Fallen Man

Funker Vogt

It started like a normal day
Shower, breakfast and then out
The sun shone on a winter morning
As he caught the bus to workThoughts about the next hours
Some trouble was ahead
He left the bus and it hit him
It's much too late to change your fateHe left behind his family
A child at the age of five
It's crying in her mother's arms
Too young to understandDead on the street
I saw the man fall
His heart stopped to beat
For no reason at all
Dead on the street
His life was too short
Now a note on a sheet
Dangles on his toe

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