

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 that I'm a lunatic
They say that I am full of it
I say that it's worth dreamin'
Just for the dream of it It's all about passion
It's all about perception
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 quite sure of it
'Cause I started getting dizzy
About a Hundred feet up I made friends with the clouds
I made friends with the birds
If you ask a goose a question
He never shuts up And honestly I miss you
And I hope that you're missing me
Cause I could use your lips on me
And a little bit of dramamine For the moment I can see
Way better than I've ever seen
Don't sell my stuff on eBay
Cause I might need it 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 So many people
Wonderin' "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
But my hearts still beating
Guess I'm pretty lucky
Pretty lucky
Pretty lucky
(When I'm gone)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>