High on Life

Rasputina

I never want to be seen as cheap,
But I saw the tears in his eyes
And I thought, "That's sweet."
I tried on all of my little jokes.
I muscle in, throw it in,
Just to see if it floats.
Not many people have the balls of I.
To take the bull by the horns
And make it mine all mine
He was it, he was really hot shit.
He was tripping, he was drifting,
He was high.
He was really nice.
He smelled like propane and butterscotch.
He kept his eyes on me
'cause he liked to watch me
Tear up bedsheets to bandage him.
He had been in a fight,
But he did not win.
I don't think we brought the money up.
It was a gas, oh we just laughed.
This boy could not shut up.
He was it. He was really hot shit.
He was tripping, he was ripped and he was
High on Life.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/