

Taking Back Sunday

"She's So High"

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She's blood, flesh and bone
No tucks or silicone
She's touch, smell, sight, taste and sound

But somehow I can't believe
That anything should happen
I know where I belong
And nothing's gonna happen
Yeah, yeah

(Chorus):
'Cause she's so high...
High above me, she's so lovely
She's so high...
Like Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, or Aphrodite
She's so high...
High above me

First class and fancy free
She's high society
She's got the best of everything

What could a guy like me
Ever really offer?
She's perfect as she can be
Why should I even bother?

(Chorus):
'Cause she's so high...
High above me, she's so lovely
She's so high...
Like Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, or Aphrodite
She's so high...
High above me

She comes to speak to me
I freeze immediately
'Cause what she says sounds so unreal

'Cause somehow I can't believe
That anything should happen

I know where I belong
And nothing's gonna happen
Yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah

(Chorus):

'Cause she's so high...
High above me, she's so lovely
She's so high...
Like Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, or Aphrodite
She's so high...
High above me

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