

## Familiar Light

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I stared at the ceiling to regain some feeling  
The days mixed with let downs and calm downs and put downs  
There's words and their feelings but none of them sit well  
You say that you're happy when no one believes you

So I just take my time  
We're treading deep water and can't seem to come by any place  
Where we can force ourselves to know

Where is the space in our heads for hopeful thoughts to grow?  
So now I hope you'll rush to my side  
A wish can't just choose to fall down by the wayside

There's bees in the attic acidic with panic  
Bees in the attic acidic with panic, oh

There's pills straws and bottles for all our bruised feelings  
They mixed well in person but sting when they're leaving

So I will make up my mind  
We're treading deep water and can't seem to come by any place  
Where we can force ourselves to grow

Where is the space in our heads for hopeful thoughts to grow?  
So now I hope you'll rush to my side  
We've threaded the needle and can't find a way out

There's bees in the attic acidic with panic  
Bees in the attic acidic with panic, oh

Bees in the attic acidic with panic  
Bees in the attic acidic with panic, oh