

# Ready for the High

The Wombats

(High, high, high)

You can scream like a banshee and still nothing comes  
You can buy a hot balloon and watch the sky grow dull  
I said it all before, are you ready for the high?  
'Cause nothing works worse than the weekend fix  
I put the money in the slots and then they fell to bits  
I said it all before, are you ready for the high?

I'm ready for the high life, a kiss without a fist fight  
A bang without the dynamite, a place I wanna stay  
I always think in air streams, I should be thinking moon beams  
I should be pulling you close to me and not explaining why  
I am ready for the high

(High, high)

Now the generation X are the chosen ones  
They've got everything they need beneath their aching thumbs  
I'll say it all again, are you ready for the high?  
Because underneath the load there's a little park  
A place I only like to go when we fall apart  
I'll say it all again, are you ready for the high?

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