

Low

Silverchair

Have you ever been lost
Floating on the ground
Like a fading frost
You've fallen asleep
Next to your bed
And you feel so low
Oh they've stolen your pride
Stand up while your conscience sits aside
I've made up my mind
Half of the time and I feel so low

Stay and hijack the hurt
I feel so low I feel so high
Take a look inside my mind

If the object was clear
There wouldn't be a point
Only godless fear
By the end of July
I wonder will I still feel so low
Oh I am host to a guide
Moving in time
And falling in line
I've made up my mind
The papers are signed
And I feel so low

Stay and hijack the hurt
I feel so low I feel so high
Take a look inside my mind

Once a lover
Never suffer
So far away from here
Feeling hollow
Head to toe so low

Stay and hijack the hurt
I feel so low I feel so high
Take a look inside my mind

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