

The Ceiling

The Wild Feathers

Wood burnin' up on the hill
Cedar drawer full of pills, and it's quiet
Like snow through the tree
Well I did what I did
And I didn't mean anything

Where you come from and where you go
Who you talk to and who you know
When you're lying in fields of green
Well I did what I did
And I didn't mean anything

The sunrise, dry eyes, red morning
Smoke stacks, old hats, I'm still learning
I don't know how I got this far down
Where's the ceiling?

Her eyes are wide open right out of her head
'Cause she's cleared of a crime that she could not commit
Well I did what I did
And I'd do it all over again

I remember everything
Little girl learning to sing 'cause she's crying all over me
Well I did what I did, and I didn't mean anything

Her eyes are wide open right out of her head
'Cause she's cleared of a crime that she could not commit
Well I did what I did
And I'd do it all over again
We should be easy