

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