Something Higher

Langhorne Slim

Getting closer to something higher
I won't go sir not where you say
You can try and make me go slower
But I'm already on my way

Take my hands out of my pockets
On my feet there's walking shoes
Once it starts, you cannot stop it
We will no longer be born to lose

You lie to the children
You try to steal their voice
In death there might be forgiveness
In life there is but a choice

There's no time to be patient
It is taken too long
Life is what we make of
All that has gone wrong

We're getting closer to something higher
We won't go sir, not where you say
You can try and make us go slower
But we're already on
Already on
Already on our way

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