

The Church, Real Toggle Action

I wish that you could see yourself
I wish that you could be yourself
The things you try to do
They never benefit you
I wish that you could free yourself

You never stop to wonder why (oh no)
You're not a curious kind of guy
You got the deep space blues
You ought to change, here's a fuse
You're only happy when you're high

(High, high, high, high, be high, high)

I hoped that you could let it go
I hoped that you would come to know
We're actors in a play
Not even our own lines that we say
It's just that it's that kind of show

(High, high, high, high, be high, high)
[plus some melodic chanting]