

# Sugar High

Bell X1

Let's build up tall into the sky  
We can sit on those beams and smile  
And eat our sandwiches and smoke cigarettes  
Like those boys who built New York City  
No fear of falling, oh, it looks so pretty  
Oh look, a funeral, a carnival

Sugar, sugar so high, high

Let's build all this shit, no one's ever gonna buy  
When we come 'round we'll blame the sugar high  
And act all sheepish and kinda sorryish

They'll just sit there like monuments  
Plastic flapping in the wind like a flag so sad

Sugar, so high, high

Hey Charlie, don't you know?  
Seanie, don't you know?  
Paddy, don't you know the Baileys?  
Good old boys at the races  
Yeah, in a big tent at the races

He's a friend of mine, he's a friend of yours  
He's a friend of ours like not so wise guys  
Yeah, not so wise guys

And they'll do anything for sugar, sugar so high, high  
Yeah, anything for sugar, sugar so high, high

Anything, anything  
Can't let go of the good times  
Good times, good times

Sugar so high  
Sugar, sugar so high

Free to those who can afford it  
To those who can afford it  
Very dear to those who can't  
Those who can't

Free to those who can afford it  
To those who can afford it  
Very dear to those who can't  
Those who can't