Falling Out Of Love

Mary Gauthier

It's a cheap hotel, the heat pipes hiss
The bathroom's down the hall and it smells like piss
It's another night in another town
And I'm another blues traveler headed downFalling out of love is a dangerous thing
With its slippery slopes and its weighted wings
With its birds of prey circling overhead
Casting vulture shadows on barren bedsLet me out, set me free
Let me out, set me freeThe clock inside the church bell tower
Rings your name every hour
I see your face, I touch your hair
Then the ringing fades and nobody's thereFalling out of love is a treacherous thing
With its crucible kiss and its ravaged ring
With its holy whispers and labyrinth lies
Sacrilegious hungry sighsLet me out, set me free
Let me out, set me freeI walk the streets, I taste the dirt
I'm flesh and blood and my body hurts
I search your silence looking for a crack
For a passageway, where I can pull you backFalling out of love is a tedious thing
With its jailhouse smirk and its chain gang swing
It's time to serve and its sentence set
With its warm blood and cold sweatLet me out, set me free
Let me out, set me free

Songwriters
SAM HOLLANDER, DAVID SCHOMMER, MICHAEL MANGINI, STEVE GREENBERG, BEU CANDICE, CHRISTIE BEAUPublished by
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