Bowery

Local Natives

We were standing At Forsythe and Bowery. Flowers and painted forehead Trying to forget.

You can't tell if the ceiling's rising Or if the floor's falling out.

I remember sunrise without sleep Godlike and cowering Taller stacks of stones Is all we'll have to show.

Can't tell if the ceiling's rising Or if the floor's falling out.

At the time I wasn't with you By that time I didn't care At the time I wasn't with you By that time I didn't care

The fall is so much faster Than you and I could ever climb.