

Local Natives, Ceilings

Haven't stopped your smoking yet
So I'll share your cigarette
Just to feel it in my fingers

Walk around until 3 a.m.
Tell me what I know again
To keep myself from second guessing

All my silver dreams bring me to you

Hold the summer in your hands
'Til the summer turns to sand
We were staring at our ceilings
Thinking of what we'd give to have one more day of sun,
One day of sun

Silver dreams bring me to you /3x