

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 in to your machine

No matter how I stare
Can't find you in it anywhere
Even if I was high on the ceiling
Seeing is believing
I can't conceive you're even here

No matter how I stare
Can't find you in it
Even if I was high on the ceiling
Seeing is believing
I can't conceive you're even here

High on the ceiling
Seeing is believing
I can't conceive you're even here

Just got a feeling
Seeing is believing
I can't conceive you're even here

High on the ceiling
Seeing is believing
I can't conceive you're even here
I can't conceive you're even here