

# Morley, High Low

High above change  
Lifted up  
Feet upon the land  
Far below sky  
Curling up  
In his mothers hands

I see cold showers  
And prayers that she used to know  
Piece him together  
for each stitch is borrowed

High low  
High low  
I wish I could..  
Help you win  
High low  
High low  
I pray visions of heaven

I was the one  
I held him close  
whenever he came near  
Believing my love  
Could out run  
His fear

My dove is in a cage  
brown paper bags  
of money to waste  
singing that god  
sheds the tears I taste

High low  
High low  
I wish I could..  
Help you win  
High low  
High low  
I pray visions of heaven

Up and up  
we're free to grow  
I see you  
Your glory sold  
You've fallen to my love of everything

I'm not surprised  
What more could the cards ask  
my brilliant warrior  
Armed without a task  
Soon there'll be flowers  
And prayers that I used to know  
Lifting forever  
as you watch how we let you go

High low  
High low  
I never could help you win  
High low  
High low  
My perfect vision of heaven  
Of my love

Open arms receiving you.