

54-40 "Higher"

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No reason for knocking just come forward
Leave your vibe at the door
It'll help you breeze through
The blank generation and the moral whores

Everything and this shall pass now
Baby, it's easy let the high fly
And the low go, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Soul mate the crime rate
Stress case in the wrong place
Excuse me, back down
Look to the wonders of the suffering crowd

Everything and this shall pass now
Baby, it's easy let your hair down
Pick the beat up, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Somebody once told me
Don't blame the yuppie that you'd rather know
But I know you don't live true
Jump on, get on sing in tune

Everything and this shall pass now
Baby, it's easy let the high fly
And the low go higher and higher
[Incomprehensible]
Yeah, yeah, yeah

Baby, it's easy let your hair down
And your feet up higher and higher
Don't go runnin' like a chicken

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