

John Hiatt, Falling Up

I'm gonna lower my standards and raise my price

I'm gonna take your lunch and your bad advice

Until my worse idea gets the big reward

Until I get out of this raggedy Ford

And into a shiny new two seater

Dress my girlfriend up like a cheetah

I'm gonna sign my checks: Yours sincerely

For all the money that you hold dearly

When my ego swells and my output dwindles

You can tell the world that youve been swindled

By the man who would have been so bitter

Had he never reconsidered

Falling up

To the top of the junk pile wearing a big smile

Falling up

To the top of the heap with my tongue in cheek

I cant sit down cause I'm falling up

Well I used to think that I had some duty

Now I only want the booty

And unless youve recently been anointed

Then dont tell me youre disappointed

In the man who would have been so bitter

Had he never reconsidered

Now I pay no mind to innovation

Just over and over with the same sensation

Till I'm a short short subject on a long tape loop

That comes and goes like the hula hoop

In one ear and out the other

Nothing there to stop it, brother

Falling up