

Fall Down

Plankeye

Fall down, kiss the ground once again
This mire, too often my heart's desire
Pick me up, dust me off once again
This mire, too often my heart's desire I create my own shame, put a muzzle on my mouth
When I get so very anxious, so very anxious again
Better off if things were left unsaid
Tomorrow's sorrows waiting there once again The silver pinholes of the night
Refuse to sing their starry song tonight, goodnight
(We always go back but not this time)

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