

## 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