

# High On The Ceiling

[Anya Marina](#)

I read all of your mail  
I searched all your clothes  
And I had you tracked when you left home

I watched all of your tapes  
Went through all of your magazines  
and I tapped your answering machine

Now matter how I stare  
Can't find you any - anywhere  
Even if I was high on the ceiling  
Seein' is believin'  
I can't conceive you're even here

Now matter how I stare  
Can't find you any  
Even if I was high on the ceiling  
Seein' is believin'  
I can't conceive you're even here

High on the ceiling  
Seein' is believin'  
I can't conceive you're even here

Just got a feelin'  
Seein' is believin'

I can't conceive you're even here  
High on the ceiling

Seein' is believin'  
I can't conceive you're even here  
I can't conceive you're even here

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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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