Bowery

Local Natives

We were standing
at forsyth and bowery
Flowers and painted foreheads
trying to forget
Can't tell if the celing is rising
or if the floor is falling down.
I remember sunrises without sleep
god-like in calvary
Taller, stacks of stones

is all I'll have to show
I can't tell if the ceilings rising
or if the floor is falling down
At the time i wasn't with you
by the time I didn"t care
At the time I wasn't with you
by the time I didn"t care
Falling so much faster
than you and I could ever climb

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