

Going High

L.A. Guns

Last one down is first on the burner
What a game
Make it count cause the pain is murder
On a holiday

Last year's flame is tomorrow's coal
Won't trade my name for my soul

And it's high
Even higher than I'd known
There's no way I'm going home
High
Even farther to fall
And I'm getting
Getting it all

Pull my heart from wax with a needle
That machine's alive
Write it down in the business of evil
With a dotted line

Last year's flame is tomorrow's coal
Won't trade my name for my soul

And it's high
Even higher than I'd known
There's no way I'm going home
High
Even farther to fall
And I'm getting
Getting it all
Getting it all

Who are you
I've been here longer than the rest
You can crawl back down
But I'll be clawing way up high