

# 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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