

I Got High

Owen

i got high with an art teacher of mine i learned how to paint p
ortraits and landscapes with perspective but i've been sitting
here the better part of eighteen years blank stare blank canvas
i'm in need of a new view of some new scenery to render

there's a boat leaving where it goes, well i don't know

i've been buried alive my history teacher by my side lest i for
get those mistakes that better men have made the battles fought
and lost small victories at what cost? the curriculum is dated
, my inspiration fading a slow setting sun

there's a boat leaving where it goes, well i don't know but if
it floats i'm getting on with or without you

the winds are strong enough our native tongues will fail us oh
the pleasure i would take in renaming everything

there are boats leaving where they go, well i don't know but it
's a chance to see something new will you come with me?