

High Time

Nickelback

Same old, same town
Going nowhere
Need a brand new view in front of me
Don't need no map, no need to pack
And don't care much if we come back
Sitting still just wasn't meant for me
Some folks just go straight and narrow
Turns out that life ain't right for me
Cause every time we cross state lines
The grass we find on the other side
Always seems to twist up twice as green (hey!)

Well it's high time you and I got rollin'
Some place else we just gotta be
That beat up van I bought you thought was stolen
Looked like hell but felt like home to me

Strummin', thumpin' on the dashboard
Purple haze makes it hard to see
Two rearview dice, three friends of mine
And four bald tires still rollin' right
Taste of inspiration's all we need (hey!)

Well it's high time you and I got rollin' (like a rollin' stone)
Some place else we just gotta be
That beat up van I bought you thought was stolen (ain't been stolen long)
Looked like hell but felt like home to me
Eagles got us down to California (song's we're singing on)
Beach Boys got us surfin' on the sea
We got stoned goin' up to Colorado (we been smokin' on)
And couldn't see the forest for the trees

Better take a picture
Cause baby I can betcha that we won't be 'round here for long
Freedom train keeps movin' on
Stoppin' off and take it slow
Top it off when we get low
Only way that this can last
If you got ass, the grass, or gas

Clappin', tappin'
Get your groove on
Front seat drums and backseat harmonies
When we drive by your countryside
Stick out your thumb if you need a ride
No one knows just where this road will lead (hey!)

Well it's high time you and I got rollin' (like a rollin' stone)
Some place else we just gotta be
That beat up van I bought you thought was stolen (ain't been stolen long)
Looked like hell but felt like home to me (woo!)
Eagles got us down to California (song's we're singing on)
Beach Boys got us surfin' on the sea
We got Rocky Mountain high in Colorado (we been smokin' on)
And couldn't see the forest for the trees