Higher and Higher

Scars on 45

Day by day can't find a reason for the mess I've made
I believe that I could find my way living without you
Oh, my love, I've got excuses for the things I've done
You won't believe them so I'll bite my tongue
When I'm without you

I've been down on my luck
looking for shelter in the arms of a crook
who stole my fire
I am weary and tired
But I feel you taking me higher and higher
higher and higher

Hold me close
make me believe you'll never let me go
Heaven knows I am a troubled sort
When I'm without you
but heaven knows

I've been down on my luck
looking for shelter in the arms of a crook
who stole my fire
I am weary and tired
But I feel you taking me higher and higher
higher and higher

Is there something to say or have I said it all
If I asked you stay would you stay all night
I've been looking for shelter in the wrong arms
wrong arms

I've been down on my luck
looking for shelter in the arms of a crook
who stole my fire
I am weary and tired
But I feel you taking me higher and higher
higher and higher

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