

High Hopes

Real Friends

You're still indulgent enough
To quench a thirst that drowns most right out
Oh, there's a drought, you know
You're losing all of your interest now

I'm standing up on my feet and off my bruised knees
Far away from your high hopes to please
I'm getting up, I'm getting up
I hope to God it's bringing you down

You've been to me while I lie two in by myself
Oh, I know you really know how to fuck up
My sleepy eyes and crooked back
I still don't know how I got this way
You can't explain how I got this way
I still don't know how I got this way
We don't know

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