

Ceiling

King Krule

I enjoy stroking my head on the cranes
But they alone are all just one in the same
Don't mean to try to walk about
Amongst stolen sights to talk about A passionate lie won't ease
ya' now
Maybe I was found just bathed in doubt

Well I'll scan a different coast
Where my blame can lay and roast
In the heat of my own treason
Just as another payment towards
I remain aware of those
When consumed to Now do you In the gluey And the scenery starts
peelin'
This is the final line I wrote
And applying it To bring down the ceiling

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