

# Feather In Your Cap

[Beck](#)

Make a move with what you can  
Dead waters rise higher than your mind  
Disappointment is a feather in your cap  
You want the truth so you can crush it in your hand  
There's no map, that can tell you where you are  
You're in between things and only go half way  
Your tangled brain, your tired old refrain  
You'd be singing it in your tired old asylum  
You want the best, you want contests  
My eyes are filled with prizes you've been showing  
Your disappointment is a card up your sleeve  
Place your bets at the door before you leave

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