

# 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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