

Higher

Gilby Clarke

Bitter pills washed down with Vodka & hope Beautiful,
but strung out, socially stoned Cold sweats and fake charms,
tranquilize my heart Tattoo euphoria on the battle scars

You're getting higher than I was
You're getting higher than I was
You're getting higher than I was
You're getting higher

Speedballs, remedy your world
Speed killed the weirdo
I built Circled my universe, tranquilized and died
Can't watch you drag down a star in overdrive

You're getting higher than I was
You're getting higher than I was
You're getting higher than I was
You're getting higher

This is the low, this is the low
You're so alone, so alone, so alone

You're getting higher than I was
You're getting higher than I was
You're getting higher than I was
You're getting higher