

You Donâ€™t Get Me High Anymore

Phantogram

I don't like staying at home
When the moon is bleeding red
Woke up stoned in the backseat from a dream where my teeth fell out of my head
Cut it up, cut it up, yeah
Everybody's on something here
My God send chemical best friend
Skeleton whispering in my ear Walk with me to the end
Stare with me into the abyss
Do you feel like letting go?
I wonder how far down it is Nothing is fun
Not like before
You don't get me high anymore
Used to take one
Now it's takes four
You don't get me high anymore Runnin' through emergency rooms
Spinning wheels and ceiling fans
My handshake, cellophane, landscape, mannequin faking it the best I can
Cadillac, Cadillac red
No hands on the steering wheel
I'm crashing this save-a-ho puppet show
UFO obliterate the way I feel Walk with me to the end
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Now it's takes four
You don't get me high anymore (High anymore)

(You don't get me, you don't get me high anymore)
(High anymore)
(You don't get me)
You don't get me high anymore

Songwriters

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