

# High Road

## Tennis

Up to this creek they come to meet  
Where they done days by the summer heat  
The sun is always in their eyes  
They hold their glasses like they'd rise  
On a clouded fair and gin they dine  
They're always losing track of time  
All sloppy men grow paradise  
They import everything that's nice  
Comfort is all what really heard  
Beaches are transient, they look  
   Lover, too many to quote  
But better times they never show  
By now the dreams have all been dreamt  
All of the money has been spent  
The crashing surf upon the ground  
They know I never hear this sound  
   Our life of middling at best  
   Put that pro-touch-up to a rest  
Was either choice, they do not know  
That better times they never showed  
Paradise is all around  
   But happiness is never found  
   Paradise is all around  
   But happiness is never found

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