

# Neil Young On High

Julien Baker

I saw you on high  
I was waiting outside  
What a strange thing to remember

You arrive at my door  
Dressed in something somber  
The night is heavy and I held onto your shirt

Oh, I don't remember everything  
But I remember most things

I regret never celebrating  
Smaller victories that we saved  
I would do that part over

Oh, I don't remember everything  
But I remember most things  
The smell of your kitchen on the day that you ended it