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The High Road
Anthony John Clarke
[Intro]
[Verse]
            G/B
                           Am
We all look busy, there s a certain type of sound around
Everyone is searching for the Dollar and the Pound
                      G/B
And some have been to hell and back and some have gone to ground
And if someone will just help me from this chair
[Verse]
                          G/B
                                    Am
The poor will count their money, or hide it all inside
And as I put the kettle on, I ll call my brother, Jack
We will hit the high road and I will help him pack
He will live forever on the years he can t get back
[Verse]
                          G/B
                                         Am
The flowers they look so pretty in their vase upon the table
A gentle illustration in his book of Celtic fables
                    G/B
                                   Αm
And I will feed him water (?) as long as I am able
If someone will just help me from this chair
[Verse]
                           G/B
                                         Αm
And the young play so much louder as the rest of us grow older
                    C
Some will walk with Blackthorn stick and some may need a shoulder
                              Αm
We will hit the high road and help each other out
And we will live forever on the years we can t get back
[Bridge]
Or the dream that came last Saturday, sure it was no dream at all
                C
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