

The High Road

Robert Ellis

The high road is closed for repairs
And nobody cares about songs anymore
My enemies are passing me by
And I don't know that I could keep up anyway
The high road is wearing me down It all comes from out of nowhere
I'm losing the hat on top of my head
I'm losing sight, I'm losing the fight
To a flash in the pan, to a thief in the night
The high road is wearing me down The stage is like a window to
The kitchen from the dining room
And I'm sweating here underneath the lights
But serve me a big meal
And if I'm not what they had in mind
They'll send me back and scape me off the plate
But I go out there everyday
Pretending it's the other way around
And I've got the meaning
From the palm of my hand

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>