

High On The Border

Michael Johnson

Take me under, take me down
And bend me like the willow
Morning's fire and night's desire
And I'm burning on my pillow
Burning on my pillow

Go take off your walking shoes
And spread your twinkle toes
Fortified for carpet ride
And they'll fly right out your window
Fly right out your window

And then you ride into heaven's eye
You won't even have to try

Hand me over, hand me down
And we'll all dance out in order
Can't explain what seems so sane
While riding on the border
High on the border

Carousel give Tinkerbell
A ride around the world
She go round and round in her dancing gown
That follows her into her final swirl

And then you ride into heaven's eye
You won't even have to try

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