# 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 centuryWhat is going on here?
What becomes the log of us?
I thought I would complain dear
In joining with the great circusBut I've got high
I've got high
I've got high hopes tonight
I've got high alrightSettle 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 restA symphony of mercy
Falls upon no deafer ears
I'd look you in the eyes but
I wouldn't recognize your fearsBut I've got high
I've got high
I've got high hopes tonight
I've got high alright

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