

# Falling Slowly

[Kris Allen](#)

I don't know you but I want you all the more for that  
Words fall through me and always fool me and I can't react  
And games that never amount to more than they're meant  
Will play themselves out Take this sinking boat and point it home  
We've still got time  
Raise your hopeful voice you have a choice  
You've made it now Falling slowly eyes that know me and I can't go back  
Moods that take me and erase me and I'm painted black  
You have suffered enough and warred with yourself  
It's time that you won, oh Take this sinking boat and point it home  
We've still got time  
Raise your hopeful voice you had the choice  
You've made it now

Songwriters

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