Falling

Iwan Rheon

Is it okay to love you
Is it okay to be loved by you
Is it okay to feel the feel way I feel
'Cause I'm falling into pieces, how are youYou're flying away, but I love you
When you return, I'll let things happen as they always do
My glass is half full inside
You might see me blueBut I'm falling into pieces, how are you
Where ever we stop our lives
We'll find our way back home
Where ever we stop our lives
We'll find our way back home
Where ever we stop our lives
We'll find our way back home
And I'm falling into pieces all aloneThis piece is said, to argue
And this piece is said,
To find out that we know that we don't know
This puzzle's finished and this is what we do
So I'm falling into pieces without youWhere ever we stop our lives
We'll find our way back home
Where ever we stop our lives
We'll find our way back home
When we stop our lives
We'll find our way back home
And I'll be falling into pieces all aloneWhere ever we stop our lives
We'll find our way back home
Where ever we stop our lives
We'll find our way back home
Where we stop our lives
We'll find our way back home
And I'll be falling into pieces all alone

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