

High Five

The Bronx

(Up high) You've been working like a dog in heat
(Yeah, right) And made a name for yourself on the street
(Down low) History you can't wait to delete
(Too slow)

(Up high) I heard you're doing great
(Yeah, right) Spent a little time Upstate
(Down low) The party's over, time to celebrate
(Too slow)

(Up high) It's hard to recognize
An old familiar face in a brand new disguise

High five, yeah right
I wouldn't talk to you if I could choose to die
Down low, too slow
Now pack your bags and hit the road

(Up high) You got a new persona
(Yeah, right) Now you're from Arizona
(Down low) Home of the walking coma
(Too slow)

(Up high) And by the grace of God
The old you is dead but the new you is gone

High five, yeah right
I wouldn't talk to you if I could choose to die
Down low, too slow
Now pack your bags and hit the road

This is not a church but you better believe
Heaven's what you want but hell is what you need

And one last mistake, and slam on the brakes
Fly through the glass, painkillers shake
And until we're all stuck in the past, I can relate
I've picked myself up off the floor
But I just cannot help you anymore

This is the sound of a sonic curse
One sad never-ending verse
Echoing across the universe

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