

High Days

Bert Jansch

I'm sorry if I failed you, for that I take the blame
And I'm sorry if I snubbed you, I hang my head in shame
But those people you call friends did you much more harm
than good

I should've tried much harder to reach out when i could

When the children come to visit you, you break into a
smile

They fill your heart with sunshine, just for a little
while

You made a model airplane to teach them how to fly
But when it crashed on the runway, you didn't ask the
pilot why

I got the lady from Baltimore stuck on my mind
Bringing back those high days, when we would hang around
You play your guitar, but you never ever finish the song
Didn't matter than, I guess it doesn't matter now

I got the lady from Baltimore stuck on my mind
Bringing back those high days, when we would hang around
You play your guitar, but you never ever finish the song
Didn't matter than, and I guess it doesn't matter now

And I guess it doesn't matter now

I guess it doesn't matter now