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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