

Thru the Ceiling

Brendan Benson

I wish I could sleep
like a baby does.
I wish I could see
what you're dreaming of.
I wanna run, I wanna run
but I got no traction.
So I kick and I scream.
I get no reaction.
I'm weightless.
I'm shapeless.
I'm invisible now.
Thought of a way out
and I'm leavin'.
Just gonna float out
a crack in the ceiling,
in the ceiling.
I wish I could feel,
baby, what you're feeling now.
So shot full of holes,
but still so appealing somehow.
I wanna be with you, be with you
in those final hours.
I'm weightless.
I'm shapeless.
I'm invisible.
Thought of a way out
and I'm leavin'.
Just gonna float up and out
a crack in the ceiling,
in the ceiling.
Floating out
a crack in the ceiling.
I'm breathless.
I'm invisible now.
Thought of a way out
and I'm leavin'.
Gonna float up and out
a crack in the ceiling.
Discovered a way out
and I'm leavin'.
Just gonna float up and out
a crack in the ceiling,
crack in the ceiling.