

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 in
You 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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