

HIGH ROAD

Taking the low road,
Taking the low road ain't always easy.
Taking the high road,
Taking the high road can be so hard.
No map to guide you;
When even your heart can't be sure
What road you're on. What road you're on.

Giving the real thing.
Giving the real thing will scare you goofy.
Giving the real thing,
Giving the real thing means letting go.
And standing up naked,
When love will not be guaranteed.
You're on your own. You're on your own.

Time wasted posing.
Afraid to be known
As you really are.
Now lost and postponed
Longing for home,
While the ship is sailing.
Sailing away. Sailing away.

Forgiving your bungling
Forgiving your bungling would make you human.
Forgiving their bungling
Forgiving their bungling might set you free.
Perfection is ugly, and
All of that crap in the past,
I'd let it be. Oh, let it be.

Believing they love you.
Believing they love you can't be that crazy.
Believing they love you,
Believing they love you can feel so wrong.
Breathing in mercy,
You might even learn to believe
Oh, you belong. Oh, you belong.

No more pretending.
Time now for tending
The real life lines.
Cut loose the moorings
Come to your senses.
The sea will hold you.
Sail away... home.
Sail away home