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

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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