

## **Colby T. Helms - Higher Ground**

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Like Daddy said you better keep your head and know when to
                            tom:
                                                               shut that mouth
Intro: C Dm F Fm
        C Dm F
                                                               [Pré-Refrão]
[Primeira Parte]
                                                                Like Damson trees, lost Southern melodies
Once I was the running kind, I would run these interstates
                                                                We are a dying breed
Now I?m running home if you?re waiting there
                                                               [Refrão]
Once I was the loving kind, I thought your heart would be all
                                                               I?m gonna live way up in the holler
I learned in good time that it could never be
                                                               I can?t stand the city no more
[Pré-Refrão]
                                                               Working all my life trying to make a dollar
                                                               Wish things were how they were before
Like Damson trees and honeybees
                                                               I?m gonna sweep you off your feet
 We are a dying breed
                                                               I?m gonna take you to higher ground
[Refrão]
                                                               We can danc? the night away
I?m gonna live way up in the holler
                                                               We ain?t gotta fool around
I can?t stand the city no more
                                                               [Solo] C Dm F Fm
                                                                      C Dm F Fm
Working all my life trying to make a dollar
                                                               [Pré-Refrão]
Wish things were how they were before
I?m gonna sweep you off your feet
                                                                Like Damson trees and honeybees
                                                                We are a dying breed
I?m gonna take you to higher ground
We can danc? the night away
                                                               I?m gonna live way up in the holler
We ain?t gotta fool around
                                                               I can?t stand the city no more
[Solo] C Dm F Fm
       C Dm F
                                                               Working all my life trying to make a dollar
[Segunda Parte]
                                                               Wish things were how they were before
                                                               I?m gonna sweep you off your feet
Thes? lowdown days, these long highways, keep me feeling alone
                                                               I?m gonna take you to higher ground
I wish I was high and somewhat dry in my underground home
                                                               We can danc? the night away
These Nashville cats in Ariat hats leave a sour taste in my
mouth
                                                               We ain?t gotta fool around
Acordes
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