

# 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