

TALKING THROUGH THE CEILING

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How you doing up there,
Past the clouds and skies,
Where billions of stars
Please your awesome eyes?
Does it ever overwhelm you?
Does it ever seem like we are not enough?
It's a funny little feeling --
Talking through the ceiling.

How's it going up there?
Are we worlds apart?
Do light years just fade
When we share a heart?
Do we always disappoint you?
Do we ever do enough to make you smile?
It's the strangest little feeling --
Talking through the ceiling!

Talking through the ceiling,
Sometimes all the words bounce back to me,
There's a big, dark, lack in me
That will never end.
And then all my hopes and dreams--
Every single word--
Are released, and they ascend to you, My Friend!

How d'you feel up there;
Does it take a toll
As billions of us
Seek to fill our soul?
I know you are my Father,
And my Brother makes it seem like I am home!
Familiar is the feeling
Talking through the ceiling!
A Father and a Brother,
And a feeling sweeter far than honeycomb:
Familiar is the feeling
Talking through the ceiling!