

Del Amitri "High Times"

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Little snow white, she is sleeping 24 hours a day
She's got a right to be lazy, flat out of reasons to
breathe
And it's cold baby, yes it's cold
But everything is relative, can't you see we're living in?

High times, dig the new domain
Living through high times, just don't crash my spiritual
plane

Little snow white, she was hungry
Told to go out and graft for it
At the end of the rainbow she was mind blown
To be staring at a crock of shit
And it's hard baby, yes it's hard
But with a little intuition you can shift position in the

High times, touch the magic stone
Living through high times, pick up that spiritual phone

Frittering packs of refuseniks, too drunk to muster any
contempt
Ten ways to relax on a cruise ship, one way to cover the
rent
I've whored myself around enough to know, baby
You don't come with the customers and smile when
you're spoken to in

High times, catch the cosmic vibe
Living through high times, hey, has Ginger Baker died?
Living through high times, my planet's all out of line
Living through high times, man, just like '69
Living through

High times, high times, high times, high times, high
times

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