High Times

3 (Three)

Coma kid, tell me how you come to
Follow you around where ever you go
And I don't go really anywhere, you know?
Told me how he's driven by a curse
'Til he kicked out into reverse
Said, ?I don't go where I'm supposed to go
And I don't go really anywhere, you know?
I made up my mind and I don't mind saying so
I went to meet you at Central Square
And when I couldn't find you there
I went walking around the city some more
People watching with a cold blank stare

And I saw your face in everyone, I swear
Seems I never get your kick quite right
I was walking slow to a dirty dive
I'm so sick and tired trying to change your mind
When it's so easy to disconnect mine
High times, high times
High times, yeah, I feel fine
High times, high times
High times, man, I feel fine
Don't pick me up
I'm fine right where I am
I don't go where I'm supposed to go
Where I'm supposed to go

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