

Toad The Wet Sprocket, High On A Riverbed

Why try
When everything I do feels half right?
I wander through my life
Everything I say seems half right

Sometimes I'm standing here
High on a riverbed
And light breaks through
And everything feels good for a while
High on a riverbed

Where am I
When everything I do feels half right?
How can I be satisfied
Writing words from someone else's lies?

Sometimes I'm standing here
High on a riverbed
And light breaks through
And everything feels good for a while
High on a riverbed
Light breaks through

I see myself sometimes
Vision is a mystery half blind
I keep missing all the time
Seeing what I could be if I...
If I...

Sometimes I'm standing here
High on a riverbed
And light breaks through
And everything feels good for a while