

## High Road

### Swollen Members

It's a wonderful thought that I could take one road  
And end up in L.A. when it's time to take a load off my shoulders  
Cuz it gets much colder, an' rains in the winter where I live,  
so I enter the I-5  
Just like this movie Big Trip, where 5 drive  
Across the country as they journey through new realms  
At the helm of an adventure as they capture it on film  
A new millennium, the mission is essentially,  
Questioning characters at the turn of the century  
No rush cuz they'll get there eventually  
Kind of like my career and mind state mentally  
One route to follow, best keep rollin'  
Desperate junkies an' silver men in New Orleans  
Black Elvis, some scenes make you smile  
An alligator wrestler that chills for a while  
Hold up, is that an angel at the side of the road?  
Hallucinogenics and ecstasy caps to lighten the  
load  
The high road, not cuz of the drugs that you take  
Cuz of the memories you keep and the friends you make  
Bright lights and neon streets that are beyond  
My road's the high road, the one you should be on  
Painted voyeurs, descriptions of millennial contacts saved on footage  
Ships of the street in the summer heat, when rubber meets the hot road  
Southern rainfall, weather and slang that change code  
Highway Patrol, alcohol and Red Bull  
Mediums mixed with drugs natural and chemical  
Immediate freak show plateau where you land individual  
Standing in the audience, my mouth moves the visual  
The difference that will separate mind from brain  
Comes only with experience living on the wide open plain  
So focus on the questions and the answers in the game  
Incredible, the fast lane will have, life flash--unforgettable  
As long as I've got my friends, it's worth the pain  
I've traveled the earth, I've fallen and risen in flames  
Driven to view the domain from the perspective of the young and protected  
Camera view overviews my objective, overhead projected  
Absorbs in milliseconds, kilometers for reference  
Speedometers will mark the entrance  
We talk to residents who start sentence without reserve  
I realize the things I don't need are the things I don't deserve  
So I try to live simply in a complicated world  
Broken down engines, cowboys and Indians  
Black Jack, gun fights, saloons and women  
Eagles, vultures, hawks and crows  
Emergency exit at the hospital  
Rattlesnakes, scorpions and rodents  
Ghost towns, truck stops where stars explode  
In the wide and open, rules apply to no man  
Die from a slow hand, live from the low-land