

# High Lonesome

## The Gaslight Anthem

So the ambulances came  
They took your pulse and packed up your things  
And the papers read  
Some boys forget what the heartache brings  
And the pounding in the street  
Was your heart in four/four time  
And the taste of defeat  
Was never too far from your mind

And Maria came from Nashville with a suitcase in her hand  
I always kinda sorta wished I looked like Elvis  
And in my head there's all these classic cars  
And outlaw cowboy bands  
I always kinda sorta wished I was someone else

So gravity came  
And stole the temple that the schoolboys praised  
And the crowd shuffled in  
You're getting drinks for the same boys  
Who once bought you everything  
And the powder on the bar  
Was just this one time  
The powder on the bar  
Was just this one night  
Only to get by

And Maria came from Nashville with a suitcase in her hand  
I always kinda sorta wished I looked like Elvis  
And in my head there's all these classic cars  
And outlaw cowboy bands  
I always kinda sorta wished I was someone else

There were Southern accents  
On the radio  
As I drove home  
And at night I wake up with the sheets soaking wet  
It's a pretty good song  
Maybe you know the rest  
Maybe you know the rest

And Maria came from Nashville with a suitcase in her hand  
I always kinda sorta wished I looked like Elvis  
And in my head there's all these classic cars  
And outlaw cowboy bands  
I always kinda sorta wished I was someone else

When our boots they hit the ground  
They made a high and lonesome sound  
When our boots they hit the ground  
They made a high and lonesome sound  
When our boots they hit the ground  
They made a high and lonesome sound  
When our boots they hit the ground  
They made a high and lonesome sound  
Down from the clouds  
They made a high and lonesome sound