

Bowery

Local Natives

We were standing
At Forsythe and Bowery.
Flowers and painted forehead
Trying to forget.

You can't tell if the ceiling's rising
Or if the floor's falling out.

I remember sunrise without sleep
Godlike and cowering
Taller stacks of stones
Is all we'll have to show.

Can't tell if the ceiling's rising
Or if the floor's falling out.

At the time I wasn't with you
By that time I didn't care
At the time I wasn't with you
By that time I didn't care

The fall is so much faster
Than you and I could ever climb.