

Before It Fell

Blake Mills

Waves of fallen hair
Down over my eyes layin' there
In the dust of memory

What am I coming here to see?Once I was taken and once I was held
In a world of your making before it fellNights running wild

Shot from the bottle to the skies
I had a song, I had a band

The sweetest plan, the softest hand
Then I was taken and there I was held
In a world of our making before it fell

In a world of our makingThe ashtrays are full and the bacon is fried
A place where I'm welcome every kiss is goodbyeAnd the space in between
Nothing and something is everything

What is shown and what is seen
Where I've lived and where I've been
Where I was taking and where I was held
In a world of your making before it fell
In a world of your making before it fell
In a world of your making

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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