

## Ceiling

King Krule

I enjoy stroking my head on the cranes  
But they alone are all just one in the same  
Don't mean to try to walk about  
Amongst stolen sights to talk about A passionate lie won't ease  
ya' now  
Maybe I was found just bathed in doubt

Well I'll scan a different coast  
Where my blame can lay and roast  
In the heat of my own treason  
Just as another payment towards  
I remain aware of those  
When consumed to Now do you In the gluey And the scenery starts  
peelin'  
This is the final line I wrote  
And applying it To bring down the ceiling

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