

Falling (with Nickel Creek 8-18-2002)

Glen Phillips

Oh, my enigma
I'll never forgive you
You have confirmed my suspicions
As if they had mattered
You're so removed I can't approach
With an attitude beyond reproach
The constitution of a roach
But skin of satin You tease, you taunt
You don't know what you want
You're too cool, too hot
I'm wishing I'd forgotten
But there is no bottom
No, there is no bottom
I just keep on falling Oh, my nemesis
I always know you were the best
The High Priestess of Bitterness
Queen of the Morning
You'd fight me 'till the bitter end
No white flags, no chance to make amends
With enemies like you, well, who needs friends
They all just seem boring You tease, you taunt
You don't know what you want
You're too cool, too hot
I'm wishing I'd forgotten
But there is no bottom
No, there is no bottom
I just keep on falling
Oh, I just keep on falling Are we all right
Are we still here
Are we alive
Does anybody still care You tease, you taunt
You're everything I want
You're too cool, too hot
I'm wishing I'd forgotten
But there is no bottom
No, there is no bottom
Oh, there is no bottom
I keep on falling
Oh, I just keep on falling

And I just keep on falling
I'll keep on falling

Songwriters

Brady, Owen / Hale, Andrew / Phillips, NickPublished by

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