

# Wings

**Matt Nathanson**

She said, "Lately, falling's been  
Easy on me a lot like breathing used to be  
And call me crazy, but I was thinking  
Maybe you'd be waiting on the ground  
To come and catch me and you come around here  
You open up your wings and I'm drowning  
You open up your wings and I'm gone" She said, "Maybe you're all the same  
You say, you'll never leave until you're gone again  
And little pieces fall away and I am left the fool  
Clobbered and clumsy and slowly fading and you come around here  
You open up your wings and I'm drowning  
You open up your wings and I'm gone"

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