

Ceilings

Local Natives

Haven't stopped your smoking yet
So I'll share your cigarette
Just to feel it in my fingers Walk around 'til 3 a.m.
Tell me what I know again
To keep myself from second guessing All my silver dreams bring me to you Hold the summer in your hands
'Til the summer turns to sand
We were staring at our ceilings Thinking of what we'd give
To have one more day of sun
One day of sun Silver dreams bring me to you
Silver dreams bring me to you
Silver dreams bring me to you

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