Gettin' High

Masters of Reality

My, my, oh my
Gonna ride
So high

Got one life
And it's mine to live
Ain't gonna make it
Workin' nine to five
Just to stay alive

Got no fins
For to swim in the sea
Got no wings to fly
But I'm gettin' high

Yeah, yeah, oh yeah
Yeah I know
Times are bad

Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide
All I got left
Is a prayer
And a bottle of wine
And I'm feelin' fine