

High Hopes

The Milk Carton Kids

The letter said it all, we're shipping out
I know they got it wrong without a doubt
The war ain't over there, it's here with me
The battle of the bloody century

What is going here, what becomes the lot of us?
I thought I would complain, dear, when joining with the great c
ircus
But I've got high, I've got high
I've got high hopes tonight
I got high alright

"Settle up your bill," the raining shouts
The patter of forsaken voices loud
Lined throughout the pockets of my vest
A greenback skeleton holds in the rest

A symphony of mercy falls upon no deafer ears
I'd look you in the eyes but I wouldn't recognize your fears
But I've got high, I've got high
I've got high hopes tonight
I got high alright