High On a Riverbed

Toad the Wet Sprocket

Why try
When everything I do feels half right?
I wander through my life
Everything I say seems half rightSometimes I'm standing here
High on a riverbed and light breaks through
And everything feels good for a while
High on a riverbedWhere am I
When everything I do feels half right?
How can I be satisfied
Writing words from someone else's lies?Sometimes I'm standing here
High on a riverbed and light breaks through
And everything feels good for a while
High on a riverbed and light breaks throughI see myself sometimes
Vision is a mystery half blind
I keep missing all the time
Seeing what I could be if I, if ISometimes I'm standing here
High on a riverbed and light breaks through
And everything feels good for a while
High on a riverbed and light breaks throughAnd everything feels good for a while
High on a riverbed and light breaks through
And everything feels good for a while
High on a riverbed and light breaks throughAnd everything feels good for a while

Songwriters
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