Falling

Teenage Fanclub

Teenage Fanclub/De La Soul/Tom Petty/Jeff Lynne
Travelling at the speed of love
Hey kids, whats up
Remember when I used to be dope, yeah
I owned a pocket full of fame
But look what you're doing now, Well I know, I know
I lost touch with reality, now my personality
Is an unwanted commodity (ooh yeah)
Can't believe I used to be Mr Steve Austin on the mike
(Six million ways) I used to run it
I guess Oscar Goldman got mad
Cause I got loose circuit's (so loose)
I seen the mother goose with the eggs that seemed to be
Fallin Fallin Fallin
You played yourself (x4)
Yo pack my bags cause im out of here
My momma don't love me and my momma don't care

Read the papers the headlines say
Washed up rapper got a song (Rock on)
Lingo's busting while the guitar swings
B-Side copies for the radio plays (or something)
I knew I blew the whole fandango
When the drum crew never wore a Kangol
Never could be like fake, fish won't bite bait
Realise that im over like clover
No good lucking so Maze hit the fucking beat
While the teenage fans are here
I bring it to the blues, I pay all my dues
So what's gone dead, let me use my forehead
Easy pack it up man, let me stop stalling
Cause everything I do is like falling
Falling Falling
You played yourself
[REPEAT TO FADE]

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