

Procol Harum

"How High"

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(section 2 at 1:52)

How high! oh I can kiss the sun
Run a minute mile while you hitch hike
Love shines a light I'll be a winner cup
And I'm lookin' for the one who cut you up
You're not having me you know the skies are mean
And I'm hopin' for a way to free you, love

I'm fixing holes the ones you break up come in from
your drive
And the hand that rocks you cuts you up like lyrics of
your life

I can't buy what I've done before
I want to open up another door
I'm going to let you pass I'm on another pass
I want to be the king while you zig zag
On a holy road like caine from kung fu
How high oh! I can kiss the sun

Hang on to your hopes my darlin' don't let it slip away
And the hand that holds you keeps you warm and [...] don't let it slip away
(...)

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