

High

Casey Donahew Band

I'm cruising down mainstreet in an '87 Chevrolet
I'm rollin down 174 tryin to find some more
Wish I had a little money I'd spend it all on you
I'd buy us a quarter bag and twelve pack of brew

And we'll get high, and I drink
Well I'm tryin not to think
And I get stoned and I'm drunk
Well I'm tryin to change my luck
Just gettin by
Well I'm a-gettin by, gettin high, yeah

Walkin down Browns mountain tryin to find my way around
I hope I don't get stopped by the cops in this here town
Head on to the south side and the cemetary trails
A worn out fishin hole where I raised a lot of hell

There's a girl that lives on my street
Strawberry blonde, she tastes so sweet
I wanna tell her all the words in my heart
She moved away then she tore my world apart

Fifteen minutes south of the Fort Worth city lights
We watch football games here on Friday nights
I grew up slow and now I'm living so fast
Running out of liquor and this quarter bag won't last