

I lie so you lie, but I think we've lied too many times
Hit the ceiling of our sky
Why bother my other and call for another?
Opposite side
I will freak out and come back, not gone far enough

I know that I and you will sit as a picture
Gerber bottle is fixture, to the fit he was living
Was blown, captain of motherland, laughed on by brother's hand
Gotta make that hook-
up to come through, you didn't know you got lied to
Hit the ceiling of the sky
You thought you could fly, but your wings are made of wax

I cannot see you, you cannot see me
Cause you're high, you're too good of a person