

It Doesn't Feel A Thing Like Falling

Taking Back Sunday

You can't, you can forgive yourself.
I don't blame you.
There's times when I can't tell who you are anymore,
Or if I ever even knew you.
What exactly do you want to hear,
Yeah, what exactly are we doing here?
Your indecision makes a slow incision,
Cuts what little we have left.

No, It doesn't feel a thing like falling,
It doesn't feel a thing like falling.
I can't feel a thing as I watch you,
Move in then out the door.

You can't, you can forgive yourself.
I don't blame you.
There's times when I can't see a way out or over,
This hole you've dug us into.
What exactly do you want from me,
Yeah, who exactly do you want me to be?
Your indecision holds this endless friction,
Burns what little we have left.

No, It doesn't feel a thing like falling,
It doesn't feel a thing like falling.
I can't feel a thing as I watch you,
Move in then out the door.
Now, It doesn't feel a thing like falling,
It doesn't feel a thing like falling.
I can't feel a thing as I watch you,
Move in then out the door.

There is a part of me I buried,
And when the television's off,
I appreciate the details,
That's where God goes to get lost.
I want to fall back in to all we used to represent.
Wash my filthy hands,
Wash my filthy hands.

Like fall, like fall, like fall, like fall, like fall.

No, It doesn't feel a thing like falling,
It doesn't feel a thing like falling.
I can't feel a thing as I watch you,
Move in then out the door.

No, It doesn't feel a thing like falling,
It doesn't feel a thing like falling.
I can't feel a thing as I watch you,
Move in then out the door.

Like fall.

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