

Falling

Jamie McDell

Falling, like the weather
Made up, still the same
Learning, all your gestures
Moving, to you again And I fall to my knees
And I fall to my knees
As your eyes give me something to read
Fingers, on my shoulders
Pillows, to my left And I fall to my knees
And I fall to my knees
As your eyes give me something to read And I fall to my knees
Wake my soul before you leave
And I fall to my knees
Wake my soul before you leave
When I pass through my dreams
Take my song, watch me dream
Like your eyes, give me something to read

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