

# Del Amitri, High Times

Little snow white, she is sleeping 24 hours a day  
She's got a right to be lazy, flat out of reasons to breathe  
And it's cold baby, yes it's cold  
But everything is relative can't you see we're living in  
High times, dig the new domain  
Living through high times, just don't crash my spiritual plane  
Little snow white, she was hungry  
Told to go out and graft for it  
At the end of the rainbow she was mind blown  
To be staring at a crock of shit  
And it's hard baby, yes it's hard  
But with a little intuition you can shift position in the  
High times, touch the magic stone  
Living through high times, pick up that spiritual phone.  
Frittering packs of refuseniks, too drunk to muster any contempt  
10 ways to relax on a cruise ship, one way to cover the rent  
I've whored myself around enough to know, baby  
You don't come with the customers and smile when you're spoken to in  
High times, catch the cosmic vibe.  
Living through high times, hey, has Ginger Baker died?  
Living through high times, my planet's all out of line  
Living through high times, man, just like '69