High on the Heels

The Whitest Boy Alive

I keep an open mind, but only till the bottle stops to spin.
And there is only one directional state that I am in.
High on the heels of an opening door, you run out.
Battered and bruised, strangely relieved, you run in.You said life it still worth living.
Girl, you you don't seem so sure.
You only need to be more certain what it is you're living for.
Climbing the hill of pursuing the front runner's tail.
Lower the bar to a point you can't possibly fail.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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