

Joss Stone, The High Road

We're bound to wait all night
She's bound to run amok
Invested enough in it anyhow,
To each his own
The Garden is sorting out
She curls her lips on a bow
I don't know if you're dead or not
To anyone

Come on and get the minimum
Before you open up your eyes,
This army has so many heads
To analyze...
Come on and get your overdose
Collect it at the borderline
And they want to get up in your head...

Cause they know and so do I
The high road is hard to find
A detour in your new life
Tell all of your friends goodbye

The dawn to end all nights
That's all we hoped it was
A break from the warfare in your house
To each his own...
A soldier is bailing out
And curled his lips on the barrel

And I don't know if the dead can talk
To anyone...

Come on and get the minimum
Before you open up your eyes
This army has so many hands
Are you one of us?
Come on and get your overdose
Collect it at the borderline
And they want to get up in your head

Cause they know and so do I
The high road is hard to find
A detour to your new life
Tell all of your friends goodbye

It's too late to change your mind
You let loss be your guide...

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