

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
Theres no map, that can tell you where you are
Youre in between things that only go half way
Your tangled brain, your tired old refrain
Youd be singing it in your tired old asylum
You want the best, you want contests
My eyes are filled with prizes youve been showing
Your disappointment is a card up your sleeve
Place your bets at the door before you leave

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>