

Low Road

Grace Potter & The Nocturnals

I lost everything
I fell out of a daydream
At the door of a long lost friend
And I cried aloud
Without an inch of pride
I knew I had reached the endAn old and lonely man
Saw me sittin on the curb
He reached out an took my hand
He said I know your song
And I know your name
And there was a time that I felt the sameBut it's a low low road
You've gotta roll down
Before you find your way, my friend
And it's a high, high hill
You've gotta climb up
Before you get to the top againI held on so dearly
To the wrong things in my life
But now I see so clearly
I was walking into my own knife
You've got to get up off that street
Stop looking at your feet
And take a hold of something real
And this old man, took my hand
He looked at me and said, little girl, I understandThat it's a low low road
You've gotta roll down
Before you find your way, my friend
And it's a high, high hill
You've gotta climb up
Before you get to the top againAnd there was a time that I thought that I knew it all
And there was a place that I thought I could call my own
But it all came crashing down and I looked around
And I knew that things would never be the sameLow low road
You've gotta roll down
Before you find your way, my friend
And it's a high, high hill
You've gotta climb up
Before you get to the top againIt's a low low road
You've gotta roll down
Before you find your way, my friend

And it's a high, high hill
You've gotta climb up
Before you get to the top again
Cause it's a low, low road
You've gotta roll down
It's a low, low road

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