

Sage Francis, High Step

You can't make it to heaven with a high step
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I played both sides of the field
I was better at defense
They put me out for special teams
The college league wasn't impressed
But the press called me a work horse
I ignored it like the crowd
I had calories to burn off
And I made my parents proud
A jersey with a number that concealed faulty equipment
A cog in the machine but the team saw me as different
Old beyond my years
My chest hair was like a carpet sweater
They made me leader
I wore that C like a scarlet letter
Whether hot or cold
I had to avoid the loss
And play better than the competitor
Whether or not I won the coin toss
I watched it flip in slow motion
While I considered the odds
But it's a sin to gamble
So I left the risk to God
We had a locker room prayer
Where we all lobbied the lord
I pretended to know the words
Bowed my head and mouthed along
That was my way then
I was a slave to the play pen
Where I tried to make friends
And couldn't wait to say "Amen"
Then hit the field
With a shield that was dented
And a sword that was warped by the wars that I've entered
I'm a veteran
With all this medicine on my plate
Because the game that we played
Was "How Much Pain Can You Tolerate?"
Can you do it without showing signs of it?
Without fooling yourself so you don't know when it's time to quit
Hell no
Well, Amen
Give me the pig skin, kid
I'm head huntin for Satan

Throwin' elbows
Til they're breaking
The coach made em look normal just by the that he taped them

I never went pro
I jgot paid in admiration and respect
But all of that seems to be changin
Tried to make it heaven with a high step
Tried to make to heaven with a high step
Tried to make to heaven with a high step
And get get it get it done
Before we reach sudden death