

**Barry Manilow F/ Phyllis Hyman****"Heavy Ceiling"**

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(Slug)

Where those two walls and that ceiling meet  
Where you'll be peeling me from when the dreams  
become abilities  
The trilogy of growth, I'm at the second level  
Where every word is special and I'm lost inside the  
echo  
So when it settles I touch that third stage  
I shut these mental shackles and blast my way out of  
that birdcage  
Earthquake signifies an active foundation  
Its got the posture aching keeps my head out of these  
constellations  
From this high I may identify the obstacles  
When I get this high my head becomes a hospital  
Voices bitching and bickering, complaining that they  
sick and injured  
bleeding and hungry (give me my tourniquets)  
Feed 'em nourishment and included  
with a diluted juice and bruised fruits I distributed  
Who knew they wounds would heal so quick  
Who knew the passion would become fashion  
and get them fastened onto the dick (shhh)  
Might as well have let them penetrate  
The view from here has shook me  
Looking at rookies that try to emulate  
Take the time to break the rhymes down for what you  
gather  
Only after will I climb to the rafter without my ladder

(Sole)

Stability, overseer, stand over, ability  
Hover, provide contraceptive in meteor showers  
The sky is falling, the earth is collapsing, seas freeze  
Seize my support structure you stammer  
I may shake up, provide shade upon your living mass  
Granted 'em granite with a limestone trim  
So your epicenter splinters to shambles while the lights  
turn dim  
Sheep stop bellowing hug your teddy bears  
And stand towards the light in my center

Cynical minds mind your master  
It's only a shame to live off side landing on your  
backside  
Who needs to walk?  
You lame men spend all of your time inside  
I see it all  
I saw it all  
I encase it all  
And with all my power they should have built more  
columns for me  
The ball still rolling  
There's only two pins left brother  
With above or upon, I promise to always provide some  
cover  
Quit breathing so much  
This ain't comfortable for me  
But I was more affordable than the ones they built in  
the early 90s  
Oh my, look at those memories, listen to them  
complain  
Some bitch about champagne  
Others talk about how they should have took the train  
Regardless of your stature, status or economical  
bubble  
I'm still on top of your world even if it's a pile of rubble

[Chorus]  
Dripping through (Dose One)  
Dripping through (Slug)  
Walking On (Dose One)  
Walking On (Slug)  
Hanging From (Dose One)  
Hanging From (Slug)  
Peeling Off (Dose One)  
Peeling Off (Slug)  
Repeat

(Dose One)  
What in the name of human built these ceilings?  
How industrious it must have been  
Awful continuous to span those reaches and rings  
Not a wall empty space, only between  
No corner, ceiling, the lid perceived on a system of  
physical laws  
How high, height being among the first three  
You can't touch it goes on to stretch an unexplainable  
Linear roof of instance  
To relative for shelter  
Its protection purposes our challenge to existence  
Hold, will it hold?  
And for how long?

With such holes tearing into nowhere  
Justifies nothing we define  
Or travel as fast as to distinct  
To make it vast it surrounds our absolute upper limits  
Our reference comprises are synchronistic  
Tock, tick tock, thank it for your fears  
And lows know if it starts or stops  
Tick tock, rest beneath the safety  
It can only prop  
It's not sturdy  
Old weep, the honorable made of tick tick tock  
It's above with under, in, structure and stronger than  
our nails, words,  
ages, beams, any watch  
Tick, tick, tick, tock, tock, tock, tock

(Alias)

I've experienced been a witness to many happenings  
up to this point  
Life and death have passed my eyes on both occasions  
they anoint  
In the beginning I looked down and I witnessed birth  
But confined to my position I never realized what it was  
worth  
I never realized the beauty it expounds and the  
emotions it induces  
Never realized what true love  
What sometimes no love at all produces  
Never realized what I was going to see in my  
adventures of now  
But realized I was in for a lot of sightseeing so  
somehow  
I didn't pay much attention to the positive aspects of  
things  
Only victims of stabbings and shootings to who the fat  
lady sings  
They say they're on their way out as they pass through  
me  
Hoping each time they could take me with them so I  
could see  
A different aspect of the world perhaps above the  
buildings  
But letdown every time they told me  
that they were not willing to take someextra baggage  
As they chillingly referred to I  
Perhaps I'll never leave this place  
So now all I do is sigh and think who was I? But I was so  
misled  
That I only showed my interest in souls that were  
covered in red  
Now I look back and I feel I was cheated with precision

The different aspect that I had longed for was so  
clearly in my vision  
Got sick and tired of negativity and I was due for a  
change  
But never figured out that I needed not to rearrange  
It was all before me and I could have seen life as well  
Now my one-track mind has only stories that no one  
wants me to tell

[Chorus]

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