

## On A High

### The Feelers

It's like lightning from your soul  
You lose all self control  
It's like a desperate union in a foreign land  
And you're hitting on her like a lead balloon

You lost your self control  
Got caught up in this love affair  
The way we lost our way and our souls  
I thought you were the lucky ones  
These are solid days  
We got caught up in the lust and our lives  
We could have been more wise,  
But now we're heading out on a high

There's no easy way out  
There's so much we can talk about  
But when you're seething with hatred  
And all you do is shout  
You're in a total state of disrepair

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We're heading out on a high