

Jamiroquai, High Times

You don't need your name in bright lights
You're a rock star
And some tin foil with a glass pipe
Is your guitar - now yes it is
Little Angela
Suffers delusions
From these high times
She's been cleaning up, since she was fourteen
On the main line
And her hunky funky junky, of a boyfriend
Got her on late nights, with her skirt tight
Woah, she's a wild thing
Letting it all swing
God bless our high times

Don't you know that last night
Turned to daylight
And a minute, became a day
Last night (last night)
All my troubles
Well they seemed so, so far away
Searching my reflection
For a glimpse of, another me
I've got to get away from all these high high times
'Cause these high times are killing me

Now high times go on and on and on
High times rock your mind yeah

This twisted crystal Kingdom
Where you live your nine lives
And your head spins
With purple cyclones
Made of dexadrine
And when the phone rings
You think bad things
Well these are high high high high times yeah
In any back street
When you take a hot seat
Make sure check your flight times
Oh now mama

Don't you know that last night
Turned to daylight
And a minute, became a day
Last night (last night)
All my troubles
Well they seemed so, so