

The Ceiling
The Wild Feathers

Written By The Wild Feathers
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Hope you enjoy!

E (w/ hammer on B string/2nd fret throughout most of the song)
Wood burning up on the hill

F#

Seen a drawer full of pills

A (w/ hammer on B string/3rd fret) E

And it s quiet, like snow through the trees

Bm7 (or **D6**) B **F#**

Well I did what I did and I didn t mean anything

F#

Where you come from and where you go

F#

Who you talk to and who you know

B **F#**

And you re lying in fields of green

Bm7 (or **D6**) B **F#**

Well I did what I did and I didn t mean anything

Chorus

Bm7 (or **D6**) B **F#**

The sun rise, the drive, the morning

Bm7 (or **D6**) B **F#**

The smoke stacks, the bold hats, still learning

Bm7 (or **D6**) B **F#**

And I don t know how I got this far down with the ceiling

Bm7 (or **D6**) B **F#**

And I don t know how I got this far down with the ceiling

Bridge

Bm7 B **F#** B **F#**

Oh, her eyes are wide open right out of her head...

Bm7 B **F#** B **F#**

Yeah, she s clear of a crown that she cut down for me (no-oh)

Bm7 (or **D6**) B **F#**

Well, I did what I did and I d do it all over again

(Break with E hammer on and A hammer on)

F#

I remember everything,

F# B **F#**

little girl learning to sing because she s crying all over me

