

# Falling Off

## Malbec

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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