

# Top Level Joy

Liz Lawrence

And if you can feel  
The cold on your ankles and shiver  
Then you might be delivered  
From this walnut state  
Tinned soup hibernate  
And don't you go swimming at high tide  
Wait till the sand stretches wide  
Then that's time, that's time

If you can lie with a child on your chest  
Turning the earth of your heart  
Then that's a start  
That's a start

Hit the high striker  
Top level joy, top level joy, top level joy  
Hit the high striker  
Top level joy, top level joy, top level joy

Sorrow has a season  
That runaway train  
Shows up on my birthdays  
Despair has no ceiling  
And yours still breaks my heart  
Joan of Arc, Joan of Arc

And the elevator's going up  
And the elevator's going up  
And the elevator's going up

Hit the high striker  
Top level joy, top level joy, top level joy  
Hit the high striker  
Top level joy, top level joy, top level joy

If you can shape and you bend  
If you can shape and you bend  
Then you're on the mend  
Oh, you're on the mend

And when the time is right  
Gently prise and gently prise  
Then fight, fight, fight

And the elevator's going up  
And the elevator's going up  
And the elevator's going up

Hit the high striker  
Top level joy, top level joy, top level joy  
Hit the high striker  
Top level joy, top level joy, top level joy