

Local Natives "Bowery"

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We were standing
at forsyth and bowery
Flowers and painted foreheads
trying to forget

Can't tell if the celing is rising
or if the floor is falling down.

I remember sunrises without sleep
god-like in calvary
Taller, stacks of stones
is all I'll have to show

I can't tell if the ceilings rising
or if the floor is falling down

At the time i wasn't with you
by the time I didn't care
At the time I wasn't with you
by the time I didn't care

Falling so much faster
than you and I could ever climb

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