

High Horse (South)

Stephen Kellogg

You could tell a lot by the way that a man learns to win
You could tell a lot by the way that he'll lose
While it's easy to concern yourself with roosters and dogs
It's easier to lose track of the truth
And if the more that something hurts
I guess the more that you really care
But you won't know just how you'll act until you're there
So come off your high horse
You're like a plane off course
And I really don't know what you're trying to achieve
Looking for someone to blame
Every time it starts to rain
Tell me why do we destroy the things we need?
But you probably don't see much upon that steed
Your high horse
Memories a liar and a thief
That includes the one on me
Even if we bite the hand that feeds, you know the fact remains
That the problem with success
Is it takes the best laid plans
First it tests, then it makes such an ass of most men
So come off your high horse
You're making things much worse
And I'm wondering if there's a cross that you won't climb on
You're cutting down your friends
Building a case against them
Till I'm wondering now whose side it is that you're on
But you probably won't see much from up upon
Your high horse
Nobody knows (nobody knows)
Nobody knows behind closed doors
Nobody knows (nobody knows)
But one day you'll look in the mirror (you'll look in the mirror)
And you'll come off your high horse
Stop making things much worse
Till I'm wondering just whose side it is that you're on
Cause I was your friend you see
You made a case against me
It's a fool who don't know what he's got until it's gone
But you probably won't see much from up upon
Your high horse
Yeah your high horse

Songwriters

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