New Heights

Tom Brosseau

You are a thunderous thing, wondrous king
The face of rival-less Gods, deep in your thoughts
Come here, oh, closer to touch, never enough
Let me climb under your skin, oh, let me inFrom your lips a precipice, I hang from every word
High and seeking, oh, we are reaching
New heights and seeking, how to keep them high
Keep 'em highThe calm of turbulent seas fallen to sleep
And when the troubles arise we hold on tight
How can a body contain something so great?
My shell may suddenly burst, out will come birdsFrom your lips a precipice, I hang on every word
High and seeking, oh, we are reaching
New heights and seeking, how to keep them
High and seeking, oh, we are reaching
New heights and seeking, how to keep them high
Keep 'em highWe will find a way, we will find a way
We will find a way, yes, we will find a wayAnd we are high and seeking, oh, we are reaching
New heights and seeking, how to keep them
High and seeking, oh, we are reaching
New heights and seeking, how to keep themHigh and seeking, oh, we are reaching
New heights and seeking, how to keep them
High and seeking, oh, we are reaching
New heights and seeking, how to keep them high
Keep 'em high

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