

# HIGHER GROUND

X-ing ahead  
moving towards the western tower  
And all over white, grey inside our heads  
Aluminum bird flew across, our luminous minds...

337, 306, 5.8 the odds we meet  
Dakota is blinking left and slips right back with a wide circle  
She's climbing up a tree hill park  
Chasing through the family shop

Oh...  
Oh...  
Oh...  
And I let down, let down...

And we reach  
Higher... Ground!  
And we reach  
Higher...Ground! Soon  
And we reach  
Higher... Ground! Soon  
And we reach  
Higher... Ground! Soon

All along the background tunes

And smoke come out from the brain...

Smoke come out from the brain  
(I don't know it...)  
Smoke come out from the brain  
(I don't know it...)  
Smoke come out from the brain  
(I don't know it...)  
Smoke come out from the brain

Smoke come out...

