

# Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Mile High And

Im tired of lickin them boots that been-a-kickin me!  
sick of them sour grapes they keep-a pickin me!  
Set loose your wings, cut the strings of your puppeteers  
Freedom begins, baby, between your ears  
Reach for the sky  
You do not have to buy what they been advertisin  
Not when youre mile high and risin!

opened my eyes to the lies thatd been a-trickin me!  
cut all the horns, pulled the thorns thatd been-stickin me!

chorus

If you got the feelin what theyre dealin got you livin under way too low a  
ceiling...  
cut through your doom and your gloom  
cmon and grab yourself some headroom

chorus