

## Ceilings

Local Natives

Haven't stopped your smoking yet  
So I'll share your cigarette  
Just to feel it in my fingers

Walk around 'til 3 am  
Tell me what I know again  
To keep myself from second guessing

All my silver dreams bring me to you

Hold the summer in your hands  
'Til the summer turns to sand  
We were staring at our ceilings  
Thinking of what we'd give to have one more day of sun,  
One day of sun

Silver dreams bring me to you  
Silver dreams bring me to you  
Silver dreams bring me to you