

River Wider

Tall Heights

The dog days of August
And the feeling of being awake
Oh my god, my whole damn world's
Hotel walls and mind decay
How come I never got used to
The feeling of sleeping in a cage
Too long driving, too damn hungry
Tied up hound but nothing stays

Never swam a river wider, wider
Couldn't climb a building taller
Never seen a morning rising brighter
Never tasted sweeter cellar cider
Couldn't hold a hammer stronger
Never had a need for shining china

I sit right where I used to
My desk chair in a corner in a haze
Oh my god, my whole damn world
Is smoked out pine in a sonic blaze
I still have direction
But I'm digging in my thoughts all day
I see the devil like I used to
I hear my rhythm out of phase

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