

# 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 bartender's 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