

# High Hopes

## The Milk Carton Kids

The letter said it all  
We're shipping out  
I know they got it wrong  
Without a doubt  
The war ain't over there  
It's here with me  
The battle of the bloody century What is going on here?  
What becomes the log of us?  
I thought I would complain dear  
In joining with the great circus But I've got high  
I've got high  
I've got high hopes tonight  
I've got high alright Settle up your bill  
the raining shouts  
The patter of forsaken voice  
is loud  
Lined throughout the pockets  
of my vest  
The green back skeleton  
holds in the rest A symphony of mercy  
Falls upon no deafer ears  
I'd look you in the eyes but  
I wouldn't recognize your fears But I've got high  
I've got high  
I've got high hopes tonight  
I've got high alright

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