

High On a Riverbed

Toad The Wet Sprocket

Why try
When everything I do seems half right
How can I be satisfied
Writing words from someone's else's lies

But sometimes I'm standing here
High on a riverbed
And light breaks through
Everything feels good for a while
High on a riverbed

I see myself sometimes
Vision is a mystery half blind
I wander through my life
Wondering what I could be if i
If I