

High on Your Own Supply

Apollo 440

Been building glass houses
When it's raining stones
There's crap on your doorstep
Now you're all on your own
You gave it no quarter
Now you're treading water
Bartender rang time, it's too late for last orders
You're making a meal out of keeping it real
Sold your soul to the man
It's all part of the deal,
Your rhymes were incredible,
Your marker indelible
So full of yourself you think your shit is edible
Bow wow wow wow wow
Bow wow wow wow wow

Getting high
Getting high
Getting high
On your own
On your own supply

Because in the end you are all on your own
It's what's in your heart and not what you own
You can't see where you're going
You slip, now it's snowing
It won't be too long before the rhymes they stop flowing
Reality bites
As they switch off the lights
It's a long way to fall from the dizzying heights
You cut through the pretension
Too late for redemption
It's the end of the line - now pay close attention!
Bow wow wow wow wow

Getting high
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On your own
On your own

Now it's got to the point
Where you just can't connect
You've lost all control
You've lost all respect
Still the mixers are mixing it
The fixers are fixing it
Over inflated there's no restricting it
You're no captain scarlet
You're not indestructable
Just who's in your pocket?
And who is corruptable?
You speak the unspoken
Your will has been broken,
Your own self delusion
Your gestures are token!

Getting high

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Getting high