

## High Step

Sage Francis

You can't make it to heaven with a high step  
You can't make it to heaven with a high step

I played both sides of the field  
I was better at defense  
They put me out for special teams  
The college league wasn't impressed  
But the press called me a work horse  
I ignored it like the crowd  
I had calories to burn off  
And I made my parents proud  
A jersey with a number that concealed faulty equipment  
A cog in the machine but the team saw me as different  
Old beyond my years  
My chest hair was like a carpet sweater  
They made me leader  
I wore that C like a scarlet letter  
Whether hot or cold  
I had to avoid the loss  
And play better then the competitor  
Whether or not I won the coin toss  
I watched it flip in slow motion  
While I considered the odds  
But it's a sin to gamble  
So I left the risk to God  
We had a locker room prayer  
Where we all lobbied the lord  
I pretended to know the words  
Bowed my head and mouthed along  
That was my way then  
I was a slave to the play pen  
Where I tried to make friends  
And couldn't wait to say "Amen"  
Then hit the field  
With a shield that was dented  
And a sword that was warped by the wars that I've  
entered  
I'm a veteran  
With all this medicine on my plate  
Because the game that we played  
Was "How Much Pain Can You Tolerate?"  
Can you do it without showing signs of it?  
Without fooling yourself so you don't know when it's  
time to quit  
Hell no  
Well, Amen  
Give me the pig skin, kid  
I'm head huntin for Satan

Throwin' elbows  
Til they're breaking  
The coach made em look normal just by the that he taped  
them

I never went pro  
I jgot paid in admiration and respect  
But all of that seems to be changin

Tried to make it heaven with a high step  
Tried to make to heaven with a high step  
Tried to make to heaven with a high step  
And get get it get it done  
Before we reach sudden death