

## Low Ceiling

Alice In Chains

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 wrap  
Attention span increasingly short  
Hard to breathe, this altitude will get you high  
I've tried

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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

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I'm too big or this room's too small  
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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