

High

Slow Pulp

I have too much in my pockets
I wish they were empty
And now it feels like my palms are sweaty
I'm not ready
Oh, my shirt sits on my body
Like it's not for me
And now I'm tryin' to find my way out
I wish I knew how

I just think I'm too high
High
High
High

My limbs are feeling lazy
Why won't they work with me?
And now I can't seem to focus my eyes on anything