

# Low Road

Grace Potter

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 that I had reached the end  
An old and lonely man saw me sitting on the curb  
He reached out and he took my hand  
He said, "I know your song, and I know your name  
And there was a time that I felt the same"

But it's a low, low road you gotta roll down  
Low road  
Before you find your way, my friend  
And it's a high, high hill you gotta climb up  
High hill  
Before you get to the top again

I held on so dearly  
To the wrong things in my life  
And now I see so clearly  
I was walking into my own knife  
You gotta get up off that street and stop looking at your feet  
And take a hold of something real  
This old man took my hand  
He looked at me and said, "Little girl, I understand"

That it's a low, low road you gotta roll down  
Low road  
Before you find your way, my friend  
And it's a high, high hill you gotta climb up  
High hill  
Before you get to the top again

There was a time that I thought that I knew it all  
And there was a place that I thought I could call my home  
But it all came crashing down, and I looked around  
And I knew that things would never be the same  
And I knew, be a

And it's a low, low road we gotta roll down  
Low road  
Before we find our way, my friend  
And it's a high, high hill we gotta climb up  
High hill  
Before we get to the top again

Low, low, low  
Low road  
Yes, it's a low, low road we gotta roll down  
Low road  
It's a low, low road we gotta roll down  
Low road  
Said it's a low, low road we gotta roll down  
Low road  
It's a low, low road we gotta roll down  
Low road  
Yes, it's a low, low road we gotta roll down  
Low road

It's a low, low road  
Low road  
It's a low, low road  
Low road  
Low road