

Journey Of The Featherless

Cloud Cult

Got myself a mission
I'm going to find heaven
I made crepe paper wings
I think they'll carry me well

I left you a love poem
The best I have written
My favorite words
Were the ones I couldn't spell

They say I'm a lunatic
They say I'm a fool of it
I say that it's worth dreaming
Just for the dream of it

It's all about passion
It's all about preception
Don't call me on my cell phone
Cause there ain't no reception
When I'm gone

When I'm gone

I think I'm growing feathers
But I'm not sure of it
Because I started getting dizzy
About a hundred feet up

I made friends with the clouds
I made friends with the birds
If you as a goose a question
He never shuts up

Honestly I miss you
And I hope that you're missing me
Cause I could use your lips on me
And a little of dramamine

For the moment I could see
Way better than I've ever seen
Don't sell my stuff on ebay
Because I might be back
Before I'm gone

Before I'm gone

I'm not the kind of man
Who's into looking downwards
I've drank my share of pity
From the bartenders cup

There's so many people
Wondering what's the right direction
As far as I'm concerned
There's only one way up

And my fingers they are blisters

And my eyes they are bullet holes
My heart is still beating
Guess I'm pretty lucky

Pretty lucky

Pretty lucky

Pretty lucky

(When I'm gone)
Pretty lucky

(When I'm gone)
Pretty lucky

(When I'm gone)
Pretty lucky

(When I'm gone)
Pretty lucky