Bowery

Local Natives

We were standing
at forsyth and bowery
Flowers and painted foreheads
trying to forgetCan'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 showI can't tell if the ceilings rising
or if the floor is falling downAt 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 careFalling so much faster
than you and I could ever climb

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