

Lord, We Get High

The Fox Hunt

I finish my set, pack up my guitar,
And reclaim my place at the end of the bar.
Order a drink, grab an ashtray.
Someone pick a song for the jukebox to play.

And it's just an old drinking song.
Everybody knows the words sings along.
Now none of us are religious men.
But if you were to sing, you'd think we were singing a hymn.

Then there's this man, knows half the town.
Halfway through the night buys shots all around.
Raises his glass, takes his shot down real slow.
Put's on that song, the one we all know.

And it's just an old drinking song.
Everybody knows the words sings along.
Now none of us are religious men.
But if you were to sing, you'd think we were singing a hymn.

Lord we get high.
Lord we get low.
Where we'll end up lord only knows.

Lord we get high.
Lord we get low.
Where we'll end up Lord only knows.

Lord we get high.
Lord we get low.
Where we'll end up lord only knows.

Lord we get high.
Lord we get low.
Where we'll end up lord only knows.

Lord we get high.
Lord we get low.
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Lyrics submitted by James Galante.

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