

Head in a Cloud

Craig's Brother

Maybe your view of quality is more than you can be
You bear your ideology so stoically
That all that you can see, is inferiority
Here I am, my head in a cloud
Can you see my feet dangling, down there on the ground?
I guess I fool, cause I thought I could recognize
The people who cared for me,
I thought I could draw the line
That surrounded my friends Oh I, I not going to give up And I don't mind the quitters, so much as the thieves
It tolerable company, given the means
I won't waste my time crying
If I the last to understand
The difference between us, be it preference or circumstance
I losing the faith that youth hold in longevity
I guess that the price for bartering naivety
Preferring the comfort that the skeptic takes in disbelief I not going to give up

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