

# Dr. Hook, I Need The High

(D. Loccorriere/R. Sawyer)

She left without warning me of where or when she'd go  
She'd never knew the way my love would grow  
Now broken glass is on the floor, each piece reflects her face  
I need the high but I can't stand the taste

I need the high to keep me from losing my mind  
I hope I can get by, it happens every time  
And I wonder where she goes to find the one who'll take my place  
I need the high but I can't stand the taste

She told me that my sweet love was hard to be without  
But the sweetness turned to bitter in my mouth  
And the bottle's all I've got to hold, but it won't say goodbye  
I can't stand this taste but Lord I need the high

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I hope I can get by, it happens every time  
And I wonder where she goes to find the one who'll take my place  
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