

# American Hi-Fi, Highs And Lows

Nobody really knows the pain  
But everybody knows your name  
You've got their full attention, all eyes on you  
Small talk can get you through the day  
There's got to be a better way  
When all your friends are faceless  
You can fake it  
He knows the highs and lows  
He'll give you what you need  
And we all agree it's time to shine  
He'll stand and deliver  
He goes about his day  
Smile and a wink hello  
When the picture's gone  
Fading to black he's poppin' down prozac  
Nobody knows the highs and the lows

Sports cars and fancy souvenirs  
That you collected all these years  
So proud and self assured, hold your head high  
A chest of broken memories  
Of how and why and what could be  
Still locked inside your closet  
You can't fake it