High And Dry

Professional Murder Music

Two jumps in a week
I bet you think that's pretty clever don't you boy?
Flying on your motorcycle,
Watching all the ground beneath you drop
You'd kill yourself for recognition,
Kill yourself to never ever stop
You broke another mirror,
You're turning into something you are not
Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry
Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry
Drying up in conversation,
You will be the one who cannot talk
All your insides fall to pieces,
You just sit there wishing you could still make love
They're the ones who'll hate you
When you think you've got the world all sussed out
They're the ones who'll spit at you,
You will be the one screaming out
Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry
Don't leave me high, don't leave me dry
It's the best thing that you ever had,
The best thing that you ever, ever had
It's the best thing that you ever had,
The best thing you ever had has gone away

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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