

Low Ceiling

Alice in Chains

Old mister fun is back
Wonder where he's been hiding at
Hanging round the edge
Walls unfortified, insideNo different, patchwork hack
Toil away on an unlaidd track
Falls closing in, got nowhere to hide
This timeFinding ceilings low
I'm too big or this room's too small
Why's my ceiling another's floorPast twisted, expected warp
Attention span increasingly short
Hard to breathe, this altitude will get you high
I've triedFinding ceilings low
I'm too big or this room's too small
Why's my ceiling another's floorAnd nobody can tell you
It's a moment in time
That defines and deforms youFinding ceilings low
I'm too big or this room's too small
Why's my ceiling another's floorAnd nobody can tell you
It's your moment in timeWrite me over, false reporter
Can't you let me shine
Write me over, false reporter
Can't you let me shineAnd nobody can tell you
It's a moment in time
That defines and deforms you

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