Falling Off

Saintseneca

I was a young man
Whose Intentions were good
Kept my hands in my pockets
The way that I shouldI soon found out
They got a mind of their own
Beginning to thinkI had a heart
Made of stoneI keep falling off
I keep falling offI keep falling off
I keep falling offI try to remember
I try to forgetI?ll keep my promise
Is that what I saidI had your number
But I didn?t callI got no excuse
I got my back to the wall
I keep falling offI keep falling offI keep falling off
I keep falling offMy eyes don't want to see
My ears don't want to hear
The things that make me feel
That keep me so endeared to you
It makes me thinkIs that the best that I can do
It doesn't matter
The time that I fallI'm up for the next one
Like I'm ten feet tallI keep falling off
I keep falling offI keep falling off
I keep falling offI keep falling off
I keep falling offI keep falling off
I keep falling off

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