# Falling Grace

## Stolen Apple

Stormy weather, noisy lorries on the way
dirty single thoughts under the rain
there's a fen around my moral ground
Never could regret this smelly little town

All my friends my friends are gone, my friends are gone, my friends are gone...

Sweet blue hiss, thorny nightingale
something odd on a Sunday winter's noon
Bless my soul and everyone's around
Never could regret this smelly little town

Now I wonder, I wonder why, I wonder why, I wonder why...

Fallin grace, you should have been a star
Now you beg me for some kind of fallen grace

Lyrics Submitted by Alessandro Pagani

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