

THE CRIME MOST HIGH
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Those hills have always reminded her of home
Of the days when all she wanted to do was roam
No longer a girl, she's travelled the world
To come right back again to where she started
And once again, she seems so broken-hearted

But those hills had kept all the world from her view
And every day she longed for something new
And when that day finally came to chase after fame
Her father stood out on the porch and held her
No one seemed to have the heart to tell her

That you gotta thicken up your skin and stay on track
'cause you might love the world but it might not love you back
You gotta keep those fires burnin' and never let them die
Don't wake up one day to find that you've been living a lie

So with her case in her hand and a lump in her throat
And her arms in the sleeves of her mother's coat
She set out on her way at the break of the day
To find out why the grass seemed always greener
And discover what the world would see in her

She better thicken up her skin and stay on track
'cause you might love the world but it might not love you back
You gotta keep your fingers busy and give it your best try
Don't wake up one day to find that you've been living a lie

So one day when she'd had all her fill of the world
And all of the sadness that had unfurled
She set her sights for home with nothing but her comb
And a list of all her heartbreaks and failures
Why in the world would no one tell her?

That you gotta thicken up your skin and stay on track
'cause you might love the world but it might not love you back
You gotta keep those fires burnin' and never let them die
You gotta guard against the crime most high
And that is living a lie