Apollo Four Forty, High On Your Own Supply

Been building glass houses when it's raining stones
There's crap on your doorstep, now you're all on your own
You gave it no quarter, now you're treading water
Bartender rang time, it's too late for last orders
You're making a meal out of keeping it real
Sold your soul to the man, it's all part of the deal
Your rhymes were incredible, your marker indelible
So full of yourself you think your shit is edible
Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow
Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow
Getting high, getting high
Getting high on your own
On your own supply
Because in the end you are all on your own
It's what's in your heart and not what you own
You can't see where you're going, you slip, now it's snowing
It won't be too long before the rhymes they stop flowing
Reality bites as they switch off the lights
It's a long way to fall from the dizzying heights
You cut through the pretension too late for redemption
It's the end of the line, now pay close attention
Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow
Getting high, getting high
On your own, on your own
Now it's got to the point where you just can't connect
You've lost all control, you've lost all respect
The mixers are mixing it, the fixers are fixing it
Over inflated there's no restricting it
You're no Captain Scarlet, you're not indestructible
Just who's in your pocket? And who is corruptible?
You speak the unspoken, your will has been broken
Your own self-delusion, your gestures are token
Getting high, getting high
Getting high on your own
On your own supply
Getting high, getting high
Getting high on your own
On your own