

# Craig's Brother, Head In A Cloud

Maybe your view of quality is more than you can be  
You bear your ideology so stoically  
That all that you can see, is inferiority  
Here I am, my head in a cloud  
Can you see my feet dangling, down there on the ground?  
I guess I fool, cause I thought I could recognize  
The people who cared for me,  
I thought I could draw the line  
That surrounded my friends

Oh I, I not going to give up

And I don't mind the quitters, so much as the thieves  
It tolerable company, given the means  
I won't waste my time crying  
If I the last to understand  
The difference between us, be it preference or circumstance  
I losing the faith that youth hold in longevity  
I guess that the price for bartering naivety  
Preferring the comfort that the skeptic takes in disbelief

I not going to give up