

I Get High

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You ask me if I've gone to seed, the way I bum around
With my hair unkempt and my blue jeans mostly brown
And you wonder why I overdo the few good things that I find
Like sour mash, reefer, beer and wine

But when life seems like a rainy day, they make the sun come shining through
And they mask the effects of feeling blue.

They're the perfect antidote, to not feeling fine
So when I find it hard to cope and I'm really low
I get high. When I'm feeling really low, I get high.

It's true they have an effect on me that makes me less reliable
Cuz I start to thinking work is so much bull.
But just because I show up late, or don't show up at all
Doesn't mean I don't have the wherewithal

To show the world that I'm competent and can really get things done
If I weren't hampered by my lack of income.

So I turn to the antidote, and it succeeds every time
When I find it hard to cope and I'm really low
I get high. When I'm feeling really low, I get high.

Please don't try to pin the blame on me
It's not my fault I was given this reality
I didn't ask to be born with these goofy genes
That make me a victim of wild extremes.

Instrumental

So when life seems like a rainy day, with no sun shining through
And I'm fed up with the pain of feeling blue.

I grab for an antidote, and it helps me to feel fine
Cuz when I find it hard to cope and I'm really low
I turn to an antidote, and it works every time
When I find it hard to cope, and I'm really low
I get high. When I'm feeling really low, I get high.