

## High Low

Joshua James

The screaming noises came across the radio, the other day  
They're playing Bobbie Seger on all these FM stations  
I remember what you told me, how a song would make you lonely  
And I do, yes I do

I parked my car outside the supermarkets  
Neon sign and I walk the block  
On my return my horse is smoking  
Cigarettes in a chorus recording  
Tell me how you hate it, but if you could you'd change all that  
you do  
All that you do

It's all high low, high low  
It's all high low, high low  
It's all high low, high low, oh

A firetruck across the street comes racing down, sirens screaming  
Bloody murder, oh my God, we heard the scream from way on top  
A corner street bank building, a family of six children  
Have been burned, have all been burned

It's a smokey scene in our city where my lover grew up thinking  
that  
The world would talk in voices, spitting verses in the choruses  
Depends on how you sing it, does the music help perfect  
Your final tune, your final tune?

It's all high low, high low  
It's all high low, high low  
It's all high low, high low  
It's all high low, high low

What shadow has a right to complain?  
Your light fell on water and sank

It's all high low, high low  
It's all high low, high low  
It's all high low, high low  
It's all high low, high low