

Higher Ground

John Cafferty & the Beaver Brown Band

Well I'm trying to find my way,
I'm just a simple man,
Trying to keep a little faith baby,
In a world I don't really understand,

After all is said and done,
Another hard earned day is through,
And I need a little shelter baby,
I'll be coming on home to you,

Higher Ground,
Higher Ground,
There's trouble coming down, I'm moving up,
To Higher Ground,
Higher Ground, There's trouble comin' down,
I'm getting out, I'm moving up to Higher Ground,

Sometimes I lose my way,
That roads a little rough,
And every step along the way baby,
Is just too much of not enough,

But a poor man's riches baby,
Is what keeps me calm,
And I don't want for nothin baby,
When I'm wrapped up in your arms

The best things I ever had,
A few precious moments that reign true,
If I could wrap'em in a big brown bag baby,
I'd give'em all straight to you,

That early morning sun,
Shines through the window cross my face,
Another day has just begun,
And I'm moving into place,
Back across that room,
I see you lying there so still,
I leave with the best part of me baby,
And a promise I'll fullfill,

Take me higher baby,
Higher and higher and higher, to Higher Ground,
Love can lift me higher,
To Higher Ground