

# Falling Up

John Hiatt

I'm gonna lower my standards and raise my price  
I'm gonna take your lunch and your bad advice  
Until my worse idea gets the big reward  
Until I get out of this raggedy ford  
And into a shiny new two seater  
Dress my girlfriend up like a cheetah  
I'm gonna sign my checks: yours sincerely  
For all the money that you hold dearly  
When my ego swells and my output dwindles  
You can tell the world that youve been swindled  
By the man who would have been so bitter  
Had he never reconsidered  
Falling up  
To the top of the junk pile wearing a big smile  
Falling up

To the top of the heap with my tongue in cheek  
I cant sit down cause I'm falling up  
Well I used to think that I had some duty  
Now I only want the booty  
And unless youve recently been anointed  
Then don't tell me you're disappointed  
In the man who would have been so bitter  
Had he never reconsidered  
Now I pay no mind to innovation  
Just over and over with the same sensation  
Till I'm a short short subject on a long tape loop  
That comes and goes like the hula hoop  
In one ear and out the other  
Nothing there to stop it, brother  
Falling up

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>