

Riding High

Words and Music © 2006 Jamie McElman,
Mountain Rise Music, All Rights Reserved

There is a time for riding high
And a time for laying low
We entrust our leaders to decide
And then pray that they choose the right road.

The world cries for balance
Day and night
Send your prayers into the sky
People are dying
It ain't right
When our leaders can't tell us why.

(chorus)

Whoa-o, this world troubles me so
Whe-ere did the golden rule go?
Oh-o, just follow the oil.

Pride over karma?
You dumb fuck
You're the sum of all you've done
Into the night your actions run
And they chase you when you wake up.

There is a time to choose the fight
And a time to let it go
Because you believe don't make it right
Share your faith with the dead coming home.

(chorus)

Whoa-o, this world troubles me so
Whe-ere did the golden rule go?
Oh-o, that looks like blood.