

Friends in High Places

Bear Hands

Think I'm in love with Karen's O face, what?
I wanna marry up and fast
Flew private once, I can't go back
Think I'm in love with Lana's lips on wax
I wanna ride with you there and back

I wanna carry you like Jesus
Down red carpets during Ken
I want a no-
show job that sounds good to my new bourgeois friends
I want a copy of the keys to your matte black Cadillac
I wanna ride with you there and back

I think I love Alice for burning down castles of friends
A mushroom cloud expands, a kingdom built on shifting sands
Think I love Dej for breaking bread up in her hands
I wanna migrate to Michigan

I want a chariot like Steve's built for the trip from promised
lands
I want a stereo receiver
Bumping transcendent jams
I want a copy of the keys to your matte black Cadillac
I wanna ride with you there and back

I wanna love you like you're my last
I wanna ride with you there and back
I wanna love you like you're my last