

Falling Out Of Trees

Barcelona

Fall, fall out of trees
Into the street
On my own

I finally found out how long I can hang on
I've got this all wrong
My heart is scared, my heart is gone

Now, looking around, there's no one here to hear my fall
White, white as a sheet
I saw a ghost, I think it was me
I've got to get out
Out of this town
It's scary
Sometimes when I sleep
I miss my home, I miss my tree
And now it's up to them to carry me back up to the top

I've got this now
My legs are steady now
The angels warned me never to fall down