

High C

Sparks

A picket fence, I leaped it
Through your screen door, I gotta meet you
High C up and High C down
Since you left the opera you just frown a lot
and mumble, "I'm humble."
Press clippings hang from torn wallpaper
A dust covered phone, no one would ring her
High C up and High C down
Since you left the opera you just frown a lot
and you tell me
Tell me of the times when you were so big
in Vienna
And the people paid good money just to hear
you in your splendor
But that's all over now
That's all over now
Limited tastes, I wish I could help you
A rock-headed lad, I have got to help you
High C up and High C down
Since you left the opera you just frown a lot
and mumble, "I'm humble."
Come on home with me and will sing our little hearts out
We will hit High C or maby somewhere thereabouts
Somewhere thereabouts
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>