High on the Heels

The Whitest Boy Alive

I keep an open mind but only till the bottle stops to spin
Then there is only one directional state that I am in
High on the heels of an opening door you run out
Battered and bruised, strangely relieved you run inYou said life is still worth living, girl it seems you're not so sure
You only need to be more certain what it is you're living for
Climbing the hill of pursuing the front runner's tail
Lower the bar to the point you can't possibly fail

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