

# 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 a.m.  
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

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