Get Up Get High

The Lads

Looking at the world like an insect
Buzzin' in the sky
Drifting on the waves of life
On a trip - bathing in the sun
Waiting for a dream - visions unseen
In peace - ruthless like a snake
Crawling in the dust - the path of lust
Whispers of delight - passion in the night
In the snowfields my childhood diedLooking at the world from a broomstick
Flying in the sky
Gliding on the clouds of life
On a quest - gazing at the moon
Waiting for his voice - magickal noise
In trance - hungry like a leash
Hanging in a web - my trap of death
Victim of the night
On the altar a virgin diedHigh, high, high
We're jumping up in the sky.
High, high, high
Getting high, getting high, getting high,Looking at the world like a loser
Staring at the wall
Stepping through the mud of life
On the loose - hiding from the sun
Waiting for a friend - a helping hand
In pain - beaten like a dog
Looking for a rope - last chance of hope
Overload with lies - tumblin' like dice
On the altar a gambler died.High, high, high
We're jumping up in the sky.
High, high, high
Getting high, getting high, getting high

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