

I'm Falling (Alt Mix)

Ministry

I'm falling First last night we're riding home
With friends in a big blue car
For this man fed us rubbish
As if it were caviar
We told him 'sir, please go away
We're innocent of crimes
He hit me with his black nightstick
And all I heard were cries I'm falling I asked her for a date one night
She thought it'd be a laugh
I'd take her to a restaurant
And then up to her pad
I waited at my house that night
For her phone call to come
She'd gone off with a ruffian
And he came by with a gun I'm falling I'm falling
Yes I'm falling

Songwriters

JOURGENSEN, ALLEN D. Published by
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