

Smith Patti

"High On Rebellion"

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what i feel when i'm playing guitar is completely cold
and crazy, like i
don't owe nobody nothing and it's just a test just to see
how far i can
relax into the cold wave of a note. when everything hits
just right (just
and right) the note of nobility can go on forever. i never
tire of the
solitary E and i trust my guitar and i don't care about
anything.
sometimes i feel like i've broken through and i'm free
and i could dig
into eternity into eternity riding the wave and realm of
the E. sometimes
it's useless. here i am struggling and filled with dread-
afraid that i'll
never squeeze enough graphite from my damaged
cranium to inspire or
asphyxiate any eyes grazing like hungry cows across
the stage or page.
inside of me i'm crazy i'm just crazy. inside i must
continue. i see her,
my stiff muse, jutting around round round round like a
broken speeding
statue. the colonial year is dead and the greeks too are
finished. the
face of alexander remains not only solely due to
sculpture but through the
power and foresight and magnetism of alexander
himself. the artist must
maintain his swagger. he must he must he must be
intoxicated by ritual as
well as result. look at me i am laughing. i am laughing. i
am lapping
cocaine from the hard brown palm of the bouncer. and
i trust my guitar.
therefore we black out together. therefore i would run
through scum. and
scum is just ahead, ah we see it, but we just laugh.
we're ascending
through the hollow mountain. we are peeking. we are

laughing. we are
kneeling. we are laughing. we are radiating at last. this
rebellion is
just a gas our gas a gas that we pass.

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