

Uncle Tupelo "High Water"

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Try to face up to the blinding sun
Racing for the final word to come
Facing up, it's hard to stay devout
I can see the sand and it's running out
And it's running out

We quote each other only when we're wrong
We tear out the threads and move along
We can't seem to find common ground
I can see the sand and it's running out

It was only circumstances
But it's the difference, it gets in the way
No race is run in this direction
You can't break even
You can't even quit the game

The current drags to the bottom
A hemorrhage that moves us around
It pulls and beckons in a strong direction
High water forever bringing us down
I can see the sand and it's running out
And it's running out

It was only circumstances
But it's the difference, it's in the way
No race is run in this direction
You can't break even
You can't even quit the game

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