

# 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