hopes
I believe
In the roots that keep me complete
And I've got high hopes
All I need
Is your hands to steady my feet

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