

The Black Crowes, High Head Blues

Sometimes I have a ghetto in my mind
Other times sunshine high head fine
In between I get cold, old mean
Intertwined with country pride open and kind
This draws a line
Sorry to coin a phrase
On either side is wisdom and rage
So keeping track of time
Racing with my age
Sleeping with the snakes
Forget that you showed up late
It ain't worth it baby

Chorus:

A charmed life it is
At least they tell yo so
I got a good idea
It ain't like they say is so
And if it is then let me go
Let me go
Any day there might be hell to pay
But in other ways
It makes it seem ok
I'll tell you what I mean
It's not a plot nor a scheme
It's just peace in my mind
Again can I use the word kind
I ain't sorry about it baby
Chorus