

# 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  
Getting high  
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