

Merritt Tift

"Hopes Too High"

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Listen baby, I won't leave no trace.
Gonna light out of here for some cleaner place.
I'll be sitting in the backseat with my hair in my face,
Then gone fast as freedom on good wind.

If I got my hopes too high, this is no easy kind of life.
But I see it in my mind's eye, touch me real as daytime,
And I can't keep from trying.

No place to run for a girl like me,
Whole lot of used to's and supposed to be's,
I want to burn like august, shine like gold dust,
Where everyday living can't hold me.

If I got my hopes too high, this is no easy kind of life.
But I see it in my mind's eye, touch me real as daytime,
And I can't keep from trying.

So when I reach for you from some way down place,
Don't be a stranger who won't show his face.
I got no promise but these words I say,
I carry you, you carry me,

If I got my hopes too high, this is no easy kind of life.
But I see it in my mind's eye, touch me real as daytime,
And I can't keep from trying.

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