

High Road

Zach Bryan

Adderall and white-lace bras that makes you fall in love
You left your blue jeans in my pickup truck
New York this time of year ain't good for me
'Cause all my friends lack self-control and empathy
All the boys are crawlin' in some shithole in the wall again
I missed this place more than I missed my home
Everyone is tellin' me that I need help or therapy
But all I need is to be left alone

She's bound to come back and haunt you forever
There's ghosts in the windows and walls
I've waited by the telephone all fuckin' night
For someone that ain't ever gonna call

Remember tellin' me I was gonna hit the big time
You died, guess you told God it was true
Remember sittin' on your porch, you talked about your old regrets
In Tulsa while the bad things took your brain
It seems the quiet dreams have gotten much too heavy
But I'm home now and I'll hold you through the pain

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