

## Not High

Greg Brown

I'm not high, not too lowly  
I try to fly but I beat my wings too slowly  
I just got back from a foreign land  
sit in my kitchen beat pots and pans  
only you can fill my hands the right way  
I'm not high

I'm not high, not too lowly  
I try to get by on wine and poetry  
music from the good places  
go light and don't leave a trace it's  
on to the next place so quickly  
goodbye

I'm not high, but I will be  
if you stop by, ah, you kill me  
a two-day hug, a three-day kiss  
a loving stretch of common bliss I  
did not know it could be like this  
but I do now  
I'm not high, no no no I'm not

I'm not high, not too lowly  
the days go by just like they know me  
they know just how to get my goat  
they kiss me hard and then grab me by the throat  
then they sail away in a little boat, westerly  
goodbye