

High On Life

Gene Vincent

Green hickorywood will make your fireplace hot
You try to explain to a Berkeley cop
He choked with with my peats and shot me down for pot
I said, man I'm clean, I'm just about to blow my top

They finally took me in for possession of...
Love and my pocket knife
But I swear to God I was only high on life

High on livin', high on lovin'
High on livin', high on lovin,' and lovin' and forgivin'

I have no suit lapel in which to hold my flower
I said Lord, that's okay man
It's just the lateness of the hour
Well, I be clean when heaven lets it shower

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