

Alice In Chains

"Low Ceiling"

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Old mister fun is back
Wonder where he's been hiding at
Hanging round the edge
Walls unfortified, inside

No different, patchwork hack
Toil away on an unlaidd track
Falls closing in, got nowhere to hide
This time

Finding ceilings low
I'm too big or this room's too small
Why's my ceiling another's floor

Past twisted, expected warp
Attention span increasingly short
Hard to breathe, this altitude will get you high
I've tried

Finding ceilings low
I'm too big or this room's too small
Why's my ceiling another's floor

And nobody can tell you
It's a moment in time
That defines and deforms you

Finding ceilings low
I'm too big or this room's too small
Why's my ceiling another's floor

And nobody can tell you
It's your moment in time

Write me over, false reporter
Can't you let me shine
Write me over, false reporter
Can't you let me shine

And nobody can tell you
It's a moment in time

That defines and deforms you

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