

I lie so you lie, but I think we've lied too many times  
Hit the ceiling of our sky  
Why bother my other and call for another?  
Opposite side  
I will freak out and come back, not gone far enough

I know that I and you will sit as a picture  
Gerber bottle is fixture, to the fit he was living  
Was blown, captain of motherland, laughed on by brother's hand  
Gotta make that hook-  
up to come through, you didn't know you got lied to  
Hit the ceiling of the sky  
You thought you could fly, but your wings are made of wax

I cannot see you, you cannot see me  
Cause you're high, you're too good of a person